Liberty

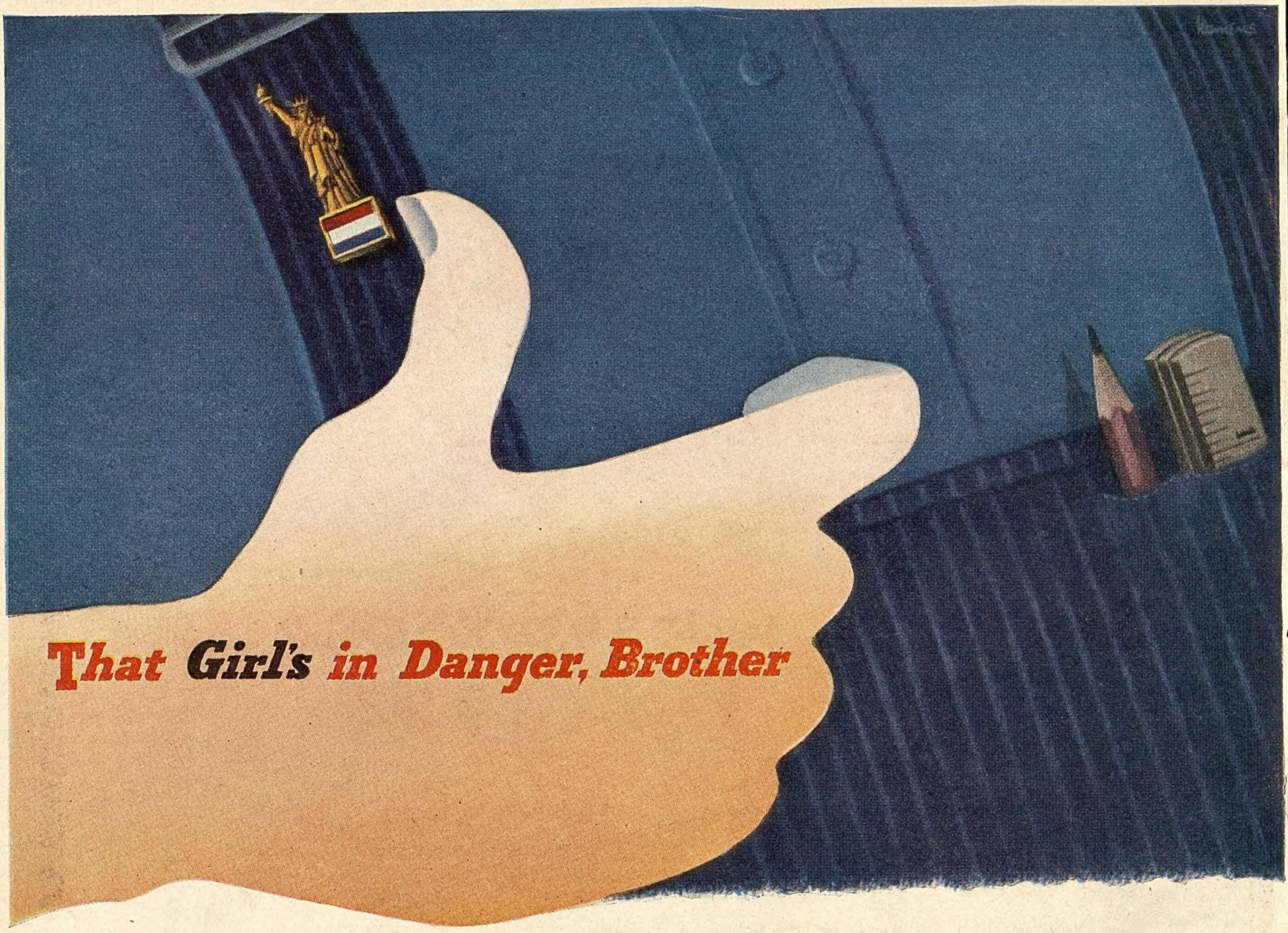
OCT. 10, 1942 10¢

# FLYING FREIGHT CARS

## Will They Win the War?

## THOSE YANKEES!

by Frank Graham


That Girl's in Danger, Brother

YES, that girl's in danger. And make no mistake about it. *Her* life is threatened—and that means *our* life. For she's more than a statue, more than just a symbol.

She's Freedom and Human Rights. She is us—you and me and one hundred and thirty million other Americans. She is all that we stand for and all that we've fought for.

The right of a man to start a business, the right of a man to choose his trade . . . educate his children, practise his religion . . . the right to live where we want, do what we want, think what we want, say what we want.

These rights haven't come easily. They've been hundreds of years in the making. They've meant blood and sweat and tears. They've meant wars and peace treaties, compromises, defeats, and victories. We don't want to lose these rights. We're going to fight as hard to defend them as we did to get them.

It's our job—yours and mine—to defend Her. It's our job to buy war bonds—to pay taxes without squawking. It's our job to raise morale . . . to build confidence. It's our job to cooperate completely with the government when it asks us to be careful with sugar, to conserve our woolens, to do *without* so that America can do *with!* It's our job to caution the hoarders and tell them to stop hoarding. It's our job to slap down the slackers, to put the appeasers in their place, to stop the rumor-mongers.

That's the job for *us people at home* . . . Every false report we spike is equivalent to sending a regiment into the field. Every pound of rubber, tin, sugar or whatever conserved—means more ammunition for our armed forces, more weapons to beat Hitler and Hirohito!

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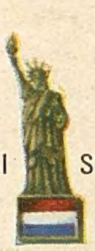
**"I Am Making Winning the War MY Job"**



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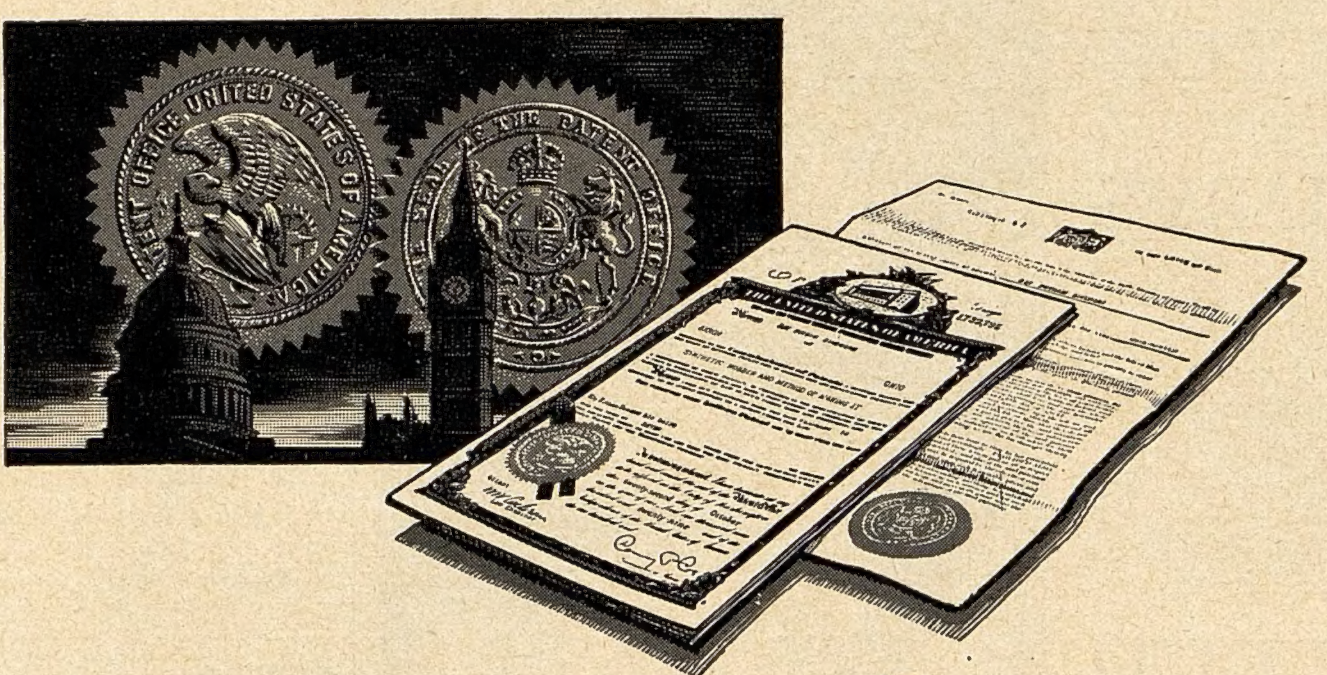

# SYNTHETIC RUBBER PROGRESS DATES FROM 1927

SYNTHETIC rubber is not new. The first quantity production was the crude form made by the Germans during World War I when the Allied blockade cut off all natural rubber supplies.

The first German synthetic lacked many of rubber's attributes. But it showed enough promise to induce Goodyear chemists, after the war, to begin their own experiments along independent lines.

After several years of research, the Goodyear laboratories developed a synthetic having a globular structure and physical properties very similar to natural rubber.

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# THIS WEEK

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Paul Hunter, Publisher and Editor.

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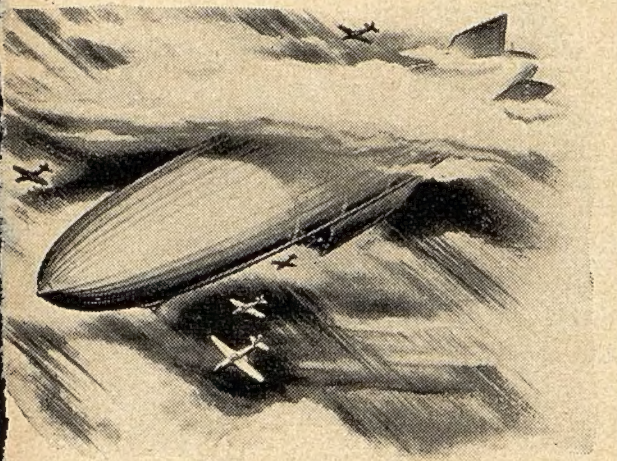
# NEXT WEEK

OCTOBER 17, 1942

### A WEAPON THE AXIS COULD NEVER MATCH

It might revolutionize the speed and mobility of attack from the air. A vital element of its operation is one on which the U. S. A. has a virtual monopoly. It is proposed and urged by no less an authority than Captain Charles E. Rosendahl, highest ranking officer in our lighter-than-air flying service. We have no such weapon—yet. But Captain Rosendahl tells you about it next week in a fascinating and important article by **Allan Chase**, published with the knowledge and permission of the Navy Department.



### IS JOE LOUIS' CROWN IN DANGER AT LAST?

Announcement of that return match between Sergeant Joe Louis and Private Billy Conn brought word from the experts that the first real heavyweight contest in years may be at hand. Is Louis, after having things his own way so long, facing now a real threat to his title? **Jack Dempsey** (who ought to know) weighs the pros and Conns and gives his opinion to **Ned Brown**.

### WAR AND A WEDDING VEIL

come dramatically together in the exciting, meaningful story of a girl on her way to be married to a soldier. It brought a vivid awakening to her heart. A memorable bit of fiction by **Jean Dupont Miller**.

AND: **Raymond Clapper** writes of President Roosevelt; **Wenzell Brown** continues I Was a Prisoner of the Japs (see page 16); a vivid news-map pictures Europe's Undercover War; **Henry Steig**, **Muriel Bruce**, **Lyon Mearson**, et al. tell stories. And of course that isn't all. See you next week!

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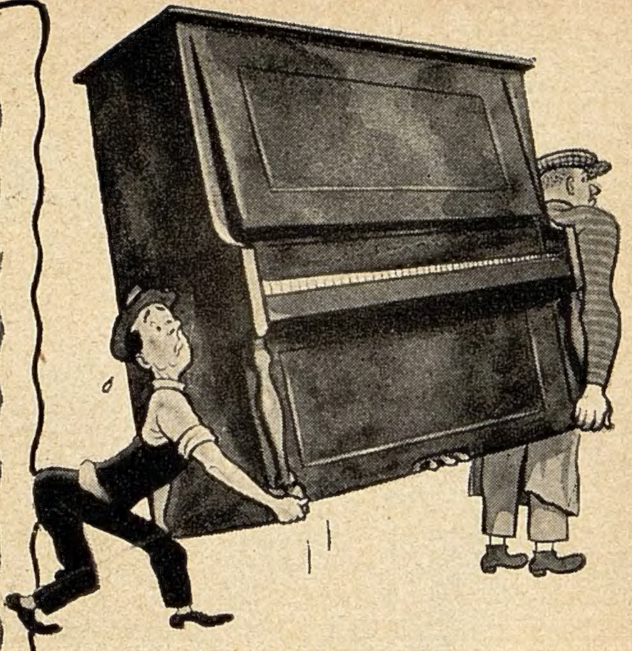
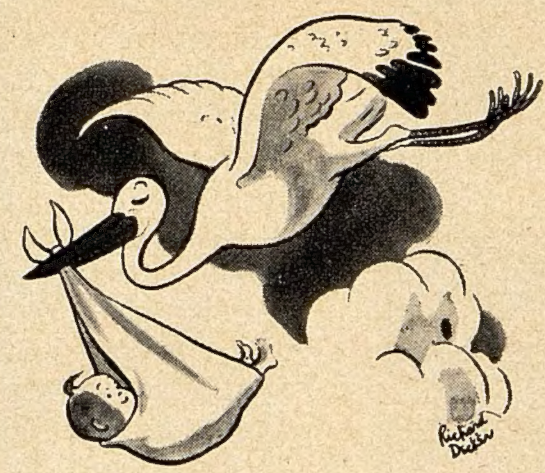
What's in a name?



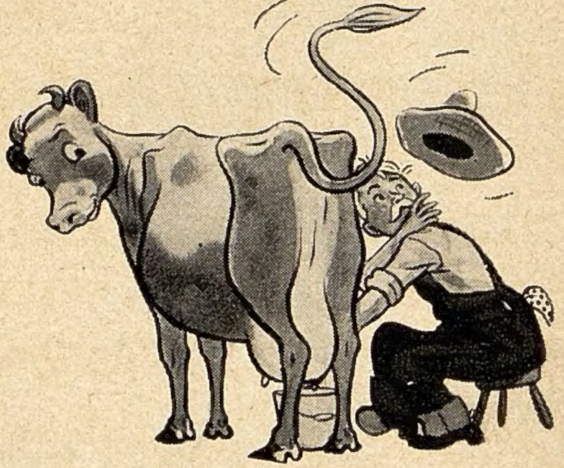
**ALEXANDER**

*means "helper of men"*



**DOROTHY**

*means "gift of God"*



**GEORGE**

*means "farmer, husbandman"*

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Liberty
OCT. 10, 1942

# LIBERAL

THIS magazine and its editors are liberals. In fact, we are so liberal that we can even see some good and value and importance in every group and every party in the United States.

That is why it is impossible for us to go off fighting mad about the tactics of labor. That is why we can't believe business is a Hydra-headed monster.

Sounds as if we were being "all things to all men," but the fact is, there always *is* something to be said for "all men." And the sooner people realize that, the sooner we have some chance of finding ground for mutual understanding and co-operation.

Take Capital and Labor, for instance. If both of them would take an hour a day to stop and consider the "side" of the other, its rights and needs, its problems, grievances, and aims—and consider them honestly, unbiasedly, and tolerantly—they'd much sooner find their common ground upon which they could work together to their mutual profit instead of dissipating their vital energy fighting each other.

As for us—Liberty—we frankly say we respect and admire both of them—and deplore bitterly the faults of both. But we cannot see that the Capital-Labor problem will be solved in the slightest by our taking an adamant stand for either side, completely condemning the other. And so from time to time we are very likely to come out flatly, applauding or condemning whichever one is at the moment furthering or hindering the public welfare.

Take the farmer and the wage earner (big food-purchaser).

The farmer needs the buyer of his produce just as much as the wage earner needs the food to buy. But it would almost seem that the biggest need of both right now is to realize the other is a human being, a decent, fine, hard-working citizen whose basic effort is to make a living with both ends meeting neatly. With such an understanding, the farmer might see he would prosper better by not trying to exploit the city dweller, and the city dweller could understand the farmer has to make a fair profit.

The whole point of this utterly obvious observation is that Liberty has the sometimes painfully embarrassing tendency to see both sides of a question.

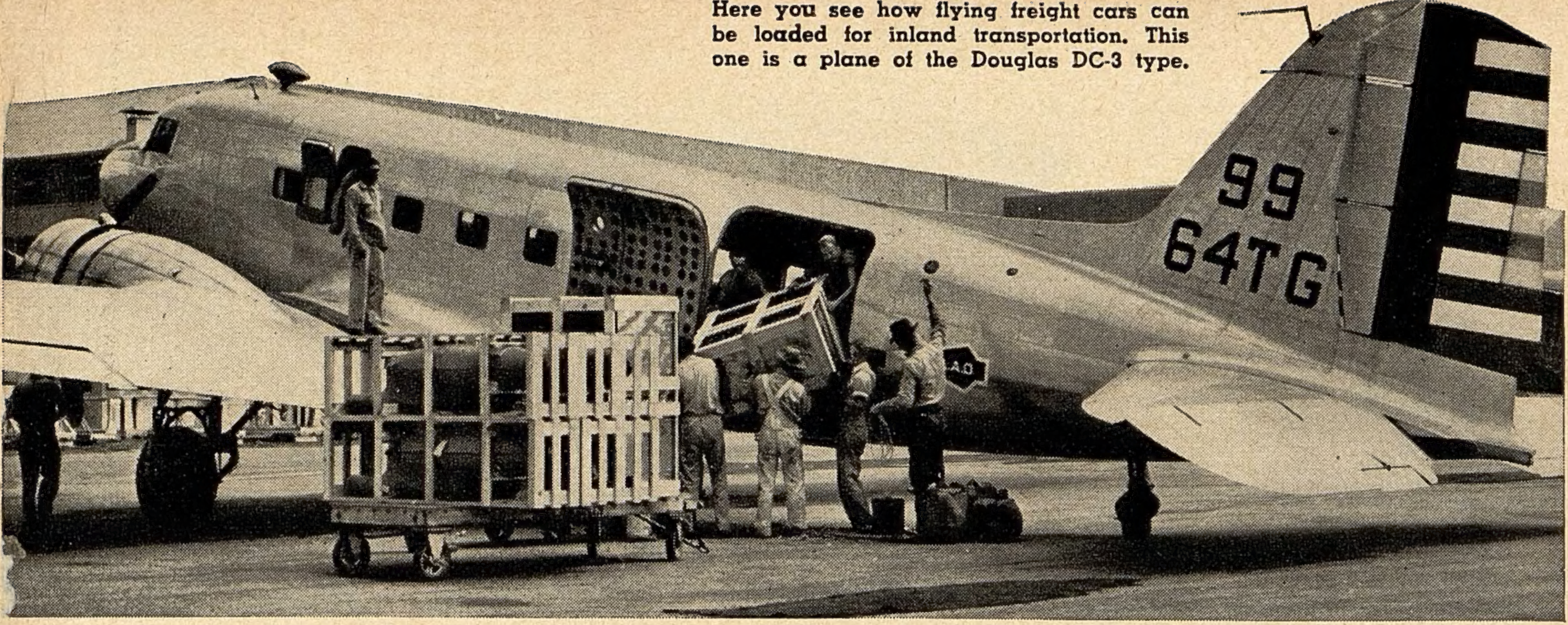
We can get just as hot and bothered by a treacherous strike as the next fellow, but that doesn't make us condemn all unions, nor think all capitalists are winged angels.

Nor do we think this is a Caspar Milquetoast attitude. On the contrary, we think it is the only intelligent viewpoint.

There always *is* something to be said for both sides of a question. And we don't think any magazine could do a better job than try to make this fact so flaming clear that both sides would have to see it, be honest about it, and use their natural common sense to pull together tolerantly, instead of pulling apart belligerently.

We think that is the real earmark of a "liberal."

Paul Hunter



Here you see how flying freight cars can be loaded for inland transportation. This one is a plane of the Douglas DC-3 type.

# FLYING FREIGHT CARS

## *Will They Win the War?*

### BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

**READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS**

WHEN Japan swooped out of the Pacific skies into the war, she increased the number of enemies to be fought by only one. But she created a war of distance, a kind of war that demands mass transportation. We must not only get our men to the ends of the earth; we must continue to send them food, clothes, weapons, ammunition. To take care of a single army division in Australia, we must ship 200,000 tons a month.

At home the railroads are doing a magnificent job. But with production of war materials in some lines nearly 30 per cent above even the President's schedule, and with available rail equipment very little above peacetime needs, the trainloads are overloads. The trucking situation is even more acute. We have great trucking freight lines which last year operated over 700,000 vehicles and carried over 50,000,000,000 ton-miles of freight. Even so, our trucks cannot carry the war load.

The nation's shipyards are at last beginning to step up production. The records of some of them are remarkable. In time they may all produce the President's quota. But it is an undetermined question whether we can ever build enough ships to fight the "Battle of the Seven Seas." There will remain the submarine menace and, perhaps, the time-wasting necessity of detouring around whole continents. From New York to Alexandria, Egypt, by direct route through the Mediterranean is approximately 5,000 nautical miles; but when the Patrick Henry, first Liberty ship to come off the ways, sailed into Alexandria harbor with 10,000 tons of war supplies, she had traveled nearly 12,500 miles by way of South Africa, the Red Sea, and the Suez Canal.

The absurdity of this sort of thing was soon borne in upon us. To fight a modern war in which speed is vital depending solely on cargo ships dawdling over 12,000-mile supply lines could court only disaster. By comparison with our fast-moving enemies, it put us right back in the sailing-ship days.

In fact, the whole United Nations transportation situation might be considered hopeless if really important help were not already on the way—coming out of the air.

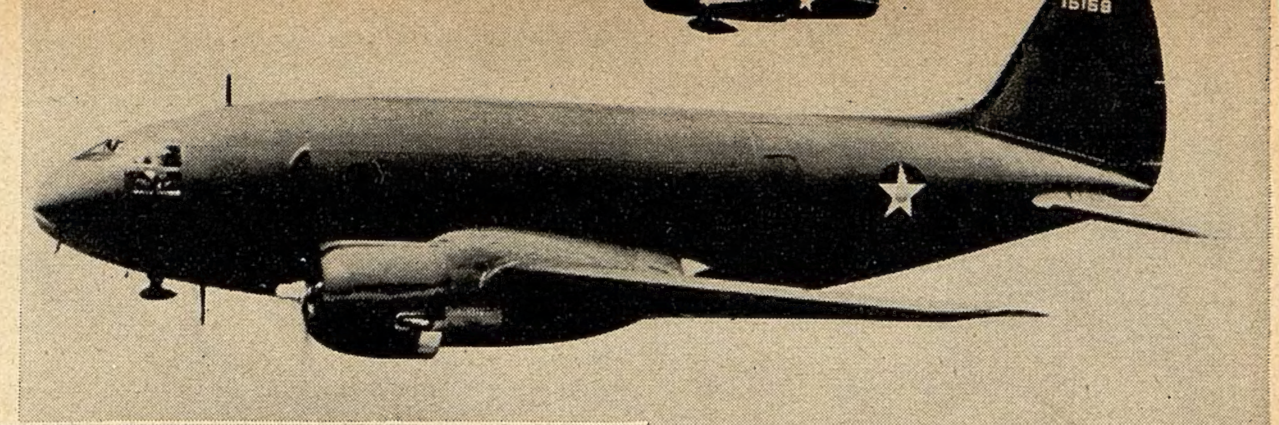
Obviously, a cargo vessel which makes at best ten or twelve miles an hour is no vehicle to operate successfully even a 6,000-mile supply line when a cargo airship could make twenty-five trips over such a route to the surface ship's one. When this fact finally sank in, the transportation bottleneck was as good as solved.

Why it hadn't happened earlier no one seems to know, except that we North Americans have always looked on the airplane as a luxury. And the public at large has stayed on the ground. So has freight.

Latin Americans, on the other hand, have regarded the plane as a beast of burden and have used it as such. The first thing they do to the secondhand planes they buy from North American lines is to tear out the seats, toilets, and stewardesses' quarters, put in strong metal floors and walls, and rig up huge hatches in the roofs. Converted thus into flying freight cars, these planes carry heavy machinery and supplies into the interior and fly back loaded with raw materials. The system works wonderfully. And within the last few months the Pan American-Grace interests have installed a regular cargo service over a 1,668-mile route connecting the Panama Canal with the west coast of South America. The possible use of such a service in the event of attack from the Pacific is obvious.

As early as 1939 a Californian named Babb thought of popularizing the flying freight car in the United States, but little came of his idea until the war came. Even the army had only forty-two such planes before this war. Now it is operating "the biggest air-freight line in the world."

It began, as the Latin Americans did, by converting ordinary commercial passenger planes into transports capable of carrying both men and equipment. Used chiefly on the home front to supplement the hard-pressed rails and trucks, the flying freight cars were as great a success, in their more modest way, as the Flying Fortresses.



**Used as a troopship, this transport plane, a C-46, carries from fifty to one hundred men, according to the quantity of equipment that the men must have with them.**

**Soldiers and jeeps filing aboard a transport plane. It has a 108-foot wingspread and, fully loaded, weighs 50,000 pounds—and transports dwarfing this are to come!**

The only trouble was that those commercial planes weren't large enough.

But much larger passenger planes are already on the way and will in time be converted to military use. Lockheed has been working for more than two years on a leviathan designed to carry fifty-seven passengers and a crew of seven but capable of carrying twice that number. Powered by four 2,500-horsepower engines and boasting a cruising speed of 283 miles per hour, a good 100 miles per hour higher than most transports, this Lockheed wonder plane is the ideal type for the rapid movement of troops.

This plane, which was partly designed by Howard Hughes, is the one he and Henry J. Kaiser plan to turn out in great numbers, once they are given the opportunity.

That whole armies can be moved by air was proved by the Nazis in their successful attack on Norway. The same tactics in the Mediterranean were largely responsible for the Nazi armies' comeback in North Africa.

The new Lockheed not only is larger and faster than any Junker transport Germany possesses, but can fly much farther without stopping to refuel. It has a range of 4,000 miles and can cross the continent in eight and one half hours. Its sponsors estimate that forty such planes could transport 16,000 troops to Alaska in twenty-six hours, 7,500 to Hawaii in forty-eight.

Next, transport and supply experts began to look enviously at huge experimental bomber planes like Douglas B-19 and Martin 170, the world's largest flying boats. A cargo plane the size of the Douglas B-19 could carry a load of twenty tons, or as much as a railway freight car. Forty-five thousand such planes, because of their greater speed, could do the work of the nearly 2,000,000 freight cars in the United States today; 40,000 of them could carry the load now carried by all the surface ships of the United Nations.

These figures are vouched for by Grover Loening, famous consulting engineer of the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation, winner of this year's Distinguished Service Award for aeronautical design. He was confining his calculations to planes of a type already in existence. Glenn Martin goes further. He declares that he can build a cargo airship that will carry eighty tons to Europe at 300 miles an hour. Only eight or nine thousand of those ships would be necessary to equal the cargo capacity of the surface merchant marines of the entire world!

The giant airship Martin has already built for the Navy, popularly called the Mars, boasts a hull as capacious as a fifteen-room house and carries 125 men with full military equipment, plus a 13½-ton tank. His factory is now working on a plane twice as large and weighing 250,000 pounds, and his imagination is already toying with the idea of a 500,000-pound beauty.

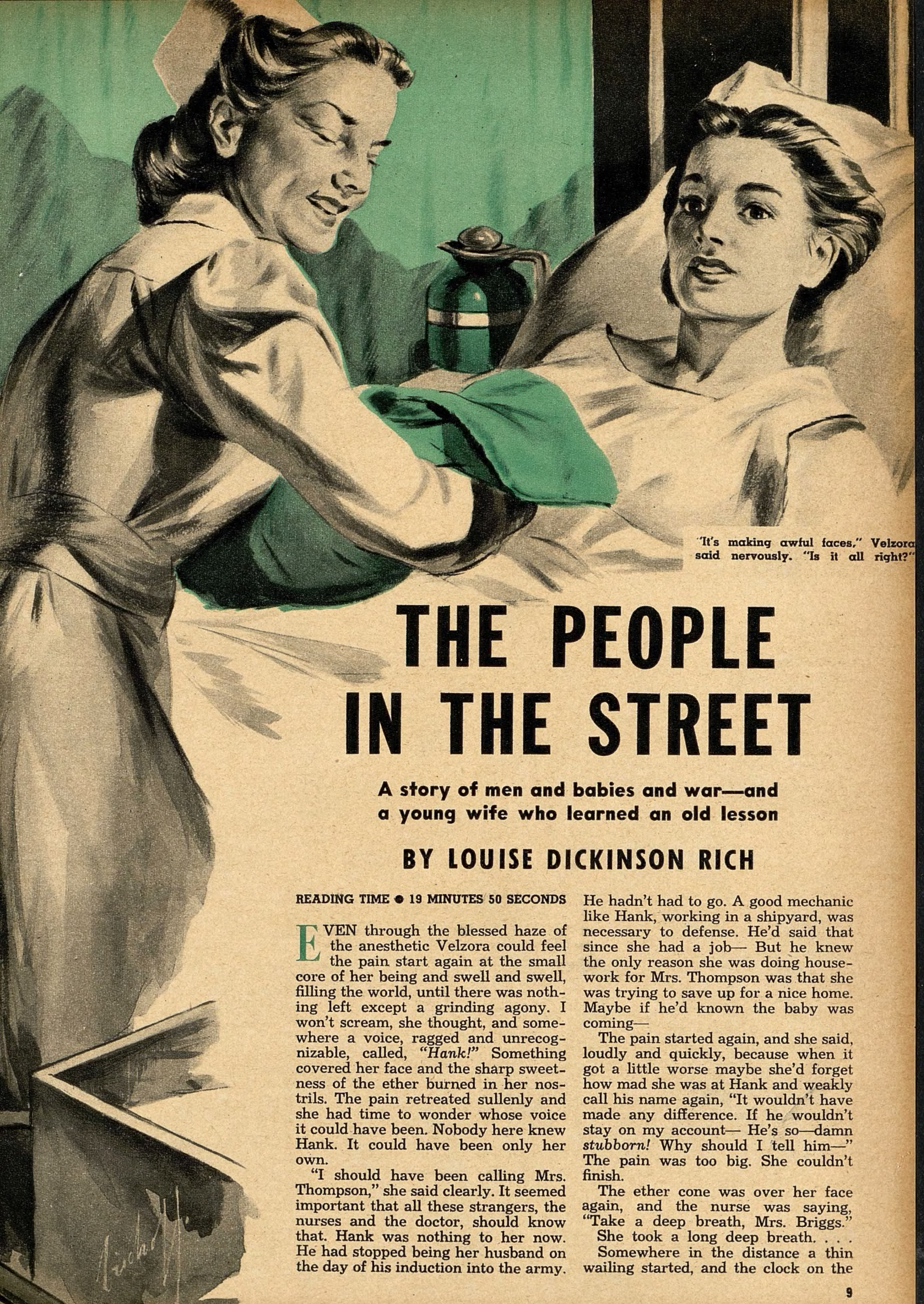
Most of these outsize planes which have already been built were designed as superbombers. As such they fulfilled all requirements except one—speed. Nevertheless, they emerge as the hope of the world, not as superbombers but as supertransports. How we wish we had hundreds of them instead of three or four!

The factors which have, until recently, blocked the building of large fleets of giant transports are time, money, and materials, all three so urgently needed for the building of combat planes. But now along comes Curtiss-Wright with its mammoth C-46, the largest plane ever built solely for transport purposes, which, because it can be made mainly of plastics and plywood, can be quickly duplicated at only a fraction of the cost of a similar all-metal plane.

The time element has been further minimized by the automobile industry, which has long been turning out huge quantities of aviation engines and subassemblies of parts for the regular plane manufacturers. Last summer the first entirely automotive-built plane flown in this country, the B-26-C, settled down out of the air at Omaha, Nebraska. From now on, they'll be coming fast.

For training purposes the plywood plane has proved a life saver to the production program. There is no reason why it should not do likewise for the transportation program. At any rate, if used as a troopship, the C-46 can carry from fifty to a hundred men, according to the amount of equipment they

*(Continued on page 54)*



"It's making awful faces," Velzora said nervously. "Is it all right?"

# THE PEOPLE IN THE STREET

### A story of men and babies and war—and a young wife who learned an old lesson

### BY LOUISE DICKINSON RICH

**READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 50 SECONDS**

EVEN through the blessed haze of the anesthetic Velzora could feel the pain start again at the small core of her being and swell and swell, filling the world, until there was nothing left except a grinding agony. I won't scream, she thought, and somewhere a voice, ragged and unrecognizable, called, *"Hank!"* Something covered her face and the sharp sweetness of the ether burned in her nostrils. The pain retreated sullenly and she had time to wonder whose voice it could have been. Nobody here knew Hank. It could have been only her own.

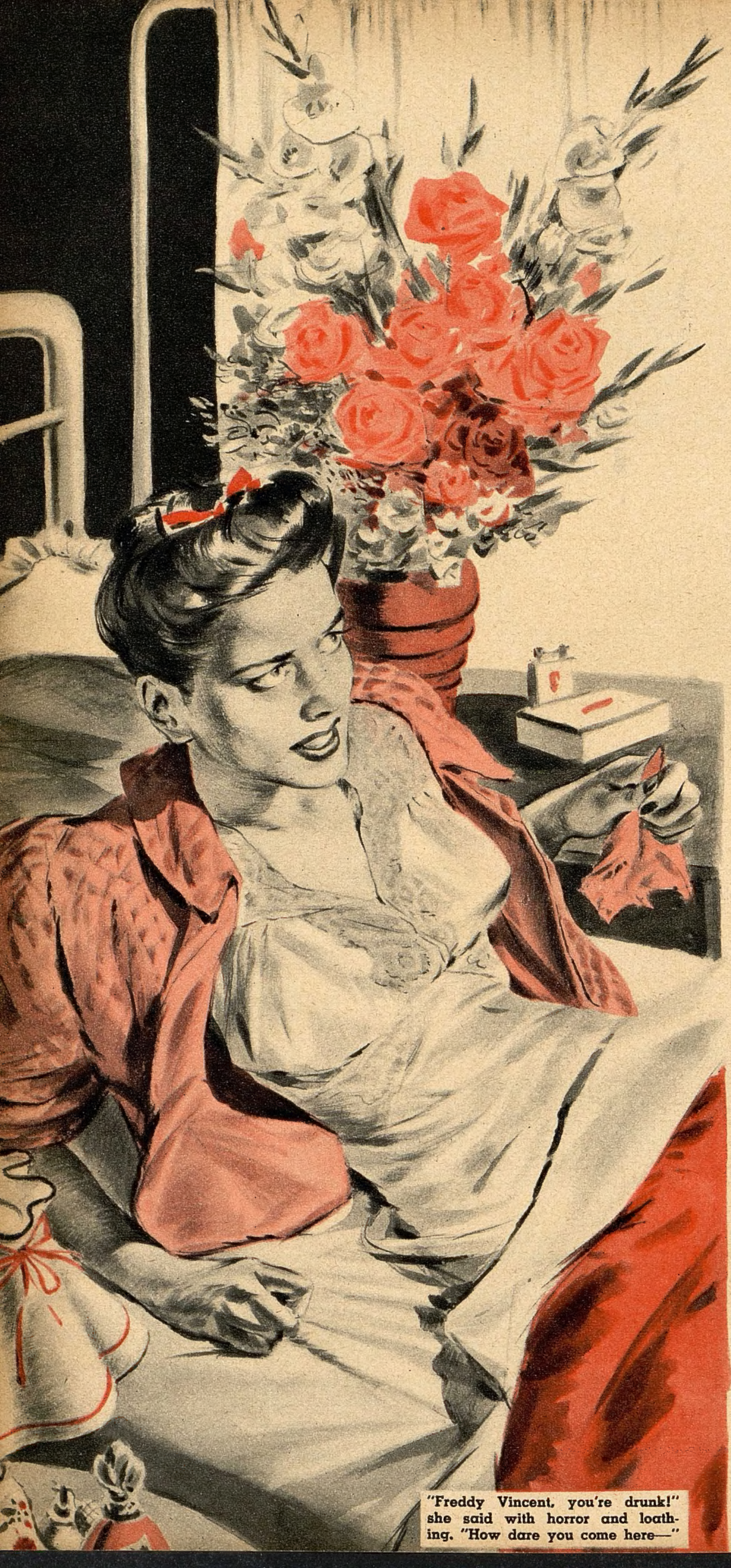
"I should have been calling Mrs. Thompson," she said clearly. It seemed important that all these strangers, the nurses and the doctor, should know that. Hank was nothing to her now. He had stopped being her husband on the day of his induction into the army. He hadn't had to go. A good mechanic like Hank, working in a shipyard, was necessary to defense. He'd said that since she had a job— But he knew the only reason she was doing housework for Mrs. Thompson was that she was trying to save up for a nice home. Maybe if he'd known the baby was coming—

The pain started again, and she said, loudly and quickly, because when it got a little worse maybe she'd forget how mad she was at Hank and weakly call his name again, "It wouldn't have made any difference. If he wouldn't stay on my account— He's so—damn *stubborn!* Why should I tell him—" The pain was too big. She couldn't finish.

The ether cone was over her face again, and the nurse was saying, "Take a deep breath, Mrs. Briggs."

She took a long deep breath. . . .

Somewhere in the distance a thin wailing started, and the clock on the



"Freddy Vincent, you're drunk!" she said with horror and loathing. "How dare you come here—"

wall leaped ahead half an hour. The pain was gone and she felt wonderful. The doctor was saying, "Well, Mrs. Briggs, you're the mother of a beautiful daughter."

So it was a girl. "That's fine," Velzora said a little thickly; and it was fine. Mrs. Thompson's friends in New York who were going to adopt the baby had said they really preferred a girl. There'd be no question now about their taking it, and as soon as she got her divorce from Hank she'd be ready to start all over. There was no sense in letting your life be ruined at twenty-three. This time she'd find some one who wouldn't put anything ahead of her happiness, some one who really loved her. Hank would see— She fell suddenly asleep.

When she woke up it was almost dark, and she didn't know where she was. This bed was higher and narrower than her bed at Mrs. Thompson's, and instead of flowered wallpaper, she was looking at white curtains, beyond which some one was moving. Then she remembered. This was the four-bed ward in the hospital that Mrs. Thompson had made arrangements for her to occupy. She had a lot to thank the Thompsons for —keeping her on after she wasn't able to earn her pay, holding her job for her, finding a home for the baby.

FROM the other side of the curtain that divided her bed from the next one a voice said indignantly, "It's outrageous! To be put in a common ward, like—like anybody! I reserved a private room—"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Vincent." The nurse sounded as nearly exasperated as nurses allow themselves to sound. "But there was this explosion at the munitions plant, and they've had to take over half the maternity wing. You're fortunate, really, that we don't put one of them in the empty bed. It's only because you and Mrs. Harris are private-room patients that we don't."

The conversation ended in a bustle of activity, and Velzora lay wondering about the two women beyond the curtains. Imagine complaining about a lovely room like this, just because you had to share it with some one!

The curtain billowed and the nurse came into Velzora's little compartment. "Ready for your back-rub?" she asked with professional cheerfulness. "We've got to take good care of you, so when your husband comes—"

Her husband. That meant Hank, who didn't even know she was here and wouldn't come to see her, in all likelihood, if he did. She'd better make that clear right away. "My husband won't be coming to see me," she stated flatly. The nurse's expression changed subtly. All right. That was just one more thing against Hank, that he had put her in this position, with no one even believing she had a husband. Now he'd disgraced her, she thought angrily as the nurse rubbed her back.

They pushed back the curtains next day. Velzora had heard enough of her two neighbors to feel that she knew them a little, and it was interesting to see at last what they looked like. She'd seen the nurse bring in the armfuls of lacy pillows and the billowing pale taffeta puffs, so she knew they wouldn't be lying, as she was, under much washed plain white spreads. She'd seen the vases and vases of flowers go by the foot of her bed, too, so she knew that their little bedside tables wouldn't be innocent, as hers was, of all adornment except a pitcher of ice water. Even so, she wasn't prepared for Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Harris.

WHY, she thought, they look like movie stars! and wished she had been able to get a permanent before she came to the hospital. But, she reflected, it would take more than a permanent to make her look like Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Harris in their quilted satin bed jackets, propped up amid their flowers. She was just Velzora Briggs, born and raised on a farm, who worked for Mrs. Thompson, and she was lucky to be lying here at all.

Mrs. Vincent said delightedly to Mrs. Harris, "But, my dear! Weren't you Doris Adams? Don't you remember me? But you wouldn't. You were three classes ahead of me at Miss Crisp's—one of the older girls we admired so. Just imagine meeting you here! Isn't it ghastly?" She had a lovely voice, when she wasn't complaining about something—light and clear, with a sparkle running under it.

Mrs. Harris said wanly, "I wouldn't know. Anywhere they'll just let me lie down seems like heaven to me. I'm so damn tired—" She sounded tired almost to death, and Velzora wondered what a woman like Mrs. Harris could have been doing to wear her out so completely.

*"Have* you got a cigarette?" Mrs. Vincent demanded.

Mrs. Harris did have a cigarette. "And perhaps you'd like one?" she asked Velzora.

"Oh, no, thank you. But it won't bother me at all if you smoke," Velzora assured her eagerly. It was nice of her to ask, and she was glad when the two of them went on talking. It was like being at a play to hear those well bred voices ripple on about Sun Valley and Bar Harbor and Hialeah. It was like being in another world. It seemed no time at all before the nurse brought the babies in for their first visit to their mothers.

"Oh, good heavens!" Mrs. Vincent exclaimed. "Don't tell me that's mine! But he's a monstrosity!"

"He's lovely," the nurse reproved her. "I never saw three nicer babies."

"She'll swap him for a set of good used tires, if that's the way you feel," Mrs. Harris volunteered, not as if she thought that was a very funny thing to say, but as if she was so used to being flippant that she couldn't get out of the habit.

"Oh, no, I won't. His father agreed to stay out of the army if I'd have a baby, so—"

The nurse took another baby out of the little wagon and looked at the tag around its neck. "Baby Briggs."

Velzora hadn't thought she'd be so little or so homely. She didn't look like a person at all. Her face was dark and wizened and her head was covered with black fuzz. She made tiny erratic gestures with little clawlike hands. Her head wobbled alarmingly. "It's making awful faces," she told the nurse nervously. "Is it all right?"

"They all make faces." Velzora was relieved. If there had been anything wrong with the baby, Mrs. Thompson's friends wouldn't want her.

That evening, during visiting hours, Mr. Vincent and Mr. Harris arrived. The curtains had been drawn again to provide a semblance of privacy, but Velzora could see them as they passed the foot of her bed. Mr. Harris came first. He had his hat on the back of his head, because his arms were so full of things that he couldn't possibly have carried it. Velzora saw a portable radio and a potted plant with queer spotted blossoms and a china pig with clover painted on it. They were funny presents, she thought, to bring a new mother. Hank would never— She put him out of her mind resolutely. It would be fun to have a painted pig. Next time she married she'd find some one like Mr. Harris.

"Momma!" Mr. Harris said enthusiastically. "Here. Here's some junk. Everybody sends love and felicitations and stuff, and they all want to know when you'll get out of here, on account of because they want to give a party for you. Which reminds me—how ya doin', keed? Am I supposed to whisper or tiptoe or anything?"

"Ass." Mrs. Harris must be feeling a lot better. Her voice was gay and strong. "Of course not. I'm elegant. I'm rarin' to go."

"Just what I told them," Mr. Harris said complacently. "Sandra Phelps tried to give me something about your wanting to rest, but I told her it would take more than a baby to throw you. So we're going to take a long weekend and fly down to the Eastern Shore and celebrate. Sandra said you wouldn't be able—"

"You tell your pal Sandra to mind her own fences." There was an edge to Mrs. Harris' tone. "And I'm quite capable of minding mine."

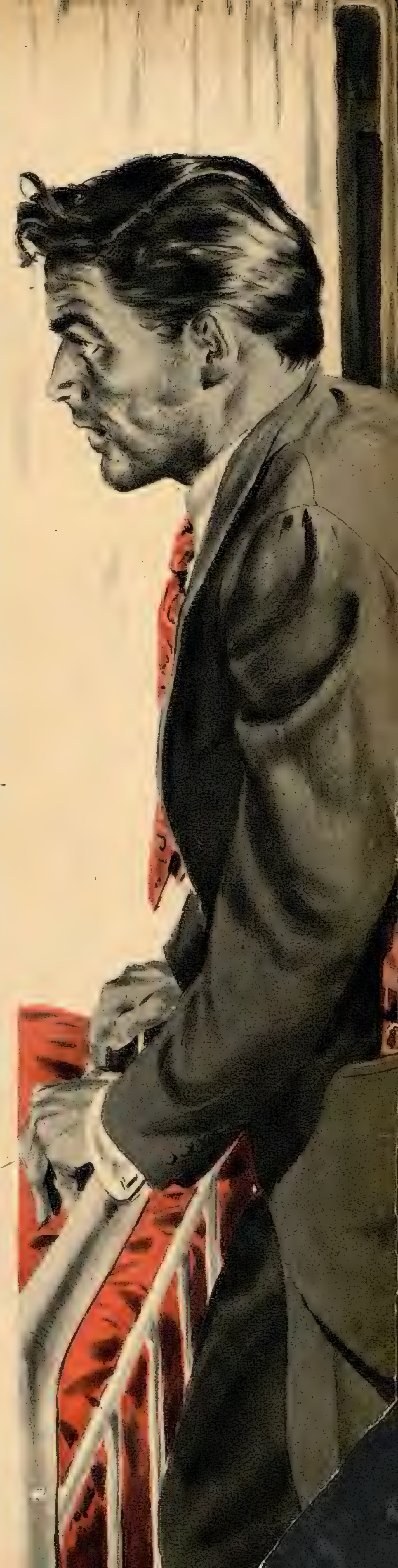
VELZORA lost the rest of it because Mr. Vincent was passing the foot of her bed. He didn't look at all as she had expected him to, not at all like Mr. Harris. He was thin and young, and in some not quite definable way, because he was beautifully tailored, a little shabby. He could carry his hat in his hand because he wasn't carrying anything else, except a newspaper.

"Are you all right, darling?" Velzora heard him ask.

Mrs. Vincent's voice was suddenly weak and listless. "Just terribly, terribly tired. But that's expected, I suppose, after such an ordeal. It was—frightful. But now we have our son—"

Mr. Vincent was silent, and Velzora knew by a sixth sense that he was kissing Mrs. Vincent. Then he said quickly and a little loudly, as if it

(*Continued on page 56*)



# THOSE Yankees!

Ernie Bonham

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE Yankees come smashing down the years, winning pennants and flattening their National League rivals in the World Series—and it's no accident. For behind Joe McCarthy and Joe DiMaggio and Bill Dickey and Joe Gordon and all the rest of that exciting crew is a sound, smoothly clicking organization that is at work not only during the baseball season but all the year round. The players come and go, but Edward Grant Barrow sits at his desk in the Forty-second Street office, mapping his plans for the future, George Weiss controls the far-flung farm-system chain, and the scouts, headed by Paul Krichell, comb the sand lots and the sticks and the campuses for the material to keep Joe McCarthy rolling.

The notion that the Yankees have been successful for so long merely because they were financed by the millions of the late Colonel Jacob Ruppert is false. Sure, Ruppert poured money into his club in the beginning. So did other ball clubs' owners with fat checkbooks. But none of them ever hit the jackpot with any approach to the consistency of the Yankees, while Phil Ball, who admitted the St. Louis Browns cost him between $200,000 and $300,000 a year, never hit it at all.

It was Ruppert who founded the organization. He loved baseball, thrilled to the title of sportsman, spent his money freely and often foolishly for ballplayers, looked hopefully to the future—and then realized one day that he and his partner in the ownership of the club, Captain T. L. Huston, weren't getting anywhere because

Buddy Rosar

Joe Gordon

Charlie Keller

**The world's most famous ball players come smashing down the years . . What makes them different from the rest? Why have they been successful for so long? Here are the answers**

### BY FRANK GRAHAM

Lefty Gomez

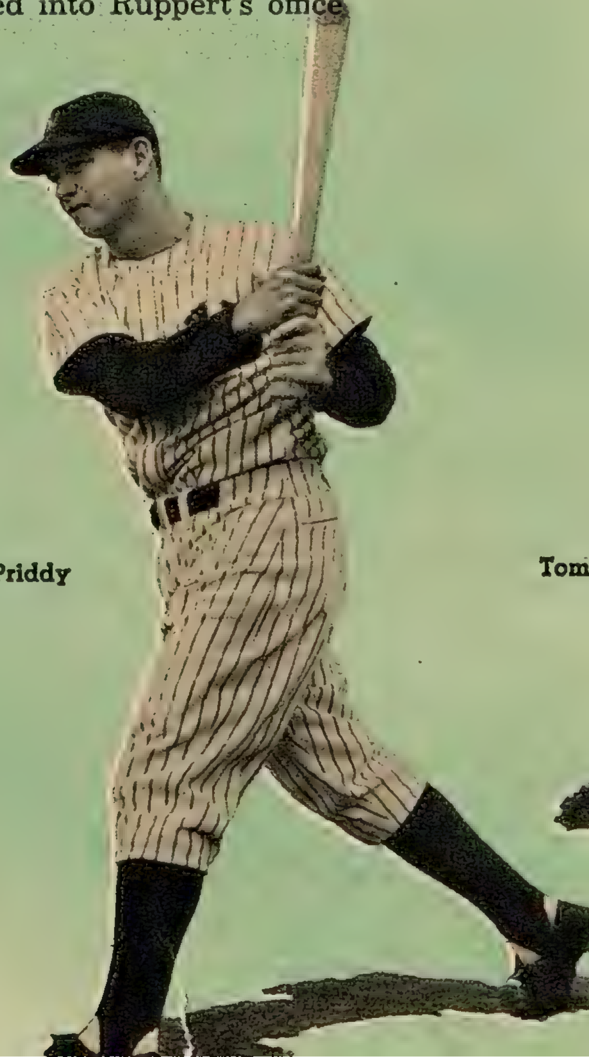
they were operating with a looseness that he wouldn't have tolerated for a moment in his brewery or his real-estate office.

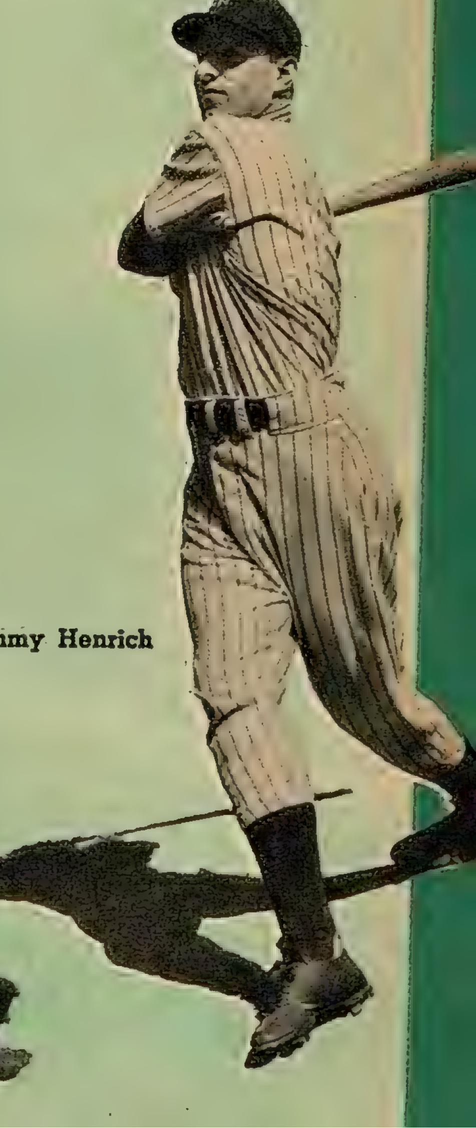
It had dawned on him that there was more to owning and running a ball club than sitting in a box near the dugout and taking bows when, as sometimes happened, the Yankees won. Baseball was a sport—but baseball was a business, too.

His first move was to engage Barrow, then manager of the Boston Red Sox but with a record also as a successful club and league executive over a span of thirty years. Barrow immediately put the club on a business basis, and subsequently acquiring wider authority with the passing of Huston from the ownership, further strengthened the organization that, almost overnight, had begun to produce pennants. Costs had been cut. No longer were the Yankees paying outlandish prices for incompetent players or being hornswoggled in trades. Barrow had brought Krichell down from Boston and built a new scouting staff about him. Minor-league players of promise were being trailed and trapped.

In 1931 another vital figure entered the organization. That year the St. Louis Cardinals' newfangled farm system was beginning to yield dividends in the form of pennant-winning players. Ruppert and Barrow discussed the system and decided not to adopt it. But one morning two weeks later Max Steuer the lawyer (Ruppert was a client of his and so was Paul Block, newspaper publisher and owner of the Newark club in the International League) walked into Ruppert's office

Marius Russo


Gerald Priddy


Tommy Henrich

in the brewery and persuaded him to buy the Newark club, which Block was eager to unload.

Barrow was surprised at having a minor-league club dropped into his lap like that. Ruppert seemed surprised too. But now that they had it, they knew what to do with it—hire a man to run it. Barrow's first thought was of Weiss, whom he had known for some time. Ed and George had had a few brushes, as men in any business are bound to have when their interests clash, but they had a great deal of respect for each other.

It was at the minor-league meeting at West Baden, Indiana, in December, 1931, that Ruppert first saw—indeed, first heard of—Weiss. Barrow pointed him out to the Colonel in the lobby of the hotel.

"That's the man we want to run the Newark club," he said.

"Who is it?" the Colonel asked.

"George Weiss."

"Who's Weiss?"

Barrow told him. A New Haven boy who first had made good in his home town. He had begun as manager of the high-school team—Joe Dugan was the star of that team and New Englanders still say it was the best that any high school ever had. He had gone on from there to the Colonials, an independent professional team made up largely of his old high-school players, then had taken over the New Haven franchise in the Eastern League, and finally had gone to Baltimore, called there by the directors of the Orioles following the death of Jack Dunn.

"He knows minor-league baseball thoroughly," Barrow said. "Especially the International League."

RUPPERT wanted to meet him. Barrow introduced him, and before the evening was over Ruppert had persuaded him to leave Baltimore and join up with the Yankees.

It was a fine stroke, adding new vigor to the organization. Weiss preached the virtues of the farm system to Ruppert and Barrow, who listened to him, argued with him, and wound up by authorizing him to enter upon it.

The Yankee chain, formed and maintained by Weiss, is the most successful baseball has known. From year to year he has added to it—or subtracted from it. Two years ago there were fifteen clubs in it. Conditions since then—the most important being a player shortage because of the war—having dictated curtailment, there are only nine in it now. But they're all solid. The base of it is composed of three clubs in Class D leagues: Butler in the Pennsylvania State Association, Wellsville in the Pony League, and Fond du Lac in the Wisconsin State League. Ranging just above them are two in Class C: Amsterdam in the Canadian-American League and Joplin in the Western Association. Then come Norfolk in the Piedmont, a Class B league; Binghamton in the Eastern League, Class A; and at the top the two Class AA league teams—Newark in the International and Kansas City in the American Association. Newark, Kansas City, Binghamton, and Norfolk are owned outright. Working agreements with the other clubs give the Yankees free rein with their players. This means that, all told, Weiss controls the baseball destinies of some 250 young men.

The farms not only supply the Yankees with players but are financially profitable. Some clubs in the chain occasionally need monetary assistance, but the burden is carried by Newark and Kansas City, so that Weiss never has to dip into the Yankee till for farm relief. Considerable, too, is the income derived from the sale of players to major-league clubs other than the Yankees. In accordance with baseball law, players sent up to the Yankees must be paid for in cash or other players, but the prices put upon them are nominal, merely covering the cost of their training. Surplus material is disposed of at fancy rates.

With a canny trader such as Weiss conducting the sales, the profits sometimes are amazing. The Yankees signed Buddy Hassett right out of Manhattan College, and—since they had no room for him, with Lou Gehrig on first base at the Stadium—Weiss sold him to Brooklyn for $40,000 and two players, Buzz Boyle and Johnny McCarthy. He then sold McCarthy to the Giants for $40,000, sent Boyle to Kansas City, pulled Jimmy Gleeson out of that club and sold him to the Cubs for $25,000—a total yield of $105-000 for a player the Yankees couldn't use. Finding, last winter, that they could use Hassett, they got him back from the Braves, to whom he had been traded by the Dodgers. In exchange for him they sent Tommy Holmes, whom they had planted in Newark, and a small cash payment. With him they also got Gene Moore, who promptly was sold to Montreal for enough to cover the cost of the transaction with Boston.

ANOTHER example of shrewd trading on Weiss's part began with the sale of the ill-fated Willard Hershberger to the Cincinnati Reds for $17,500 and Eddie Miller. Weiss traded Miller to the Braves for five players. One of the five was Vince DiMaggio, and George sold him to the Reds for $40,000. Another was Tom Reis, a pitcher who, after one unsuccessful trial with the Yankees, has been a winner in Kansas City this year and will be brought up again in 1943.

Weiss is on the road most of the time, going from farm to farm, making a careful check of the players and listening to the complaints and suggestions of the managers—Bill Meyer in Newark, Johnny Neun in Kansas City, Eddie Sawyer in Binghamton, Buzz Boyle in Norfolk, Doc Bennett in Joplin, Shaky Kain in Amsterdam, Ray Powell in Fond du Lac, and Dallas Warren in Butler. All save Bennett and Powell were players at one time on a Yankee farm team. With Weiss's help, all have been extremely successful. Newark has won seven pennants in eleven years. Kansas City has won two pennants in four years and has not finished lower than third. In 1938

Bill Dickey

George Selkirk

Johnny Murphy

Newark and Kansas City met in the Little World Series—George didn't know which side to root for, although each side bitterly accused him of rooting for the other—and Kansas City won, four games to three. The smaller league clubs have struck an average of 60 per cent as pennant winners and none of them ever has finished out of the money.

At the end of a season the fate of the farm hands is settled for another year in conferences between Barrow and Weiss, who determine which players shall be moved up, held over, or dropped back. In the selection of the top players for trial at the Yankee camp the following spring, McCarthy isn't consulted because he hasn't seen any of them and knows nothing about them. However, his is the main voice in the discussions when it comes to cutting down the squad at the end of the training season.

The players are dug up by a most efficient staff. Krichell has a regular beat that takes in the Eastern minor leagues and colleges, but he may be sent anywhere and he assists Weiss by regularly looking over the farms. Bill Essick covers the Pacific Coast and, on special assignments, the American Association. Joe Devine's territory is the Pacific Coast and the Southwest, with emphasis on Texas when he moves out of California. Steve O'Rourke and Johnny Haddock operate in the Middle West. Johnny Nee roams the South. Gene McCann is generally in the East.

OF the current Yankees, Krichell discovered Hassett, Phil Rizzuto, Red Rolfe, Charlie Keller, George Selkirk, Marius Russo, Johnny Murphy, and Hank Borowy. Essick turned up Joe Gordon, Frank Crosetti, Joe DiMaggio, and Vernon Gomez. Devine was responsible for Gerald Priddy, Ernie Bonham, and Johnny Lindell. Nee vouched for Bill Dickey and for Tommy Henrich, now in the Coast Guard. McCann contributed Buddy Rosar.

Where did they find them? Well, Hassett in Manhattan College, Rolfe in Dartmouth, Keller in the University of Maryland, Russo in Long Island University, Murphy and Borowy in Fordham. Rizzuto was one of a mob of kids who, by invitation, showed up one day for tryouts at the Stadium. Selkirk was with the Jersey City club, which at the time owed the Yankees $29,000. "Take $10,000 and this outfielder Selkirk and call it square," Krichell suggested to Barrow, who followed his suggestion.

Gordon was in the University of Oregon, and Gomez, Crosetti, and DiMaggio were with the San Francisco club of the Pacific Coast League. Every club in both major leagues was bidding for Joe DiMaggio when Joe popped a bone in his left knee. The others dropped back, but the Yankees, willing to gamble on him at the insistence of Essick, got him for $25,000—some earlier bids for him had reached $75,000. Priddy was found in Inglewood, California, and Lindell in Arcadia. Bonham was plucked out of an American Legion tournament in Los Angeles. Henrich, the property of the Cleveland club and playing with New Orleans, was declared a free agent by Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Virtually all the other big-league clubs wanted him. On Nee's advice, the Yankees made him the best offer. Dickey was catching for the Little Rock club in the Southern League. Rosar was playing on the sand lots of Buffalo.

They overlook few prospects, these scouts. That they had no outstanding replacement for Gehrig when the Iron Horse finally gave out was not altogether their fault, for with Lou at the peak and seemingly indestructible, it was difficult to interest a first baseman in signing with them. Krichell thought he had Hank Greenberg lined up, but Hank backed off and signed with Detroit. George McQuinn, discovered by McCann and, after a couple of years of seasoning on the farms, capable of playing first base for any major-league club, was held in the organization as long as possible and finally was lost when the Browns drafted him from Newark.

However, one good man was overlooked. Right in New York, too. At a sports dinner in the big town one night a couple of years ago, Krichell and Frank McCormick of the Reds, who was born and reared in the Yorkville section, were among the speakers. When McCormick was called upon, he said:

"I was very glad to meet Paul Krichell here tonight. I waited for three years on the corner of Eighty-third Street and Third Avenue for him to come along and discover me—but he never showed up."

THE thoroughness with which the country is scouted, the care that Weiss exercises in training and educating the players—these save the Yankees a lot of money. Their pay roll is heavy; undoubtedly they pay their players better, on an average, than any other ball club. But they get the best. And in one year a Rizzuto, a Gordon, a Bonham, a Keller—above all a DiMaggio—can pay off, at the plate and in the field, for every nickel that went into his purchase price or his bonus for signing, plus the cost of his training. Most important, the system obviates the danger of a big outlay of cash for a morning-glory. Never again will the Yankees pay $100,000 for a Lyn Lary and a Jimmy Reese.

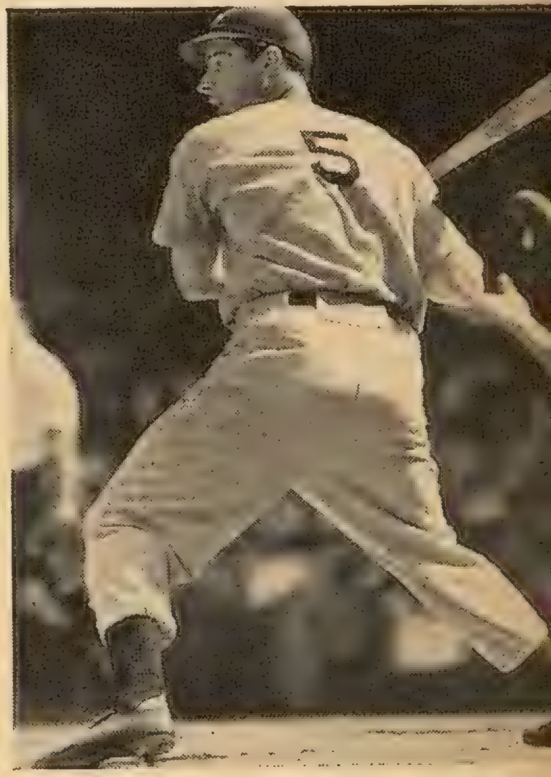
Having virtually the pick of the country, they can afford to choose their players carefully, with an eye not only to skill but to character. They have neither room nor time for rowdies, dopes, sulkers, rednecks, or clubhouse lawyers. Once in a rare while a wrong guy, carefully concealing his talent for making trouble, slips through the net. But once he is discovered, he doesn't last long. And no matter how good a ballplayer he may be, how well he plays for another club, or how deeply he yearns to get back, he hasn't a chance. Yankees have to be champions off the field, too.

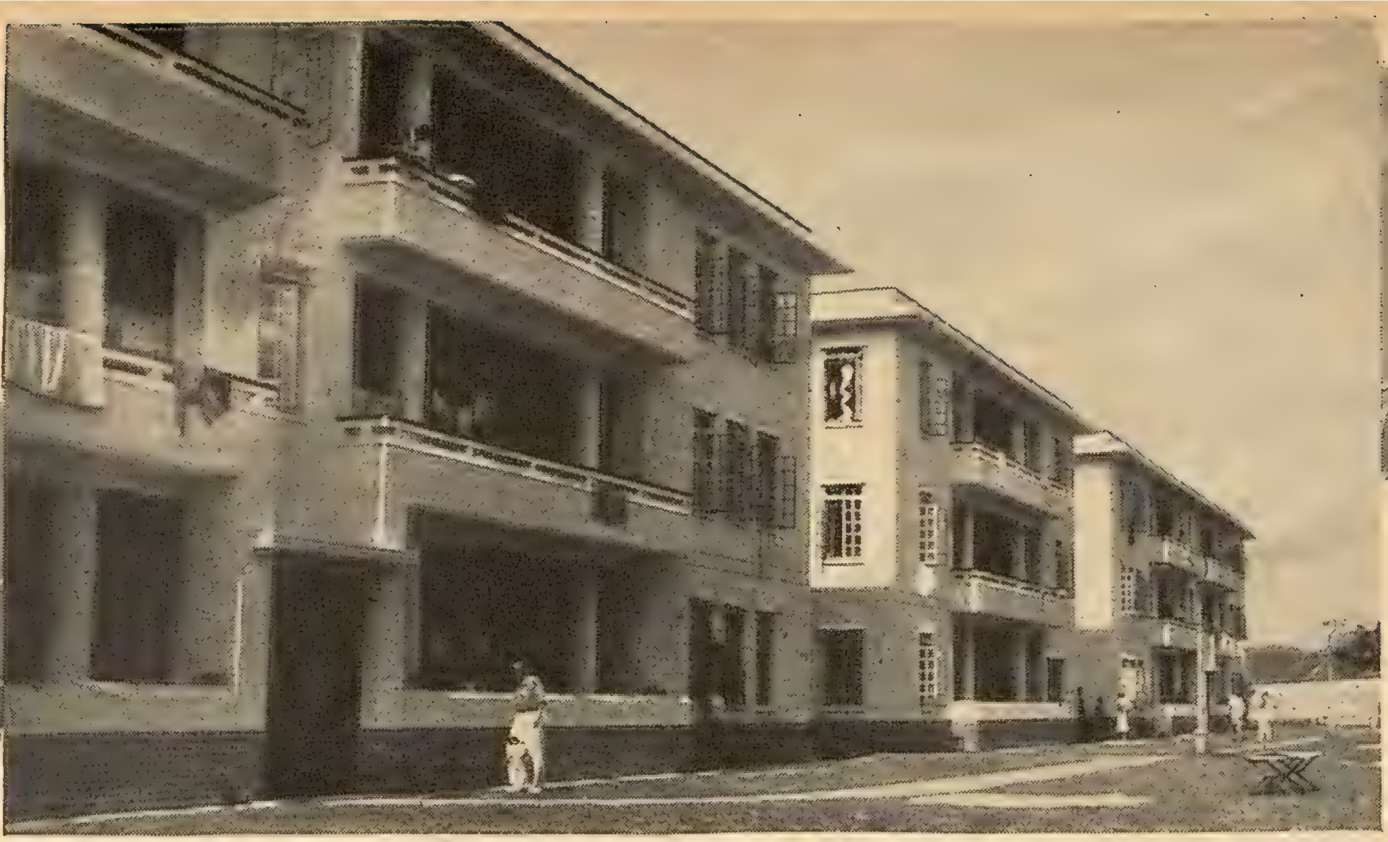
THE END

Red Rolfe

Phil Rizzuto

Joe DiMaggio





The part of the warders' quarters at Stanley Prison in which 350 Americans were interned. Their modern appearance contrasts strangely with the uses to which they were put. Mr. Brown, the author, stands in the foreground, near the bomb-shattered window of his room.

# I WAS A PRISONER OF THE JAPS

## BY WENZELL BROWN

**Mr. Brown, a young American, was assistant professor of English at Lingnan University, a Canton, China, institution which was driven by war from its campus but continued its activities in the buildings of the University of Hong Kong. . . . It is fair to give warning that what follows is grisly reading. You won't enjoy it But Liberty believes it is a story that should be told.**

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

A LITTLE group of us stood on the cemetery wall on the hill above the prison camp in Hong Kong. We were straining our eyes in an attempt to make out the outline of the dull gray hulk of the S. S. Asama Maru. This boat was to take us back home to America after seven months of war and starvation and torture. We stared at each other in unbelief, too filled with emotion to speak.

But mingled with our joy was grief, for we must leave behind us all our British friends with whom we had shared the hardships and cruelties of war and imprisonment. The repatriation ship could not take the British, and for them there seemed little chance of escape.

I went from friend to friend that evening, bidding them good-by. I talked to women who had been gracious hostesses in their lovely mansions on the Peak. They were dressed now in rags, were bare-legged and wore scuffed-out shoes. Their faces were pinched with hunger and their clothes hung about them loosely. Their legs were swollen with beriberi, and several suffered from nervous twitchings of the facial muscles.

A charming English lady, the wife of a high government official, wept softly in gratitude for the tiny gift of jam and cigarettes I was able to bring her.

"You are our only life line with civilization," she told me. "Don't forget us. Tell the world how we are being treated. See that we are not forgotten."

A wealthy English merchant stopped me on the way to my quarters. The last time I had seen him before the war he had been in evening dress, on his way to attend a banquet given by the governor. Now his face was covered with a ragged beard. His only articles of clothing were a pair of dirty khaki shorts and wooden sandals which he had made himself. But still he held himself with dignity, and his voice rang with anger and determination as he spoke:

"Let them know. Let the whole world know what we are suffering. Don't be afraid of reprisals. There can be nothing worse than this."

Again and again I heard this plea. "Remember Hong Kong," they begged, and their greatest fear was of being forgotten.

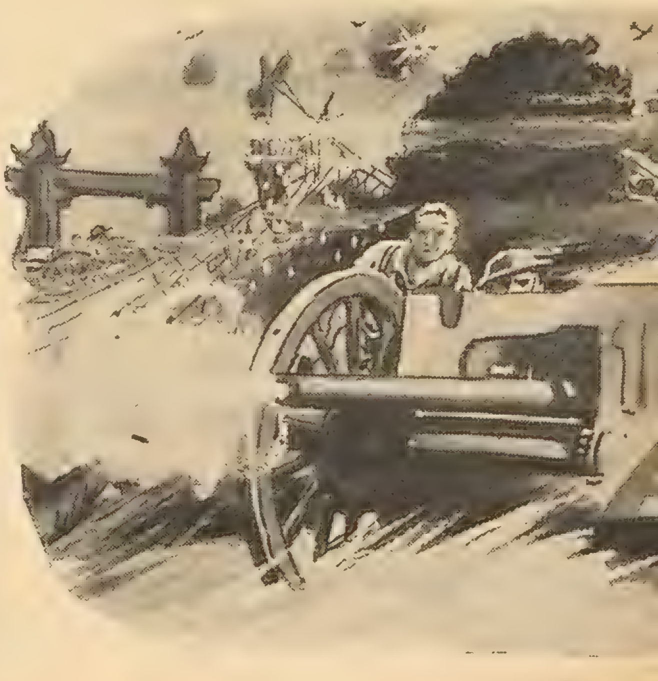
Twenty-seven hundred British remain in the hands of the Japanese, slowly starving to death, ridden with disease, without beds or bedding or medical care.

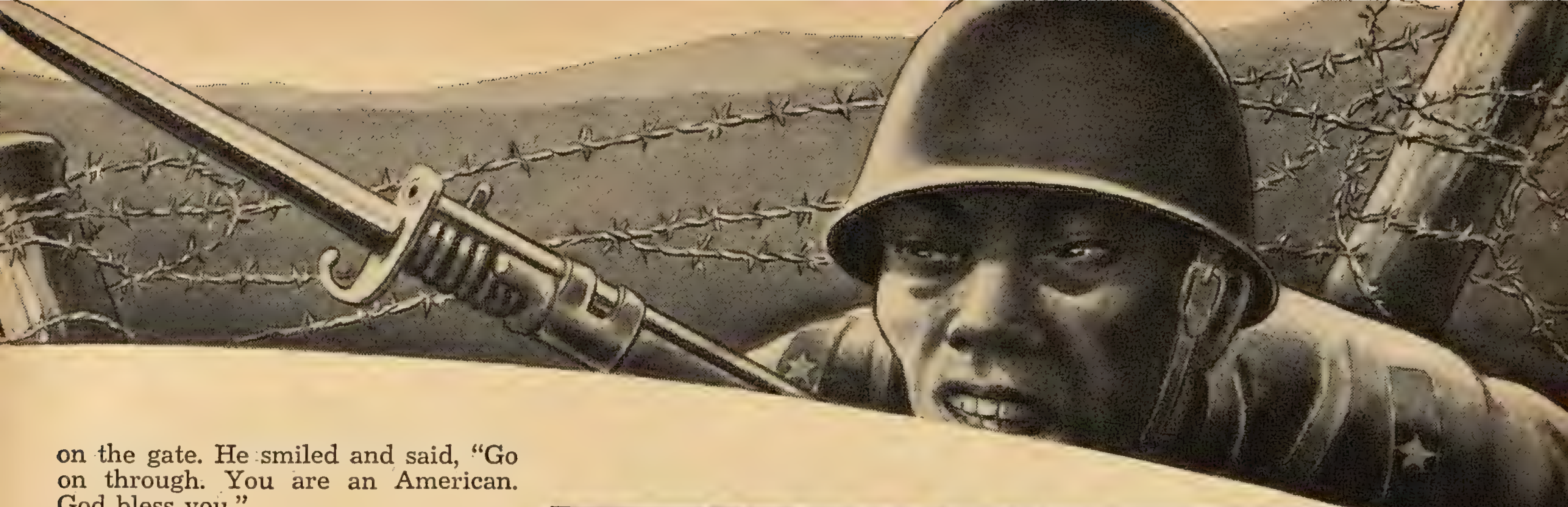
May I, who have escaped, add my plea to theirs? *Remember Hong Kong.*

SHORTLY before the city fell I had been staying at the Y. M. C. A. in Kowloon. It was on the Kowloon peninsula that the first heavy fighting occurred, and for four days most of us had to remain there under bombing and shellfire.

Only members of essential services and military men were permitted to go across on the ferry to the island.

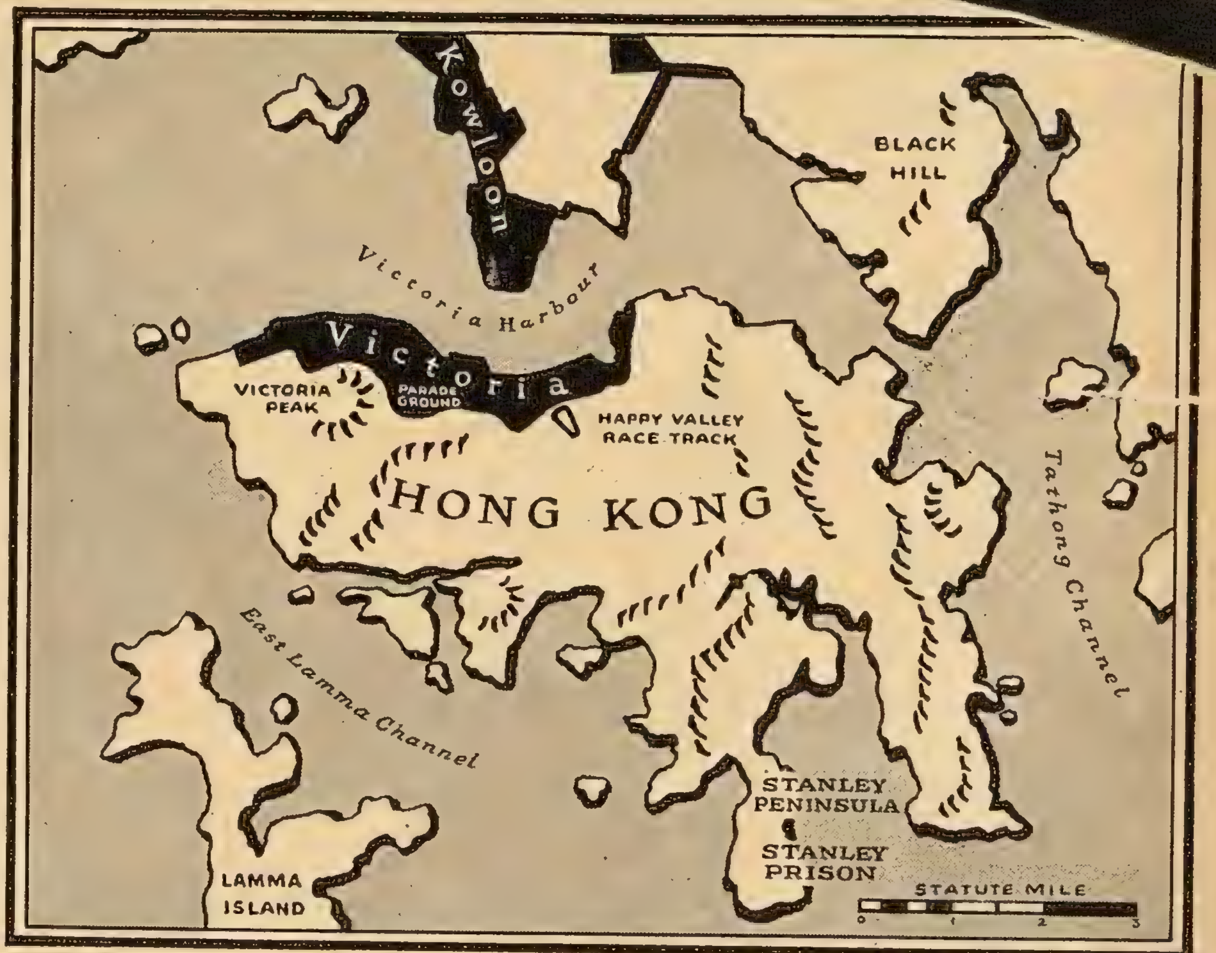
On the fifth day I got the next to the last ferry to go across. I had no pass, but I showed my American passport to the big Englishman who was





on the gate. He smiled and said, "Go on through. You are an American. God bless you."

As the ferry arrived on the Hong Kong side we heard the terrifying shrieks of a woman. The Chinese who were on board jumped hurriedly ashore, while a few Englishmen surrounded the woman, who was lying on the deck covered with blood. She had been struck by machine-gun bullets. She was shrieking in agony. Finally an ambulance was procured and she was loaded on board. She was Mrs. Jessie Holland, a teacher in the Girls' Diocesan School in Hong Kong and the first white European civilian to be killed. She died shortly after entering the hospital but went through hours of agony before her death. . . .



On Christmas Day all hell broke loose. The Japanese had told Sir Mark Young three times to surrender, and he had disregarded them. Then news of the surrender came in. The lines had been broken between Hong Kong and Stanley, the easternmost peninsula of the island.

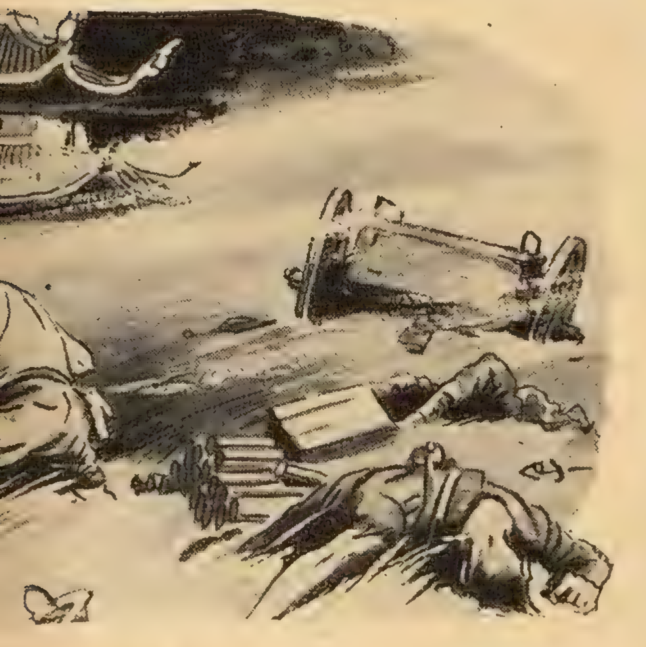
Though peace had been declared, the fighting went on there. It was impossible to get word to them that they should surrender. It was there that the greatest butchery of the war took place. The first battery was composed of volunteers, mostly young Hong Kong business men who fought almost to the last man against the hordes of Japanese.

I got a few blankets from some Chinese students at my university and we set out for the university grounds. We found a ricksha which had been deserted by the ricksha coolie and piled some things into it. We had about a mile and a half to go, and pulled the ricksha along with us loaded with the goods. The streets were strangely quiet. Every one had gone indoors and was in hiding. When we reached the university grounds we saw a group of girl students emerging. They had hardly got outside the building when they were attacked by looters and all their goods stolen.

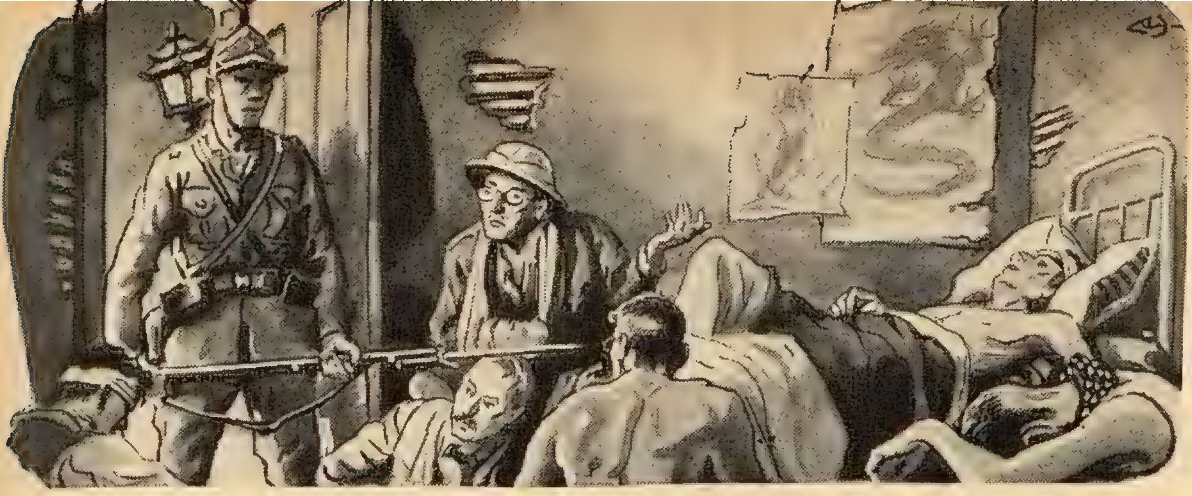
That night we slept in the university library in Ming Yoy Terrace. The Chinese landlord forbade us to look out the windows. All night long we heard strange sounds. We heard bestial cries that sounded like death cries. We heard horses' hoofs, strange screams and shoutings. In the darkness we could see nothing, and only when the dawn came did we realize what had happened. The Japanese were using the university grounds for pasture for their horses and hundreds of them were on the campus.

For three days we stayed there with very little food, not daring to move and scarcely daring to look out the windows because of the Chinese landlord's orders. Several times the building was entered by Japanese, and we tried to remain very quiet, moving from apartment to apartment as the Japanese moved, in order to keep away from them. On the third day the Chinese landlord came up very excited and said the Japanese were in the apartment below. We all sat still for half an hour. I wanted to sneeze and didn't dare to. We were holding a small Chinese boy, trying to keep him from crying. Finally the landlord came in and we asked him in whispers what was happening. The Japanese were playing ping-pong in the apartment below.

On January 1 we decided it would be safe to leave our quarters in the library, and Carlton Castle, one of the Lingnan teachers, and I set out for his residence. We were searched five times in the short distance. Fortunately nothing was taken from us. We went to his place and then started downtown. We met friends who had been robbed by Japanese sentries.



"The first battery, composed of volunteers, fought almost to the last man."



"Six of us were placed in one room about five by seven feet, without a window."

One of the favorite tricks was to ask you the time. When a watch was brought out it was taken over by the Japanese. They said "Thank you" loudly and departed. One friend, however, had a strange story to tell. He was asked the time and, having heard of this trick, said, "I have no watch." The Japanese said, "Oh, I am sorry," took him to a jewelry store which was still open and said, "Would you like one of these watches?" The man said, "Yes." So the Jap said, "Take your pick of any one. I'll pay for it."

Small stands had been set up all over the street. All the stores had been closed. Most of the stuff for sale was looted food. Sardines were selling for three dollars a can, cigarettes two dollars a pack, and bully beef about four dollars. Soon our little capital had gone in buying food and we tried to locate some friends of ours who were living on the Peak.

We spent two days wandering on the Peak, trying to get past the Japanese sentries to the homes on top. They blocked every passage, but finally we managed to get over to Black Slink. Here the signs of fighting were very evident. We had to pass over dead body after dead body. Thousands of flies had settled on the bodies, eaten the faces away beyond recognition. The stench was terrific. The Japanese had cleared away the bodies of their own dead but left those of the British behind. Wrecked trucks and cars were on both sides of the road at intervals of a few feet. The British had destroyed their own cars in order that they might not fall into the hands of the Japanese.

The goods of the Canadian and English soldiers were strewn along the pathway, where they had thrown them in their rapid retreat or where they had been scattered by looters who had robbed the dead bodies. We picked up passports and checkbooks and bankbooks and many other papers as we walked along. Several times when the sentries stopped us, instead of ordering us to halt they approached us with unsheathed knives, sometimes ordinary vegetable knives. While searching us and talking to us they held the knives against our stomachs.

From the Peak we had a magnificent view of the harbor, of the scuttled British and American ships which dotted it. We could see Japanese troops and Kowloon in the distance. The great godowns that had been set on fire earlier in the battle were still burning. I have always thought Hong Kong the most beautiful city that I have ever seen, and even in its desolated state it was still perhaps the most striking view one could have found in the world.

I tried to reach the home of a Russian friend where I had left all my goods. When I walked into the house I found the most terrific mess imaginable. Everything had been looted. Trunks had been hacked open. All the glassware had been lined up across a wall and systematically smashed. Apparently the Japanese had amused themselves by throwing things at the glassware to break it. They had fouled every room except the toilet, and they did this in every house which they took. The radio had been ripped to pieces, the tables had been smashed and even the aquarium full of fish had been broken.

I WENT upstairs hoping to find some clothing which might have escaped their thieving. I had been there only a few moments when I heard noises below. I shouted out and asked who was there, and heard a reply in a strange guttural voice. I started down the stairs with a golf stick in my hand. As soon as I had turned the bend in the stairs I saw two Japanese officers at the foot of the stairs. I threw down the club, spread my hands, and went down. They started speaking to me in Japanese and I said I didn't understand. One officer put his hand on my shoulder, turning me around violently, and put the muzzle of his revolver to my back and forced me back up the stairs. They had found an old trunk in which some dress uniforms belonging to my friend had been stored. They ordered me to put one of these uniforms on. I knew that they had orders to shoot any man in uniform, and expected that as soon as I got it on I would be shot. Fortunately the hat stuck on top of my head and the sleeves dangled about a foot beyond my fingertips. The Japanese officers stood away and looked at me, then doubled over and laughed.

They kept asking me whether I was an American or British. I had some papers belonging to my Russian friend and told them in the few words of Russian that I knew that I was Russian. Finally they took me to the top of the stairs and gave me a shove and told me to go. So I had to leave without clothes or supplies of any kind.

By the time I reached Mr. Castle's house, news had come that all British, Americans, Dutch, and Panamanians had to report at the parade grounds by noon the next day. We had an uneasy night's rest, sleeping on the floor, as all the beds had been taken for other purposes, and in the morning we reported as ordered.

Immediately upon reporting we were put under arrest. They lined us up in squads of between twenty and thirty men, women, and children. They did not tell us where they were taking us but ordered us to march. In my group there was a young mother with her child less than two weeks old. She was ordered to march with the rest of us. They paraded us through the main streets of the city under guard, and finally took us to a tenth-rate dirty little Chinese hotel. Here we were assigned to rooms. Six of us were placed in one room about five by seven feet, without a window. There was one bed in the room. It was impossible for all of us to lie down at the same time. By lying perfectly straight, two people could be on the floor and two on the bed, and the other two had to remain in the corridor. We were forty-eight hours without any food whatsoever.

These are some of the children—terribly dangerous enemies of Nippon, no doubt!—interned by the Japs in the Stanley camp.

The Japanese came and told us the terms of our imprisonment. They said we were being treated exactly as Japanese prisoners were treated in our country. We would be given the same food and same housing conditions, and if we thought our fate was bad, it was because of the terrible way in which the Japanese were being treated in America.

After that they provided us with a little food and promised us that we could go out for an hour each week, a promise which was never fulfilled. The food was composed of rice, a few greens, and chickens and ducks taken from one of the large stores where the refrigerator system had broken down, so that this meat was completely spoiled. Later on we saw an announcement that we had been fed on chicken and duck and beef, and of course it was true, but they didn't mention that it was spoiled.

For three weeks we remained in these quarters. Diarrhea and dysentery started spreading throughout the hotel. We had no medical care whatsoever. No attention was paid to us. We were simply left there day after day, day after day in these crowded conditions. The complete monotony and not knowing how long we were going to stay there was enough to drive us insane. We were forbidden to look out of any of the windows. Every morning when we woke up we could hear the cry of the Chinese news vendors on the streets. The singsong voices would shout, *"Nung yng yat po."* Now and then we could peer out in the street and see the Japanese soldiers parading by with Chinese flower girls. Or we could see a crazy Chinese who was haranguing the Europeans from the street.

It is impossible to describe the squalor and filth of these little Chinese hotels which had been used as brothels before the war. The water system had broken down, and no bathing facilities were possible. The rooms were tiny, and the halls so narrow that two people could not pass. There was nothing that we could do but sit day after day in semidarkness, hoping for some release. Soon many of us had dysentery from the water, which came from the open wells of the city into which sewage had seeped, or from the rotten meat which, in our desperate hunger, we had eaten.

By the third day I was flat on my back with dysentery. There was no place to lie, except on the bare tiles with a single blanket for protection. Here I should like to stop to give recognition to Mrs. K. Gordon Grant, a great-hearted woman who during my sickness took the mattress from her own bed in order that I might have a better place to rest, and gave me freely of her little supply of stores which she had been able to bring into the hotel. No medicine was available to any of us who were sick.

In the evenings groups gathered on the stairways of the hotel and sang old songs. This was the only amusement we had. It did much to keep up our morale. As we sat crowded on the stairway, we could see great dishes of chicken and fruits and other delicacies being sent down to the warders in the rooms below. The servants forced us to stand up as they passed by, and we had to fight against the temptation to grab the food. Eventually even the recreation of singing was taken away from us; we were told to be silent as we disturbed the slumbers of our captors.

After two weeks rumors began to fly about that we were to be moved to Stanley Peninsula and to a camp on the prison grounds. This raised our hopes greatly, for we felt that at least we could get some air and some exercise. Morning after morning we were told to prepare our goods to make the trip to Stanley, and each morning we were disappointed. When this had happened seven or eight times, the final order came with great rapidity that we were all to line up by the door, carrying such goods as we had. The Japanese officers came and ordered us out into the streets. They paraded us through the main streets of the city again, down to the ferry wharf.

On our way we saw a great line of Chinese waiting in a food queue. It extended at least fifteen blocks. Only men were permitted in the line. Each man had to stand with his hand on the shoulder of the man ahead of him. Japanese soldiers with great spiked sticks stood on guard. Many hungry small boys were trying to get into the line. If the boy was not large enough so that he could reach the shoulder of the man ahead of him, he was driven from the line. No word was spoken; he was simply struck with the stick. I saw several small boys knocked down, and while they were lying on the ground writhing, the Japanese guards continued thrusting at them with the pointed ends of their staves.

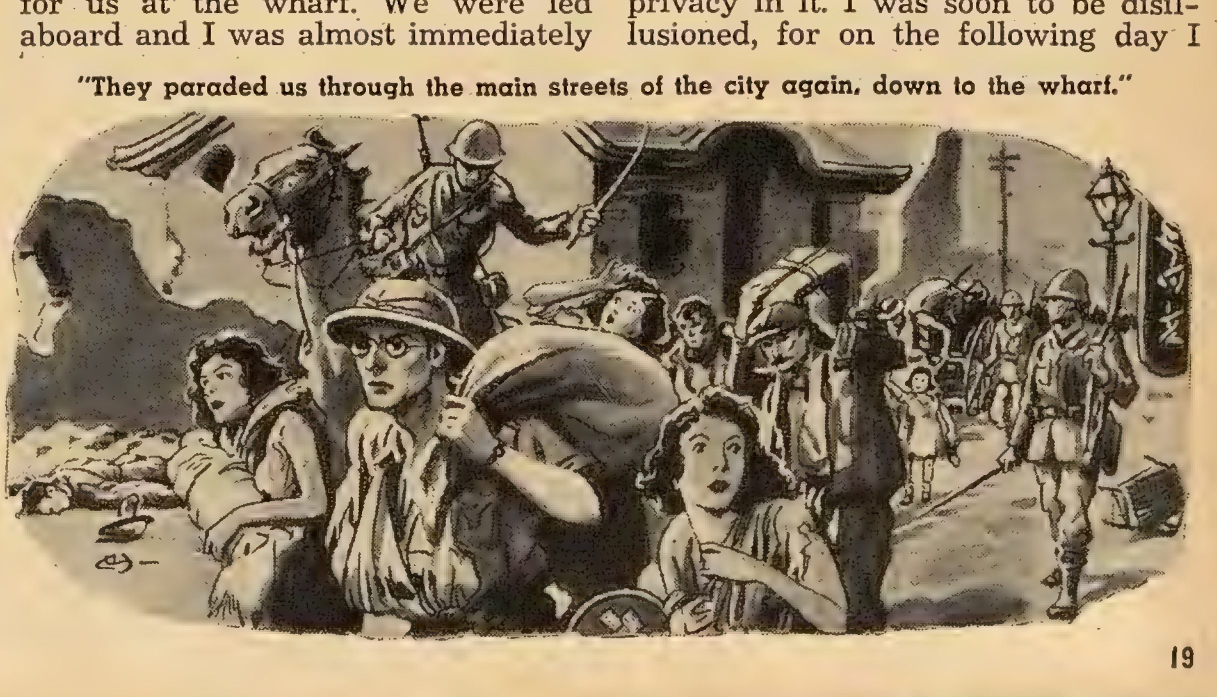
We found an old motorboat waiting for us at the wharf. We were led aboard and I was almost immediately ordered into the hold. The metal flooring there was covered with rust and filth, but in my weakened condition I had to lie down nevertheless. An English lady tried to assist me, and all the time she was doing so the Japanese guard insisted upon touching her breasts and hips with the palms of his hands. When I tried to stand between him and her, he forced me aside with the flat of his bayonet, and during the entire trip to Stanley a silent struggle went on in which I tried to impose myself between them.

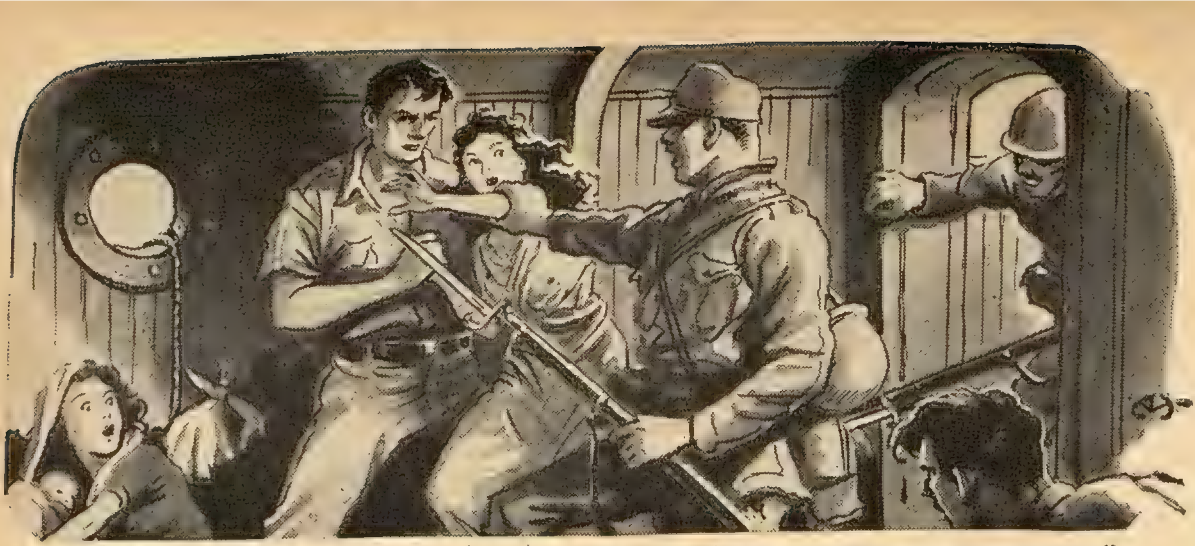
AT length we arrived in sight of Stanley Prison. Junks came out to meet the motorboat to take us to the little landing near the prison. The Japanese guards jumped off first to relieve themselves on the beach in sight of all of us. A few of our men had gone out a few days in advance and had gotten the warders' quarters, which were to be used by the Americans, into some sort of shape, but most of the buildings remained as the Japanese had left them. Some of them were knee-deep in filth, and dead bodies of English soldiers who had been bayonetted by the Japanese still remained in the building and on the grounds. The Japanese had fouled every building with inconceivable thoroughness.

That night we slept on concrete floors, for the Japanese provided us with neither beds nor bedding despite the bitter cold. Indeed, during our entire seven months' imprisonment only a few of us were able to secure cots. The concrete floors of the Chinese buildings sweated when there was any change of temperature, so that many times they were covered with a thin surface of water, which seeped through the blankets.

Finally I found a room for myself which had not been taken because of its extremely bad condition. A bomb had struck immediately outside, broken in the window and part of the wall, and covered the room with debris. It was a little amah's room, meant for one of the servants of the warder, and had been stripped completely bare. This was to be my home for the next seven months, and, even though it offered no protection against the typhoons and the driving rains of February and March, I had hoped for privacy in it. I was soon to be disillusioned, for on the following day I

"They paraded us through the main streets of the city again, down to the wharf."





"When I tried to stand between, he forced me aside with the flat of his bayonet."

was joined by a roommate. This was a man who had been a beggar and beachcomber in Hong Kong for many months. He was covered with body lice, had a long tangled beard, and absolutely refused to wash. He was to be my companion for months. We spent many nights huddled together in the shell of our room trying to avoid the fury of the storms.

We had hoped for better food in the camp, but in this we were disappointed. The food ration supplied us was seven ounces of rice a day (the equivalent of two small bowls), one and a half ounces of Chinese greens —which were so filled with dirt as to be extremely dangerous, causing dysentery—and three quarters of an ounce of meat or fish, which was often spoiled. On this diet a very large proportion of the camp soon became ill, and as we had to prepare our own food and build our own kitchens and do our own cleaning, this was a very serious condition. Dr. Dean Smith, who compiled a set of medical statistics for the camp, determined that we were getting less than 1,100 calories a day. As a sedentary worker requires a minimum of 2,400 calories a day, it can easily be seen why we were soon unfit for the hard work we had to do.

The crowded condition of the camp was almost unbearable. I have seen as many as seventeen people crowded in a small room. The buildings used were the warders' quarters, the quarters of the Indian warders of the prison, and the buildings of St. Stephen's College. Into these quarters, originally designed for about 400 people, 3,000 were crowded. The little cottages that had been used by the instructors of St. Stephen's and their families were used to house more than fifty people. Many of the police during their entire stay at Stanley had no shelter whatsoever.

Couples were very glad to secure a closet without windows in some of the smaller buildings.

The science laboratory of St. Stephen's College was used to house fifty-four elderly men and women. This building had all-concrete floors, and thirty of these elderly people were placed in the main laboratory. There were no bathroom facilities in the building at all, and the laboratory was knee-deep in debris. The bodies of three English soldiers were lying in the main hall, where they had been since the siege nearly a month before. The faces had rotted out, were covered with flies, and the job of burying these bodies was left to us. We made eighteen graves in a little cemetery where the bodies of our dead were placed, but right outside the barbed wire which enclosed us were the bodies of other men, and these the Japanese would not let us touch. They remained there for many weeks.

One of the most heartbreaking experiences of the camp was that of a young girl whose brother's body was lying a few feet on the other side of the barbed wire. She knew it was there, but nothing could be done. It was a matter of some weeks before permission was received from the Japanese to go outside the wire and bury him. Two other bodies lay down by the shore, and each day the waves came up at high tide and beat against them. We were never able to get permission to go down and get these two bodies, so they remained there until finally they were swept out to sea in a heavy storm.

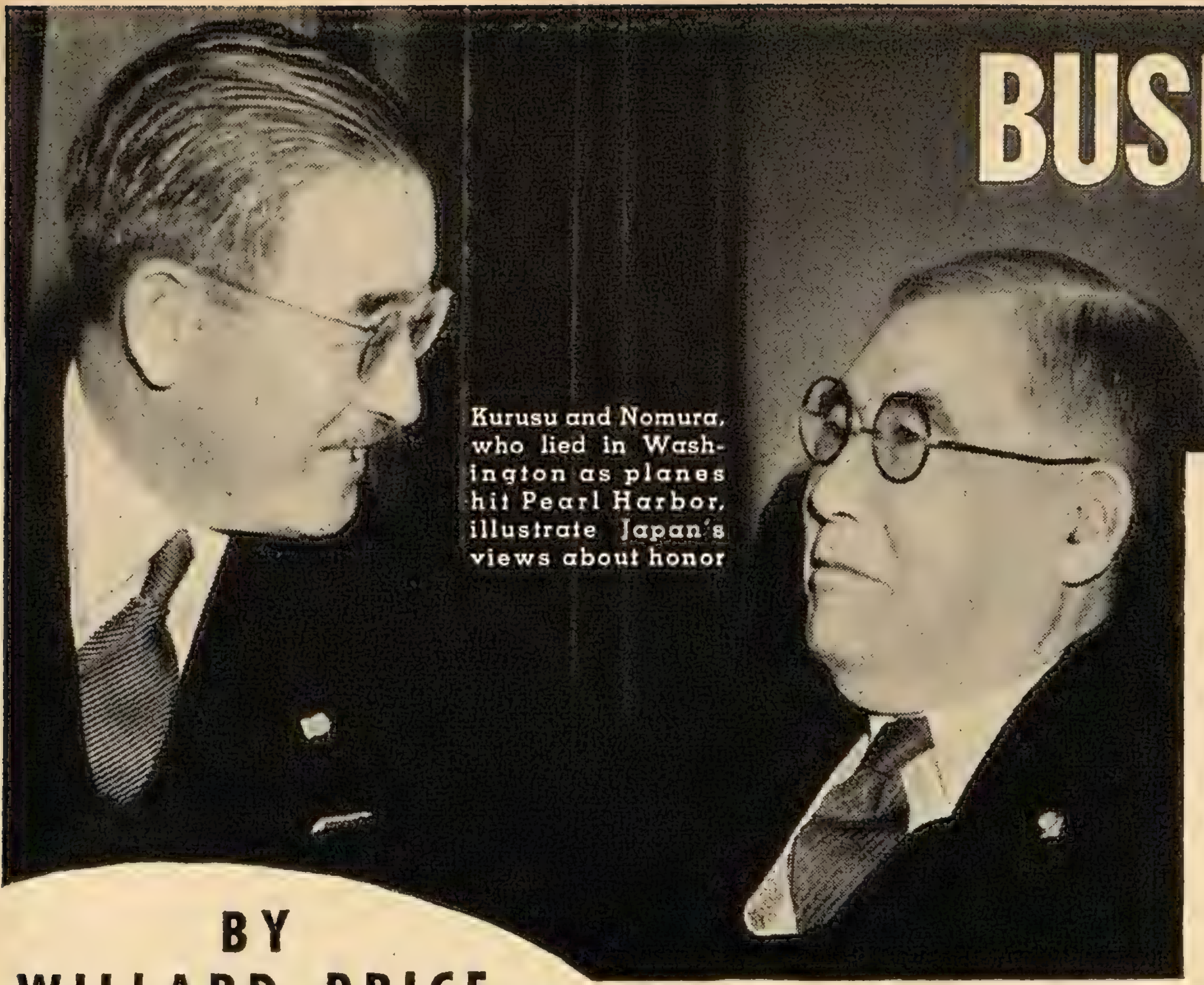
It was necessary to do guard duty at night, and all of the able-bodied men in the American camp took turns doing two-hour shifts. This was essential, as the Japanese soldiers quartered near by would occasionally enter the camp when they were drunk. One evening when I was on guard duty a Japanese private came to our quarters and, before he was discovered, entered a room where a man, his wife, and four other women were quartered. He made the man get down on his knees and told him to pray, while he himself stood drunkenly aiming his gun at the women. I heard the shrieking of the women and ran over, and just as I came into the room an Englishman leaped on the Japanese soldier and managed to disarm him. This was an act of tremendous courage that fortunately had no serious repercussions. Two Japanese guards had followed the Japanese to the camp, and when he was disarmed they led him away.

This was only one of several occasions in which Japanese soldiers entered the rooms of European women during the night.

*Mr. Brown's account of the torment to which he and his fellow prisoners were subjected by the Japanese will be continued in Liberty next week.*

Victorious Japanese officers strutting into Hong Kong after the city fell to them. This is one of the Japs' own camera shots.

# BUSHIDO? BUNK!



Kurusu and Nomura, who lied in Washington as planes hit Pearl Harbor, illustrate Japan's views about honor

**An eminent authority on Japan throws light upon the things of which the preceding pages have told**

## BY WILLARD PRICE

Author of *Japan Rides the Tiger*

**READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS**

THE Japanese Army has always made fools of the Japanese people. But it has never perpetrated any greater hoax than Bushido.

Japanese children read in their school books that Bushido has been the code of Nippon for ages eternal. The truth is that you cannot find the word in any dictionary printed before the year 1900. It was invented at about that time out of whole cloth by the Japanese Army.

What does the army mean by Bushido? It means chivalry or "the way of the samurai," and all Japanese are urged to behave as the samurai did. The samurai, or knights of old Japan, are absurdly glorified. They are pictured as always obedient to their war lords (the daimio) and as revering their emperor as a deity. The army has been at great pains to prove that the emperor is divine.

What good does that do the army?

The emperor is the army's prisoner. Anything the army places before him he must sign on the dotted line. Now, if the people can be persuaded to consider him a god, it means that every order of the army, countersigned by the emperor, becomes a command from heaven.

If it can be shown that the noble samurai worshiped their emperor, then the modern dupes, who are taught to ape the samurai, will also fall in line.

But to make this scheme work, the samurai must be made to seem very fine indeed and their Bushido the noblest of human codes. So the samurai have been handed these virtues: honor, love, truth, courtesy, modesty, and loyalty. Stir thoroughly and you have Bushido.

Well, let us unscramble Bushido.

Honor. To imitate the Anglo-Saxon age of chivalry, the army had to ascribe honor to Japan's knights.

The samurai actually knew nothing of honor in our sense. Their word for honor really meant vanity. Professor Inazo Nitobe, greatest apologist for Bushido, has had to admit that Japanese honor was "too often nothing higher than vainglory." The samurai used cowardly underhanded methods of attack—but told big stories when he came home. Many of the first Americans to go to Japan were murdered by the samurai sword. *They were always attacked from behind.* That was samurai honor!

Love. The word "love" has a vulgar meaning in Japan. Its ideograph is an obscene picture. Lust is love as the Japanese soldier knows it. He loves, but if you want to know how he loves, you must ask the Nanking girl who was raped thirty-seven times.

Love as we know it sometimes grows up between the Japanese husband and wife and certainly exists between parent and child. But that sort of love was discountenanced by Bushido. It was regarded as a hindrance to a man in the performance of his duty. If his military master required it of him, he must put his own children to the sword and sell his wife to the Yoshiwara.

Truth. The strange doctrine was taught that you should tell the truth only to your superiors. Deceit was not only pardonable but virtuous if it was used in the name of the emperor.

Kurusu and Nomura, who lied in Washington while Japan struck at Pearl Harbor, illustrated Japan's view of honesty. Her warriors have always relied upon artifice and falsehood rather than upon knightly combat.

It is by this code of international trickery that Japan invaded Manchuria after promising not to, and set the pattern for Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia and Hitler's aggressions and the present plight of the human race.

Courtesy. There is more genuine courtesy in the New York subway than in Japan. No Japanese male ever got up to give my wife a seat. Sometimes a woman did. When I would rise to offer my seat to a Japanese woman she would signal to her husband to take it. And he did. After a few such experiences I stuck to my seat.

There are the *forms* of courtesy, bowing, scraping, sucking of breath. But the courtesy is not real friendliness—in fact it is used to keep people at a distance.

Modesty. The samurai was taught to be modest before his daimio—and to be an insufferable bully toward his inferiors, including his wife. From infancy, a boy and girl are raised differently. The girl gives, the boy takes. The result is, as Hearn once remarked, that the Japanese woman is "so different from the Japanese man as to give the impression of being of a totally different race." A mother disciplines her daughter, but she must obey her son. He is encouraged to be a selfish, willful brat. He grows up lord of creation, cock of the walk. He cringes, bullylike, before his masters. But he shows his real nature—his savage brutality—in China or the Indies when unarmed enemies are at his mercy.

Loyalty. This a high-toned word for slavery. For the loyalty meant is not loyalty to your family or your friends; not loyalty to right, decency, and fair play; not loyalty to international agreements—but only obedience to your military masters.

Bushido's perverted "virtues" have made the Japanese soldier the dirtiest fighter in the world. Its doctrine that the emperor and his army are the agents of heaven has reduced the people of Japan to abject slavery.

The war lords' ambitions are unlimited. They fully expect their invention, Bushido, the way of the slave, to subdue the world. But they are not reckoning on another way—the way of democracy, backed by planes, ships, and Americans.

THE END

# KILL THE UMPIRE!

*Liberty's Short Short*

## BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

**READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS**

YOUNG Browning, streaking home from third, beat the throw from the outfield by an eyelash. But Mike Haines yelled, "You're out!"

Bucky Yoe, manager of the Hornets and Mike's oldest enemy, stormed from the dugout to join Browning. The two of them gave Mike Haines the works. Old Mike stood with arms folded, jaw outthrust. In just a minute he'd chase these guys to the clubhouse. Then he knew he wouldn't. A dogged honesty made him admit that he was calling 'em wrong today.

"I'll buy you a pair of glasses," Browning taunted him.

And Bucky Yoe said, "Why don't you give yourself up, Mike?"

Mike ignored Browning to glare at Bucky. It had always been this way between them. Twenty years ago he and Bucky had come up to the majors. He a young ump from the American Association, Bucky a rookie shortstop fresh out of the Texas League. And the very first time Bucky Yoe ever played in the big show, Mike Haines threw him out of the game for disputing a decision at third base.

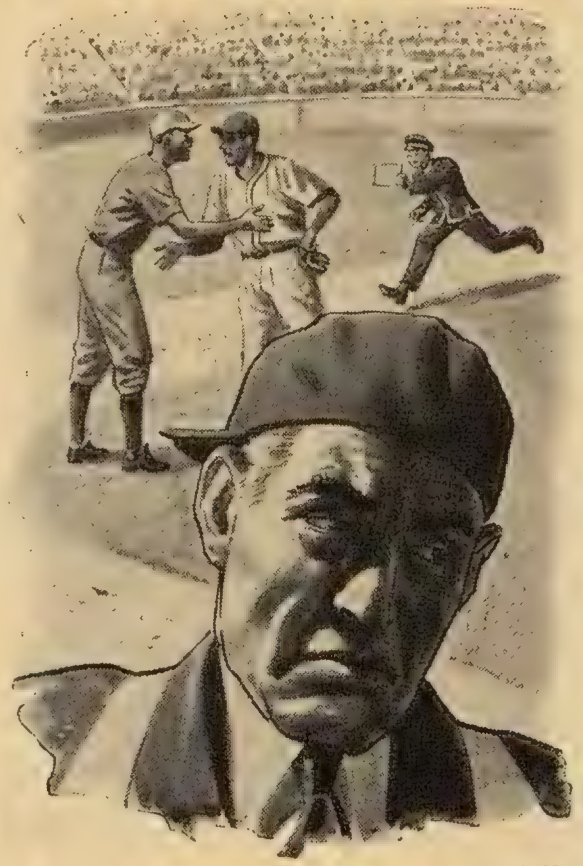
How many times had he thrown him out since? Long ago Mike had lost count. Once in a World Series he'd called a decision—awfully close but fair—that had wrecked the Hornets' chances. Afterward Bucky had offered to fight him under the stand. He'd ducked the challenge, because he knew that with just one of his two mighty hands he could break Bucky in two. Later that crazy Bucky Yoe, that high-riding Bucky Yoe with the blazing will to win, had told a reporter: "Mike Haines is the best umpire in the business—but don't tell the bum I said so."

"Run along, boys," Mike said tiredly now.

They shuffled back toward the dugout, still waving their arms and pausing to hurl fresh castigation over their shoulders. Mike turned his back and began to dust the plate. He did not see an usher meet them with a note at the dugout. He felt very tired and old bending over that plate. If only he could quit and go home to Marge! But a man couldn't quit, could he? Young Mike hadn't quit.

The note was from a sports writer in the press box. Bucky read it aloud: " 'You bellyachers might like to know old Mike had a telegram from the War Department today. His boy went out and didn't come back.' "

"His boy!" Browning exclaimed.



"Yeah," said Bucky Yoe. "Yeah, he's got a boy—in the Air Corps." The manager swallowed twice under difficulty. His cheekbones glowed white under his heavy tan. "Lay off!" he said savagely.

The others got it, too, and thereafter the game became a gentle tea party. Old Mike called strikes balls and balls strikes, he rendered decisions at the plate that stank. But there was no protest from the Hornets.

Old Mike couldn't understand it. This wasn't baseball. In baseball they kicked, and were supposed to. Baseball was clean, hard warfare between player and player, player and umpire.

"Play ball, you loafers!" old Mike screamed.

They didn't play ball. They became the Ladies' Aid Society on a quiet outing at Pine Lake.

In the sixth inning he wanted to grab a bat and wade into that Hornet dugout. In the seventh, when he called a close third strike on Browning and Browning never opened his mouth, old Mike suddenly understood.

A numbing sadness crept over him. Bending to dust the plate, he felt older than ever. The Hornets, roughest crew in baseball, were letting him down easy. Somebody had tipped them off about young Mike. Maybe he should feel grateful. But he didn't. He was Mike Haines, dean of umpires, tough and hard and honest, and he wanted no quarter from Bucky Yoe's Hornets. They thought he couldn't take it. Why, in heaven's name, on this day of all days, were they letting him down?

"Listen!" he roared at Bucky Yoe. "You get this gang of pantiewaists to playing ball or I'll call the game!"

Bucky Yoe stood at the dugout steps. He remembered a girl named Marge whom he'd known long ago in this very city. Hadn't seen her for years. Like a dope, she'd married an umpire. An ump named Mike Haines.

The manager squinted toward the plate—suddenly had to squint. Even at that distance, and probing through the mask, he glimpsed Mike's pallor; saw the stooped shoulders. Perhaps, too, he saw old Mike Haines' naked heart. He cupped his hands. Browning and the others glared at him. Bucky whirled to face them.

"Listen! I know Mike Haines! Sure we're the Hornets. Sure we're the champions. We're rough and tough and hard. Give him hell!"

He whirled back and cupped his hands again. "Call 'em right for once, you cross-eyed bum!" he screamed.

And this was it. This was baseball again. Old Mike squared his shoulders. Under a calm, grim exterior his heart beat fast with the excitement of the conflict. He found himself and began calling them right. The game went twelve furious innings, and he was on top of every play within his jurisdiction. Young Mike would have thought he was swell.

"You're out!" he shouted, as a man slid home in the eleventh with what would have been the deciding run.

A close decision but fair. He knew damned well he was right. But Bucky Yoe came charging from the dugout. Old Mike stuck out his jaw.

"One more step, Bucky," he roared, "and out you go!"

Bucky took the step truculently, and Mike jerked his thumb. Bucky still came on, until the toughest manager in baseball and the toughest umpire stood face to face. Then Bucky seemed to run out of breath. But Mike caught the whisper that was the tail end of his tirade: "Sorry about the boy, Mike. Tell Marge, will you?" Then Bucky Yoe beat it for the clubhouse.

MIKE let himself into the apartment. Marge sat by a window, crying. She hadn't heard him come in. Old Mike went toward her, trying not to stumble. All of a sudden, seeing him, she whirled and rushed into his arms.

"It just came. I tried to reach you at the ball park, but you'd left. It just came. The second telegram! He was shot down, but he bailed out and landed safely and they found him!"

Later, after they had read the wire at least a hundred times, Marge said: "How did the game go today?"

"Fine," Mike said. "Them Hornets are a great ball club. I had to throw Bucky Yoe out of the game."

"What did you say?"

"I said I threw Bucky Yoe out of the game."

"But—you said his name in such a different way. You sounded almost as if—as if you—well, almost as if you liked him."

"Me like that bum! How could I?"

"I wouldn't know," Marge whispered. "It was just the way you said it."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

# TO THE LADIES

## BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

**READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS**

Harold Reilly, physiotherapist, exercises Lucille Manners, popular radio star.

"DON'T take your business out to lunch," says Harold Reilly, health adviser to important people. "Take your friends out to lunch, but leave your business in the office. The so-called *business lunch* prevents relaxation while eating and thus interferes with digestion, which is always bad business." . . . Physiotherapist by profession, Harold J. Reilly is a physiophilosopher as well. His *vitagrams* are worth quoting. "You can keep healthier in a city slum," he declares, "if you eat and live correctly, than you can on a farm if you eat and live wrong." . . . At his Radio City headquarters he conditions such celebrities as Joan Fontaine, Helen Jepson, General James G. Harbord, David Dubinsky, David Sarnoff, Monna Montes, Shipwreck Kelly, Bob Hope, Sonja Henie, Dan Topping, Phil Baker, Cobina Wright, Jr., Lucille Manners, Mrs. Reed Albie, etc. . . . Lucile Reilly, his daughter, can perform the jujitsu technique her father taught as a United States Army physical trainer during the first World War. His artist wife, Elvira Reilly, paints the charming landscapes that adorn his gym and studios—cool Northern scenes for summer, warm tropical scenes for winter decoration. . . . "Walking does you good if you walk *hard*," Harold Reilly says. "Window-shopping strolls are merely mental and extravagant—unless you take them at night, after the stores are closed. There are more than 300 muscles in the human body, all of which need exercise. You're as old as your legs, so keep your legs limber, but do not overexert after forty. . . . To get a real winter vacation, tell all your friends you've gone South; cut off the telephone; then stay home and rest!"

SOUTHBOUND by train to visit her fiancé's army camp, a young friend of mine found herself the only girl passenger in a whole carload of soldiers. They were lovely to her, but they just couldn't let her alone. They surrounded her, gazed at her, sang to her, fussed over her. Tired out by their attentions, she had to ask the conductor for help. "He came and sat with me," she says, "but he was worse than the boys. He talked my ear off about his own hobby—mushroom growing, of all things!"

IN early autumn, so I am informed, nothing recalls the boyhood appetite of the American male more fondly than well buttered slices of homemade bread served with fresh applesauce and brimful glasses of milk. Osa Johnson, authoress and explorer, has given me her famous *Oatmeal Bread* recipe: . . . Cut up and cook 3 medium-sized potatoes in 1½ cups water. When potatoes are soft, mash them in the water, and when lukewarm dissolve 1 yeast cake with them. Now, in large mixing bowl put 2 cups uncooked rolled oats, ½ teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup molasses, 2 cups boiling water. When this is lukewarm add potato water and yeast, then add 6 cups flour and stir thoroughly but do not knead. Let rise in warm place overnight. In morning turn onto floured board; separate into 2 or 3 parts; shape as loaves; place in buttered bread pans and let rise about 1 hour. Bake ¾ hour in medium oven. . . . Use young greenings for applesauce and do not oversweeten. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

MINIATURE imitations of bread stuff, by the way, are this year's latest novelty in the button line. Stylish as buttons now are tiny compositions copies of crescent rolls, almond rings, poppy-seed cakes, pies, etc. They cost around sixty cents apiece.

"WE'D like to try each new type of health bread we see advertised," writes a Detroit lady, "but my family can't afford constant experiment with ten-cent loaves. Suggest bakers and grocers sell sample slices for a penny." . . . Why not? The campaign for increased bread nutrition should reach as many people as possible.

ROLFE BOSWELL has compiled a timely book, Prophets and Portents, in which seven soothsayers of today tell us how fate will punish Hitlerism. (Published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.)

TRUE diplomacy story for hostesses who serve squabs: At a small dinner party in Virginia a woman guest stuck a fork into the bony little bird on her plate and it went skidding off on the floor. The butler hastened to carry it away. "Bring it back," demanded the lady. "I'm going to eat *that* one. I refuse to be outwitted by a squab." . . . Of course she knew there are never more than enough squabs to go round.

A united family quintet at Forest Hills. From left: Tom, Jinx, Dad, Mom, Bob.

# THE FABULOUS FALKENBURGS

**They take life in high! A story-book family gives versatile proof that fact is more fun than fiction**

## BY IRVING WALLACE

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN Jinx Falkenburg, whose pretty face and generous anatomy have bewitched America 118 times from colored magazine covers and 1,800 times from advertisements, first appeared glamorously on billboards throughout Los Angeles, plugging beer, her two brothers went into a hurried conference.

Fearing their big sister might become too enthused over her own publicity, the boys decided there was work to be done. So, enlisting juvenile aides, they bent to the task.

The following morning an amazing transformation had come over the City of the Angels. No longer did the lovely Jinx peer down from billboards in her originally wholesome manner. Everywhere, on every blaring sign, she sported a mustache!

Plainly enough, her brothers would not permit her to become big-headed! Recently, when she gave them money to see her on the screen, they spent it instead on a horror double bill.

The fabulous and somewhat zany Falkenburgs are five:

Jinx, reformed model, currently Columbia Studio's white hope, soon to be starred in The Cover Girl with Rita Hayworth and Janet Blair; the brothers—Tom, seventeen, and Bob, sixteen, uninhibited Interscholastic National Doubles champions of the tennis world; dad—Eugene Falkenburg, fifty-two-year-old electrical engineer for the city of Los Angeles; Mrs. Falkenburg, female Houdini at producing four-dollar home-grown dresses, known to her family and the two Mexican servants as Mickey, and to Jinx as Lovey.

The real-life 1942 antics of this family's personnel, all talented, the majority nationally famous, makes members of the fictional Sycamore family of You Can't Take It with You look like mild-mannered reactionaries.

The fulcrum of all Falkenburg activity—and the only time the family presents a fully united and solid front—is its blind belief in the virtues of (*a*) eating, (*b*) telephoning.

The Falkenburgs begin eating in the early morning, in bed. What might be mistaken for an awakening yawn is actually the first encounter with a waiting breakfast. They finish the day eating in bed, ticking off salads instead of sheep. In fact, Jinx herself, who puts it away in a manner unbecoming a glamour gal, hates night clubs only because of the food set-up. "In a night club," she explains, "you never get a real chance to eat." Truthfully, the only reason Jinx haunted El Morocco and the Stork when she was modeling in New York was that such appearances furthered her career—that is to say, she attracted attention. There is proof that, on her first visit to the 21 Club, six men asked to meet her within five minutes.

But back to matters epicurean. Today Jinx and any Six-Course Dinner Special are still on affectionate terms. At restaurants, when she is too embarrassed to order a second entrée or dessert, she requests her escort to do so, and then, when the waiter isn't looking, quickly, in the manner of the Rockne shift, she obtains double rations for her own digestion.

A Falkenburg meal, consumed with gusto by the family within thirty minutes, is usually served by one of the two Mexican servants—elderly Reyes, who speaks only Spanish, or her daughter, Manuela. The meals are well spiced and accompanied by much Falkenburg small talk in Portuguese, Spanish, or English.

The Falkenburg telephone, attached to the longest cord in California, is another thing. It is used in the shower, at the table, in the back yard, on the front lawn. Jinx herself is primarily a collector of long-distance calls. Once, a Manhattan boy friend called her, coast to coast, and chatted two and a half hours at a cost of $215. Recently, while the five were eating in the back yard, the phone rang. Tom ran into the house to answer it, reappeared in a few minutes and silently attacked his steak. After five more minutes Jinx casually inquired, "Who was it that called?" Tom jumped. "Ye gods! I forgot! A long-distance from New York! Your boy friend, Tex! He's waiting to talk to you!"

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**When Jinx Falkenburg's face first appeared on Los Angeles billboards, her brothers organized an expedition to put a mustache on every picture.**

**When she gave her brothers money to see her on the screen, they used it to see a horror double bill instead.**

**Falkenburg *pere* prefers Edward G. Robinson to his daughter; went to only two movies last year, neither containing Jinx.**

**When Jinx met Samuel Goldwyn, she greeted him with: "How would *you* like to be in the movies?"**

**When photographers want a romantic smile from Jinx, they remind her she is going to have steak for dinner.**

Suffice it to reveal that the first time I visited the Cover Girl, she received thirteen phone calls during the first hour—which taught me that the best way to talk to Jinx was not to visit her—but to telephone!

Today the family is on a wartime footing and at its peak, with dad working, mom working, the boys winning tennis titles, and Jinx making movies and entertaining for the USO. And though its domestic life has been spotlighted by Jinx's rise toward cinema stardom, the inroads of fame have not been serious. Mr. Falkenburg personally prefers Edward G. Robinson to Jinx, and went to only two movies last year, Philadelphia Story and Night Train. Mrs. Falkenburg saw no movies, except rushes in which Jinx appeared and a newsreel. At previews the two boys refuse to walk with Jinx, instead trailing far behind and heckling her insidiously whenever she signs an autograph.

Of course, twenty-three-year-old Jinx, angular possessor of brown eyes, a birthmark on her left thigh, one kidney, a wicked forehand, and the swimming championship of Chile, is the star of the Falkenburg clan.

She is a tall girl, scaling the same as Greta Garbo—five feet seven in height. Because of her size she rarely wears high heels, and refuses almost all dates with short men. It is a fact that she has worn stockings only four times in her life, and last year, in New York's brrr-est winter, she wallowed through the snow with her bare feet encased in galoshes, which got a plug out of admirer Walt Winchell. Her weight is unknown. Possibly 128 pounds or so. A short time ago she refused to be photographed standing on a bathroom scales, afraid the photographer would see her weight, explaining, "You'll think I'm fat. I'm not. Just solid." She finally consented when he placed a cardboard over the weight dial.

Her face is gorgeous, the awe of photographers—but her right profile is superior and used commercially. Vivacious, youthful, Jinx enhances her fresh appearance with the topsy-turvy trick of rubbing hand lotion into her cheeks in order to make them glow.

The blight of her life is that her personality makes men feel too fatherly toward her. "You know," she insists, "some one ought to give me a sex build-up in my publicity!"

One of her biggest moments occurred when the censorship department of the Hays office banned one of her bathing-suit stills because it was "too sexy"!

This girl, who was one day to receive $2,000 for endorsing the ad of a New York beer company and to pose for a large cigarette company, was born in Barcelona, Spain, where her father was damming rivers to give the city streetcars more electricity.

The birth was expected to produce a boy named Eugene, but when a girl

**Jinx—and two reasons her current picture is called Lucky Legs.**

came instead, Mr. Falkenburg sadly settled for Eugenia, and then, for no reason at all, called the product Jinx. Last month the name Jinx was legalized.

At the age of one and a half years the precocious Jinx became an international figure. She swam fifty yards under her own power! A New York paper, via long distance, began to investigate this athletic Quiz Kid, but by the time all the facts were assembled Jinx had already become the swimming champion of Chile.

The Falkenburgs, thanks to Mr. F.'s engineering ingenuity, were thirteen years in South America. Things happened rather swiftly. Tom was born in Chile; Bob, in Brazil. The family moved five times within South America. While dad tangled with hydroelectric plants in Ecuador, mom won the tennis title of Brazil, and Jinx, aged fifteen, won the net championship of Chile.

Came a Chilean revolution. With bullets their send-off, the Falkenburgs left on the first boat, retaining only empty pockets and their good humor. They decided to go to Los Angeles. Rent was cheap there; you could pick oranges off trees; there were plenty of tennis courts.

IN Los Angeles, because Jinx was attractive, expert, and broke, the exclusive Westside Tennis Club gave her the only free membership in its history. On its courts she played Alice Marble, and lost, because "Alice is too good; she plays like a man." On its courts she met Paulette Goddard, and eventually Charlie Chaplin, now one of her good friends.

One day Jinx, aged seventeen, was batting a ball around the courts when Sam (the Great) Goldwyn, passing through, spotted her and did a swiveling double take that almost took his head off. No mincer of words, Goldwyn approached. He said, "Young lady, how would you like to be in the movies?" Jinx flipped, "Fine. And how would *you* like to be in the movies?" Goldwyn was forced, for the first time in his colossal career, to present identification. Jinx, the cosmopolite, was unimpressed. "I'll consider," she replied, "any honest offer."

The following day Goldwyn signed his new discovery for seventy-five dollars a week. Then, in an occult manner understood only by veteran Hollywoodians, Mr. Goldwyn left her to her own devices and went to Europe. Jinx devoted her energies to attending school on the lot and perversely harassing Joel McCrea with spitballs because she loved him. When her contract expired, she left the studio, was rediscovered by the Orsatti brothers, slick agents who felt they could make her famous. They signed her at seventy-five dollars a week, and then used her histrionic talents purely on the tennis courts, where she taught them the game.

Then, suddenly, she was in pictures. RKO put her in Follow the Fleet. She did, without speaking a word. She was cast for a bit in the Joan Bennett vehicle, Big Brown Eyes, and felt she'd stolen the picture. She went to the preview wearing orchids and flanked by family and friends. When her moment on the screen came, she saw only her ankles and heard her distant voice croaking, "Hello, Eve." It seems Miss Bennett, who would hurt no one, in a graceful and practiced maneuver had absently blocked Jinx out of the picture! Undismayed, Jinx dyed her hair an atrocious blonde to appear in a Lone Ranger serial at Republic. Then she made several Spanish-language movies. Then, lo, she won her big break!

PAUL HESSE, a romantic-looking photographer, the graying-at-the-temples type, saw Jinx eating in a studio commissary. He phoned her shortly thereafter and asked her to pose for a magazine cover. At first she refused. "That Hesse was too attractive and suave to be up to any good, I thought at the time," she recalls. Hesse told her to bring her mother. And that was the real beginning. He photographed her in color, a kodachrome showing her walloping a tennis ball, which broke on the cover of a national magazine.

A deluge followed. Every magazine in the nation wanted her. And every advertiser, too. At first she made from five to ten dollars an hour posing. At her peak she made fifteen dollars an hour, an asking price which only three models in history have obtained. Jinx's natural sparkle, her inability to be bored, her freshness, had photographers raving. Several found her a little unusual. "When we wanted a romantic smile," they revealed, "we had to remind her she was going to have a juicy medium steak for dinner. That always did it!" Within a year her unspoiled features were a come-on in ads for silverware, transport planes, soups, steamship lines, cosmetics.

All of this gave Al Jolson an idea. He was producing an item entitled Hold On to Your Hats, featuring Martha Raye and himself, and he thought Jinx's calves might brighten up the scenery. He hired her for eighty-five dollars a week, brought her to Broadway.

About this time Jinx acquired her infamous fan club—"The only actress outside of movies with a fan club," her sponsors announced. Members wore pins that read, "Jinx." Their president, a Miss Hilda Shernicoff, made a statement to the press: "The first time I saw Jinx, I just looked. And then I said I was going to get her autograph. The other kids said, 'Oh, she's a nobody.' But I knew better. Jinx is a somebody."

When Jinx cavorted, in three brief appearances, on the Broadway stage as a decorative stooge for Jolson, her fan club and its many members waited outdoors. Also outdoors were photographers and columnists.

Consequently, though there were at least six persons in the musical more important than Jinx, she collected most of the enthusiasm and publicity. Jolson would say to columnists, "That Jinx, a swell kid, a fine kid, sure! But, after all, how long can you talk about hitting a tennis ball with your backhand?"

However, she had sufficient conversational wit to say "Yes" when Columbia Studios asked the big question. She was given a chance in Two Latins from Manhattan, strictly a minor number. She was to receive in the vicinity of $500 a week for several weeks. When the picture saw light, a sufficient number of citizens became enamored of Jinx's charms to encourage Columbia into offering a long-term contract. And that is where we find our dazzling heroine today, at Columbia, in her fourth flicker.

It might be added that the Falkenburg family stands prepared to wager that there will soon be a sixth member in their fold. The evidence is that Jinx is wandering about moon-eyed, flashing a blue star sapphire which bears the tag, "Under contract forever." The beau is Tex McCrary, a bright Broadway character who writes editorials for the New York Mirror and will soon be overseas in some capacity with the Air Corps.

They met two years ago, when Jinx was in the Jolson show. At that time Tex was doing a daily personality column. He was assigned to interview Jinx. After that, his newspaper colleagues report, he just wasn't the same old Tex. He had the look of one who has been clapped on the head with a heavy object. He set out to woo Jinx. He phoned her three times long distance when she was in Philadelphia, and that was the turning point. To cinch the deal, he wrote a three-act play for her called Target Forever. Jinx has already memorized all the roles, expects to play the heroine, Manuela, and Mr. Golden is considering the epic for Broadway.

THE Falkenburg boys, who have long sat in as the censorship committee on Jinx's suitors, approve of Tex. Otherwise they devote their talents mostly to heckling and tennis. Once a month they polish the eighty-seven tennis and swimming trophies the family has won.

This sport season has been an especially good one for the boys. Playing as a team, Bob, the younger, handsome and dark, and Tom, a lean attractive whippet, easily won the National Interscholastic Doubles, 8-6, 10-8, 6-4. Last year, in an exhibition match in Los Angeles, the brothers teamed to soundly lick the great Don Budge and Gene Mako.

Last year, after he broke his arm halfway through a tourney, sixteen-year-old Bob went out with it in a sling and won the National Boys' title. This season, less spectacularly, performing coolly, his ground shots smoking over the net as if exploding from a steampipe, he copped the National Interscholastic Singles in four sets over the Alabama favorite.

Yet, in the semifinals of a recent tournament, Lady Chance shuffled out a minor drama when she forced Bob to meet seventeen-year-old Tom. On the basis of cold record, Bob was the favorite. It was a historic slugfest. When the chalk dust cleared, Tom had scored a family upset, 9-7, 8-6.

The best explanation came from Big Bill Tilden, who said, "The truth is, Bob Falkenburg could be the greatest tennis player in the entire world. He has the head, the feel, the skill. But he's too competitive, loves to win too much, and won't sacrifice result and allow himself to lose to men he has beaten in order to improve his few weak strokes. When Bob met Tom recently, Bob should have won. But he lost because his older brother had the psychological advantage of age. He lost because his spirit to kill was gone. One thing sure! They're fine kids!"

Four of the family are entered in the Forest Hills matches as this is written: Jinx in the women's singles; Robert and Tom in the men's singles; and Mrs. Falkenburg in the women's veteran singles. Jinx and brother Tom also played another sister-and-brother combination, Doris and Richard Hart of Miami. The score stood 6-3 and 7-all in favor of the Falkenburgs when the match was called off on account of darkness. Tom and Jinx fared less well when they met Louise Brough and Ted Schroeder in the quarter finals of the mixed doubles and took only four games in two sets.

Currently the boys are grappling with love. At a country-club dance they met Shirley Temple, who is quite something now. They both tumbled. Bob got in the first romantic service ace, and won a love set when he dated Shirley twice in a week. He was shattered, however, when Shirley accepted a luncheon invitation from brother Tom. Now both boys are going about the wooing grimly and apart.

Against this backdrop of continuous activity, Mr. Falkenburg has long been the anchor of the family. He works out on the desert now, appearing in town only on week-ends. He putters a good deal—built the family radios for twenty years, though Mrs. F. insists that one time the result couldn't have been a radio since it turned out ice cubes. During the past summer Mr. Falkenburg decided to take one week off and go East with his boys. While in Boston there was a father-and-son tennis tournament, involving some veteran combinations. Mr. Falkenburg entered with Bob. They won six matches in a row, and only defaulted so Bob could make a Canadian appointment!

Mrs. Falkenburg—alias Mickey—has made every stitch of clothes Jinx has ever worn as a model or as an actress. Actually, she designs sports clothes for a fabric manufacturer, and some of her best creations are now draped in Fifth Avenue windows. But making clothes for her daughter is her real career. She can deliver a garment for Jinx within fifteen minutes, at a total cost of no more than four dollars! Her economy is a legend. Once she furnished a complete home on eighty-five dollars.

Recently she worked from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon — sewing, balancing budgets, washing, juggling the telephone. A friend came in and warned her to take it easy. "Yes, I think I will," sighed the exhausted Mrs. F. "I'm almost dead. I think I'll go to the club for a few sets of tennis to relax!"

A mom-of-all-trades, Mrs. Falkenburg, who can mimic Jinx to perfection, often answers the phone and, to get rid of an undesirable suitor, pretends to be Jinx. Once when she did this, it wasn't a suitor calling but an executive from M-G-M. He said, "That you, Jinx? Well, listen. Do you wear a brassière? I mean, we need some one for a role who doesn't wear one. I mean—" Mrs. F. gulped, and in her best imitation of Jinx snapped back, "I'll take the job, mister! I never wear them!"

The Falkenburg family, you see, are realists.

THE END

**Right: With perfect form, Jinx lays into a hard one on the back court. Below: Three more examples of perfect form—without the action.**

# BACK TO EARTH

### For 1942! . . . A stirring, human story of courage and faith, and a cloud that had a silver lining

### BY CLARE JAYNES

**READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 30 SECONDS**

IN the early spring of 1942, Central Avenue between Ninth and Tenth streets was still called Automobile Row. But since midnight of January 1 it could more accurately have been called No-Automobile Row, for even in the one showroom which still contained a display the shining sedans and coupés stood, curiosities in a museum, unobtainable behind their protection of polished plate glass.

Even to George Mathews, yearning from the sidewalk into that wide-windowed front, the exhibit seemed a holdover from a time that was gone. Yet, evening after evening, he was somehow impelled back to this showroom where for ten years he had sold cars and where, because he was good at selling them, he had expected to have a job as long as he wanted it.

George Mathews stood quite still looking in at the cars, a tallish well built man whose shoulders drooped a little these days, a youngish man who, in the past two months, had aged. For now his eyes sometimes stayed fixed for a long time, and his thin face, with the good bones and crinkled eyes of farmer ancestors, had lost its habitual expression of humor.

George Mathews' fedora would last for years with the care he gave it; his brogues were solid and well polished; his ready-to-wear topcoat was a good one. But a pocket of that coat was bulging where his fingers clenched tight over an inadequate pay check. George's body was still well clothed; but his confidence was down at the heel.

AS George stood there, the former manager, whom George had known as a brisk and decisive man, walked aimlessly from his office into the showroom. George leaned over and tapped lightly on the glass. At the sound Barnes straightened his shoulders and came to the door. And George, watching, drew himself up, likewise quickly, in imitation.

"Hello, Mathews," Barnes said. "I'd ask you in. But they'd break your heart." He gestured toward the cars.

"Mine?" George's laugh was unsuccessful. "No. The only thing that interests me these days is selling clothes. I'm down at the Globe, on commission."

Then neither of the men spoke, for they both knew what happened to the earnings of a commission salesman handling an unfamiliar line.

"Well," Barnes said at last, "that's fine. I'd heard that . . ."

". . . that I was filling candy-vending machines?" George finished. Then he told himself sternly, Go on. Admit it once and for all. Get it out of your system, the shame and the humiliation and the remembering how people looked at you. "Yeah, I was." He made a smile on his rigid mouth. "But I guess wearing that trimmed-up red uniform was too much for me."

"It's a crime," Barnes said. "You were the best automobile salesman this town ever saw."

The tenseness around George's blue eyes eased. "I liked selling cars," he said simply. Not even to a man he'd worked with for years could he tell how it had really felt, that joy of pointing out the precision of cylinder and piston, that love for the instrumented complication of a dashboard, that delight in a mechanical improvement, so that he simply had to pass his enthusiasm on to a customer.

"You know," Barnes said, "when they let you out I thought you'd get a job in defense work easy. You liked tools and mechanical things."

"I like them," George agreed briefly, "but I don't know how to use them." And with this he dismissed those first weeks of job hunting and its eternal "Experience with tools and machines?" and his hesitant, hopeful "Selling them," and the eternal answer: "Right now we want trained mechanics. Maybe later."

"You boys are all taking it swell," Barnes said. "Sometimes I feel like apologizing for being kept on for the used-car trade." His forehead furrowed. "But I was the senior man here. And I've got kids, too."

Suddenly George could not bear any more of it. He said good-by and started off on the long blocks to his home.

His walk was easy and loose-jointed, but he stepped carefully around muddy puddles. Because for George it had gotten beyond the necessity of saving only on shoes to the point of trying to save on shoe polish.

Glancing down at his shoes, George saw that one was untied. He stooped over, and as he pulled the shoestring tight, it broke. The accident was so slight and yet so much a symbol that for a moment he felt weak. How was he going to do it? he wondered in panic. How keep Mary and the kids fed and clothed on an insecure quarter of what he used to earn, when even his shoelaces went back on him?

He went on, feeling very tired now, and he cursed himself for lack of foresight in having bought a house so far from downtown. But ten years ago who'd have thought he'd be walking to and from work every day? Sure there was the depression then, but he'd been too good to be let out and he and Mary had already saved the money for the house. And if they'd bought nearer town they couldn't have afforded a half-acre lot. George's look became even grimmer as he thought what their garden would have to produce in food this summer. But with the thought of the garden itself some of his old expression came back. He had always liked working there and seeing things grow. And he had liked fixing things in the house, too. And he was going to keep that house and keep his family secure in it.

HE walked faster now, and in the next block he swung rapidly into the chain store where he usually bought his garden supplies.

A man with a green eyeshade elasticked around his bald head and his shirt sleeves held up by sleeve garters came out from the darkness at the rear of the store.

"Hello, Rankin," George said. Rankin had been here so long that the store was known more as "Rankin's" than by its proper name. "Let me see a trowel, will you?"

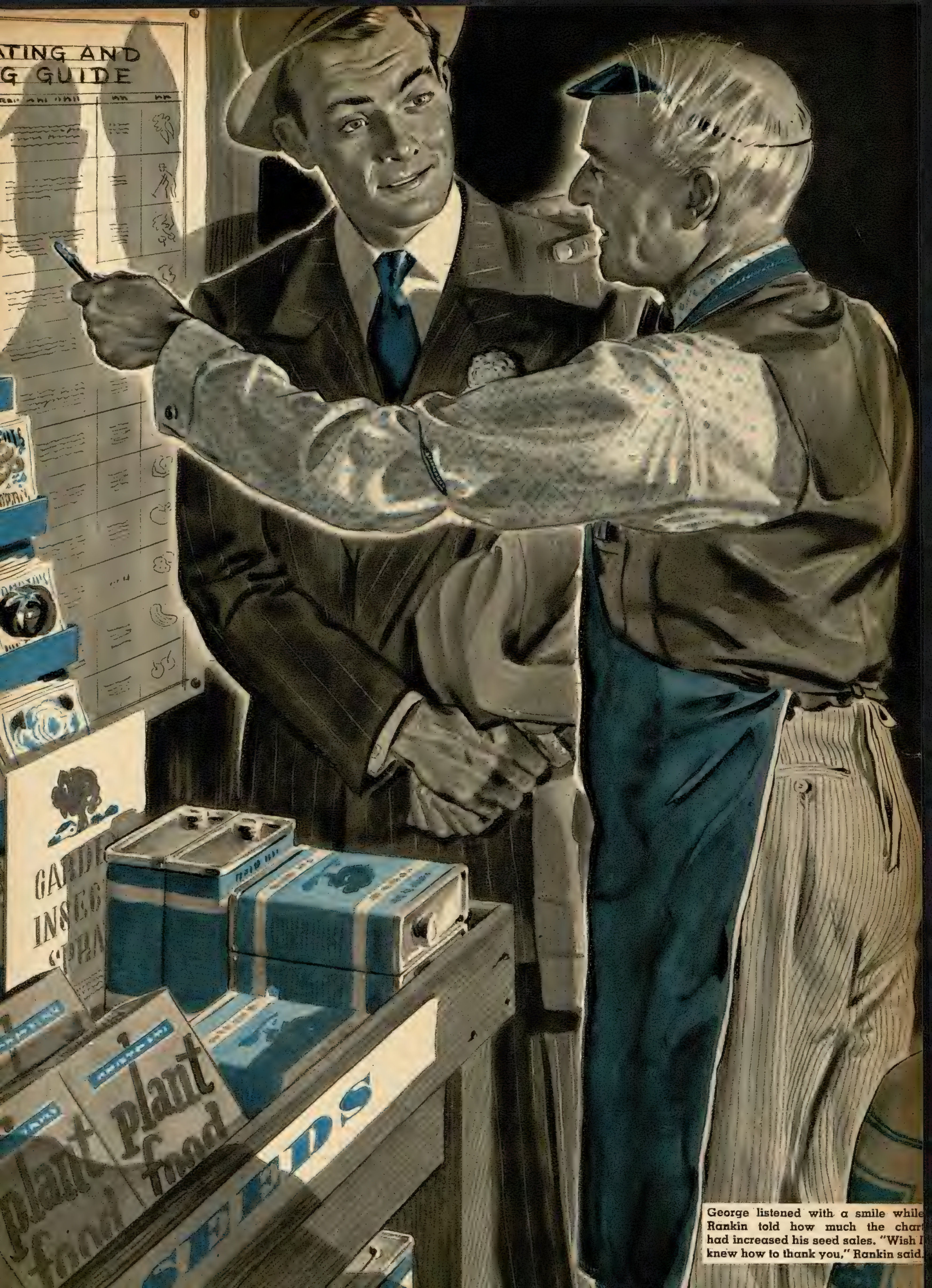
Mr. Rankin turned to a bin in back of the hardware counter. "Pretty early for planting, isn't it?"

"Yeah—outdoors. But I'm starting some head lettuce in our lean-to, to set out early. Then we'll have it sooner." He fingered the trowel, testing its balance. "How much?"

"Fifty cents. You know, Mr. Mathews, a lot of my customers are starting gardens this year. Mr. Gordon was in yesterday asking for potatoes."

"He's nuts," George said, grinning. "His soil isn't sandy enough for potatoes. He ought to put spinach or peas in fertile ground like that." His eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "You know, Rankin, I've had fair success with vegetables ever since we moved here. If I can answer any questions for these fellows I'd be glad to."

"That's mighty nice of you, Mr. Mathews. But of course the others don't have greenhouses."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George listened with a smile while Rankin told how much the chart had increased his seed sales. "Wish I knew how to thank you," Rankin said.

"Mine's not a greenhouse." George laughed and pushed his hat back from his sandy eyebrows. "Just a lean-to."

"Sure. I remember. You built it yourself. Finest material went into it."

Before George could stop himself he said, "Wish I still had the money it cost." Then he added very fast, "But I'm raising food in it right now."

"Them fancy tomatoes in chemicals?"

George nodded. "And they're doing all right."

Mr. Rankin opened his sales book. "Charge the trowel?"

"No." George didn't charge things any more. "Will you cash this?" He took the crumpled check out of his pocket and put it on the counter.

"Why, sure, if it's not too big." Rankin picked up the check, and when he saw the inadequate amount of it, he raised his eyes to George's. Then he turned away and he was a long time coming back from the cash register. When he counted the money onto the counter, it was for the full sum of George's week's earnings.

"You didn't take out for the trowel," George said.

Rankin busied himself with some knives in a cutlery display. Finally he said, "I thought maybe you'd change your mind about the trowel."

"My old one can't be fixed any more." George pushed the fifty cents across the counter and picked up the trowel. "So long. Be in soon for some seeds."

A few minutes later George turned into his own pleasant half-country street, with its small houses and neat owner-tended lots.

He opened the gate in his picket fence and turned up the walk.

Then he heard his son's voice: "Daddy! Hi, dad! Wait for me." Jimmy's small agile body was squirming down from the apple tree. One corduroy knicker hung to his ankle, and a shirt tail flapped out below his heavy blue sweater.

GEORGE grinned. And then suddenly, with a kind of terrible longing, he wished that he, too, were eight and could climb up into the branches of a tree and aloft there, as a Tarzan or an Indian scout, or a pirate high in the crow's-nest of a ship, forget the realities, the defeats and failures of the day.

He braced himself for the impact of Jimmy's small tough body hurtling against him.

"I've been waiting for you, daddy," the boy said breathlessly. "Remember, you told me to remind you. About that mitt. Last fall, I mean. Can I get it now?"

"Mitt?" George asked.

"Yeah, the first-baseman's mitt." Jimmy hung on his arm, looking up anxiously. "We're going to start baseball pretty soon."

George looked across his son's head and fixed his eyes on the brown grass of the lawn.

"You promised." Jimmy's voice rose in anxiety. "Don't you remember, daddy? Last fall you promised."

Yes, George had promised. But he could no longer afford this baseball glove, and the shame was cold in him because he must tell Jimmy so. He put his arm around his son's shoulder to soften the blow for the boy. But his fingers, instead of closing on the wool of the sweater, came in contact with Jimmy's smooth flesh. He jerked the boy around.

"Jimmy! What have you done?"

Jimmy craned his neck, looking down at his sleeve. "Oh, I guess I musta torn it on a branch."

Standing there in the narrow path beside his son, George Mathews felt himself begin to shake. All the accumulated helpless anger of these past weeks of defeat took shape in him. "Damn it, Jimmy," he said, "haven't you any sense? Don't you pay any attention to what goes on?" His voice was rising. "Hasn't your mother enough to do nowadays without you tearing your clothes to pieces just so she'll have more to do?"

JIMMY stood there and he did not understand his father's anger over something which had never been important before. Slowly his sturdy small-boy assurance went out of his face.

Then George, seeing, was suddenly frightened too, wondering if he was taking from his son in this moment the one thing he could still give him, a feeling of security in his father.

He hugged the boy against him to reassure them both. "O. K., Jimmy," he said gently. "It's not as bad as all that. But be more careful next time."

"Sure." Jimmy looked up. "I'll be careful, daddy. And will you get the mitt tomorrow?"

Some of George's courage had gone with his anger. "I'll look into it," was all he could bring himself to say.

In front of the door he wiped his feet on the coco mat. As Jimmy scraped assiduously beside him, George grinned to himself and thought, That's the first time Jimmy's done that. Maybe it doesn't hurt for a parent to lose his temper once in a while.

He hung his coat carefully in the little closet beneath the stairs and heard Jimmy taking the steps two at a time yelling, "Mom! Mom?"

"Mom's in the kitchen, Jimmy," Nan's eleven-year-old voice shrilled in answer. "She says you're to clean up for supper right away."

Then George heard his wife's step in the dining room and her dear and calm voice: "Don't shout so, Nan."

"O. K. But, mom, about what I was saying before—I still don't see why we never use the car any more. All the other kids' families do theirs sometimes."

George waited to hear Mary's answer. Would she say, bitterly, "Because your father earns so little now that he can't afford the gasoline to run a car"?

"Maybe," Mary's voice came quietly, "it's because your father is a little more farsighted about his car than the other kids' fathers, Nan." George could almost see how she looked, her soft chin soft no longer and her brown eyes stern.

I'M NOT WORRIED I'VE ALWAYS HAD AN AIR RAID SHELTER

He went into the dining room then and kissed Mary and his daughter and sniffed the odors of cooking. "Smells good," he said.

"It's nearly ready." Mary untied the apron she wore over her house dress and handed it to Nan to hang up in the kitchen.

"Then I'll change before dinner."

"Change!" Mary looked at him, startled. "Are you going out again?"

"Yep. To the lean-to."

"But, George, I don't see . . ."

"Look," George said very simply. "I own two decent suits, Mary, and a clothing salesman has to be well dressed. If I put my overalls on for dinner and to sit around in—would it matter to you to see me here like that?"

Mary stood close to him looking up at him. Then she said quietly, "It's so terribly hard for you, George dear, isn't it?" That was all, but it was her tenderness for him that spoke and her faith in him, her understanding and her willingness to help.

And George, feeling this, was afraid of too much emotion, so he stood away from her and asked, "How was bridge club today?"

It seemed to George that she hesitated before answering. Then she said, "Oh, I got sort of busy here and didn't go. Hurry and change, will you, dear?"

After dinner George started toward the little lean-to that adjoined the garage. But on the way, he detoured to the basement to look at the dahlia bulbs he had drying out down there. He'd have dahlias again this summer if he could spare the space for them. Maybe by this time next spring they'd be glad to eat dahlia bulbs. George grinned, then thought, That's a little too unfunny, George. Cut it.

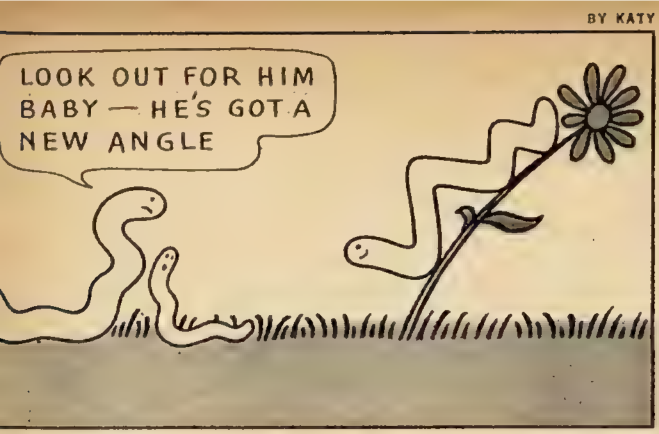
Fumbling through the unlighted furnace room, he ran into a damp sheet hanging from the line. He swore. Why hadn't the laundress gotten through? She'd always finished in one day before. Then he remembered that this was not the laundress' day.

He went to the stairs. "Mary!"

She came to the steps, calling inquiringly down to him. And seeing her, looking small and frail and very tired with the light from the hall in back of her, George was suddenly more angry and more bitter and more helpless than he had ever been before.

"What the devil have you been up to?" Nothing but the anger sounded in his voice.

She did not answer.


BY KATY
LOOK OUT FOR HIM BABY — HE'S GOT A NEW ANGLE

"Is the laundress sick?" he shouted.

Mary started down the stairs. "Not exactly. That is, no. I told her we wouldn't need her any more."

"And so you washed these things yourself? I won't have it, Mary. I'm telling you I won't!"

He wouldn't have Mary doing work as heavy as this. But he had to. The fury and the helplessness tightened on him and he ran up the stairs and brushed past his wife, jostling her, without another word.

He went that way out through the garage to the greenhouse. Then he slumped down on an upright box beside the planting bench and sat there staring at the young green of his lettuce plants but seeing Mary carrying the wash basket down the steep cellar stairs, Mary's thin hands lifting the water-logged sheets, his wife Mary bending and stooping and lifting and carrying, until he wanted to cry out at her again in anger or to lay his head down on the bench and weep.

While he sat there his hand went out toward the pile of dirt which he had prepared for his seedlings. His fingers picked up the soil, rolled it back toward his palm, and then opened to let it sift back into the pile again. He did this over and over, unmindful, and the movement began to take on a regularity, the raising and the sifting repeated. Slowly, after a time, the feel of the softness and dampness and richness of that earth began to seep through his pores and filter into his blood, so that the helpless anger in that blood could recede and he become himself again.

Then, finally, George became aware of the earth in his hands and of how the feel of it had calmed him. He looked around this little glassed-in place he had originally built for his amusement and had recently, in desperation, converted into a source of additional food for his family, and he understood that now it had for him still another use, that of comforter.

In the succeeding weeks George turned often to this comfort. For it was only here, where he could make things grow, that he was able to forget the perpetual rhythm of his thoughts, the hunted rhythm of fear and uselessness and worry. Once, when his earnings were higher, he went with enthusiasm. But the next two weeks, as his commissions shrank and shrank again, he went there to hide himself and to restore himself. He went away from the sight of Mary quieter and more tired and thinner, and away from the stretch of Nan's legs beneath her outgrown dresses, and away from the look in Jimmy's eyes when he asked, each time with less hope, for the promised baseball mitt.

George would work the earth around the sprouts of the lettuce plants and know these plants were healthy and strong. He would look at the miracle of what Rankin called his fancy tomato plants and see the water-planted, chemical-fed vines already beginning to bear. And then he would feel a return in himself of some sturdiness and reassurance.

Evenings when he was not working in the lean-to, George, with infinite care, planned his summer garden. And then one day on his way home from work he went to the chain store to buy his seeds.

WHEN the small bill had been added up, Rankin pushed his eyeshade back and scratched his forehead. "Not one penny wasted," he said in admiration. "Not one blasted cent."

"And not one blasted inch of ground either." For the first time in months George spoke with pride.

"Look at Gordon," Rankin said, "with them potatoes. And Mr. Mitchell's going to plant cucumbers for his wife to pickle and melons for his kids."

"But he can't do that," George protested. "The bees."

"What bees?"

"Any bees," George said impatiently. "They go from one vine like that to another and spoil them both. He won't get a thing."

"Wish I knew those things to tell my customers. Because, just between us, Mr. Mathews, some people around here will really need what they raise. I hear MacNeil's lost his job."

George's head jerked up. MacNeil, across the street from him, had stopped using his car lately and taken to walking downtown with George. But George hadn't known that MacNeil spent his days climbing the long stairs to employment offices. Then suddenly, through this, George saw all the men in his neighborhood as people like himself, men who felt the whole country now as one great entity of wartime force in which they wanted to participate but who, through no fault of their own, remained onlookers. And he saw how, if these men lost their jobs now, they might also lose their ambition and have nothing left to which to turn other than their earth. And there was a sudden incentive in him to help them to use the one security which might be left them.

He leaned forward excitedly, his feet wide apart, his elbows on the counter. "Look here, Rankin," he said. "I could give those fellows some advice for their gardens. Why don't I draw you up a big chart or something, with planting directions, that you could hang on the wall?"

"It'd sure be a help." Rankin smiled and he leaned across the counter too. "If you make it, Mr. Mathews, I'll hang it. Chain-store rules or no."

Five minutes later George left the store with a bundle of smooth cardboard sheets under his arm. The ambition to make this chart was strong in him now; its layout was already taking form in his mind.

When he got home he went directly into the living room, dropped his coat and hat on the couch, and set up the card table. He rummaged in the maple desk for pencils and a ruler and then spread the cardboard on the table.

A half hour later, when Mary came in and stood beside him, he was still sitting there, absorbed.

"I didn't know you were home, George. What's that?"

George looked up. On his face was a keenness and eagerness she had not seen since January. "I'm doing a gardening chart for Rankin." There was pleasure and excitement in his voice. "Look! Everything about a forty-five-by-forty-five vegetable plot. Name and variety, amount of seed needed, planting directions. And, oh, yeah, I'd better rule in another section for planting time." He added that, then pointed to the chart again. "Culture, that is—how to take care of the stuff, and its maturity time and approximate yield."

She leaned across his shoulder, studying the sketch. "It's good," she said. "But aren't you tired enough without doing extra things, George?"

He looked up and his face seemed younger, more as it used to be. "But I want to do this, Mary. Look. It's absolutely foolproof. And it'll catch the eye. I'm going to have a picture in each little section. Like this: Carrot under name and variety, a full basket for yield; for culture, a man on his knees, weeding. All the way through I'll have things like that. Won't it be swell, Mary?" He stopped, breathless.

"It'll be wonderful." Now Mary felt his enthusiasm too. "I can't wait to see it finished."

"You will," George said. "And soon."

FOR the next two weeks George's eagerness never left him. And now clothing customers at the Globe who had formerly ignored him did so no longer, because they felt in him an alertness where he had been hesitant and a confidence where he had been almost abject.

By the time the chart was finished and hung in Rankin's store, George's enthusiasm for it had developed into an assurance in himself. And this swelled and deepened into pride when one by one his neighbors told him that they had consulted his chart in planning their gardens.

Now George no longer stopped at Automobile Row on his way home, but instead he hurried to the chain store. He would stand in front of his chart, writing in some addition or planning an improvement or just listening with a smile while Rankin told how much the chart had increased his seed sales.

"You know," Rankin said, one April evening, "when I wrote up my report for the main office I was surprised myself to see what seeds had done.

"Don't you think we could be a lot more comfortable if we had it changed into War Bonds?"

Wish that I knew how to thank you."

George shook his head. "Don't try, Mr. Rankin. This thing has kind of helped me too."

"You know," the older man said, "it's funny, Mr. Mathews, but I've sold seeds for forty years and never planted one. Mind if I come out to your lean-to some night and see how it's done?"

George smiled. "Any time you like," he said.

"AND now he wants to see how it's done the day after he thought of it," George said when Nan came into the lean-to the following evening to say Rankin was calling. "Tell him to come on out, Nan."

"There's another man with him. They want you to come in."

"O. K., darling. Thanks." He brushed the straight yellow hair back from her face and rubbed his cheek against hers. Then he put down his trowel and walked into the house.

As he came into the living room, a thin bald man rose from the armchair, and for a minute George did not recognize him, because it was the first time he had seen Rankin like this, wearing a necktie and jacket and without his eternal green visor.

"Hello, Rankin," he said. "Glad you dropped in."

Then he saw Rankin's companion, a man with shrewd gray eyes and a face forceful with stroked, authoritative character lines. And because George had tried so hard to become a good clothing salesman, he recognized, as the stranger rose from the couch, that this small gray-haired man's flannel suit had probably cost more than he, George, had earned in the last three months.

"This is Mr. Henneberry, Mr. Mathews," Rankin said, "our general manager. Of the whole chain, I mean." He raised an embarrassed hand to push back his eyeshade, then, remembering it wasn't there, plunged his hand into his trouser pocket. "Hope you don't mind my bringing him along like this."

"Of course not." The two men shook hands.

"Been working in your lean-to?" the manager asked.

George nodded and sat down on the stool by the fireplace, his elbows on the earth-soiled knees of his overalls. "Hope I'm not going to dirty Nan's living room," he said. "My daughter did the vacuuming in here today," he explained to Henneberry. "She's only eleven, but—well, we're very proud of our children these days."

Mr. Henneberry said, "I know how that feels, Mr. Mathews. My son is in the navy." After a moment he added quietly, "It's nearly a month since we've heard from him."

The three men sat for a moment in silence. So it does really strike at all of us, George thought. And he knew that what Henneberry was afraid of was worse than anything he himself had ever feared.

Henneberry leaned forward with an abrupt movement. "You must be wondering why I asked Rankin to bring me over here."

"Why, no," George said. "There can't be much for a man like you to do in a town of this size and, well, I just supposed you were here and had kind of come along with Rankin."

"I'm too busy just to come along." Mr. Henneberry smiled briefly. "No, Mr. Mathews. I came to talk business with you."

"Business? With me?" George sat up straighter, listening intently. "Go on."

"I came out here, Mr. Mathews, because the volume of vegetable-seed sales in Rankin's store last month was a good thirty per cent above the average increase in our chain this year. I didn't know how he'd done it until he showed me that chart of yours."

GEORGE stared at Mr. Henneberry, waiting.

"We have five hundred stores all through the country," Henneberry went on, "and I want your chart reproduced to hang in every one of those stores. I'm prepared to pay you five hundred dollars for the privilege. And a dollar apiece more for any reorders."

Five hundred dollars, George thought, five months of security for us. He stared at the carpet, too moved to raise his head. Then slowly all the intuition of the best automobile salesman the town had ever known revived in him. His thin farmer's face tightened and his blue eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

He raised his sandy head and looked at Mr. Henneberry. "It's a deal," he said. Then he added slowly and reflectively, "But—well, I wonder, Mr. Henneberry, as long as you want to use that chart, if you're making all you can out of it."

It was Henneberry's turn to say, "Go on."

"Look," George said. "You hang the chart in your stores and the customers buy their seeds according to what it says. But then what happens?" He hitched the stool closer to Henneberry, and now he was carried away with his own idea and what it might mean. "They start to plant and then they begin to wonder, was it the carrots they were to plant first or the beans? Was it the peas that needed the shade or was it the tomatoes? They'll not all be able to drop in to look at the chart again, the way people do in a neighborhood like this."

He let that take root and then he went on: "I was thinking, Mr. Henneberry, that it might be a good idea to print that chart up in miniature—in the thousands—and sell it for customers to tack up in their garages or tool sheds for reference. In that quantity you could sell them for a dime, easy; two cents to go to me."

He stopped talking and waited. From upstairs he could hear the sounds of Mary's sewing machine and of Nan's radio and, from outside, Jimmy's voice calling good night to some boys. Then there was the scrape of Jimmy's feet across the coco mat and the slam of the front door. For a moment Jimmy's small disheveled figure was visible in the hall, looking down disgustedly at the outgrown fielder's mitt he was carrying. Then he raced up the stairs. The three men didn't move, George and Rankin leaning forward toward Mr. Henneberry, while he remained squinting at the smoke from his cigarette.

FINALLY George said, "No hurry about this last proposition, Mr. Henneberry, except, of course, that people would want them soon. If you'd like to consult your board—"

Henneberry smiled. "I don't consult my board, Mr. Mathews. My board consults me. And I think you have a good idea. Even," his smile broadened, "if there's one angle that you didn't think of."

George was taken aback. "Sir?"

"Lots of men who buy those charts," the manager suggested slyly, "are going to buy a nickel's worth of tacks, too, to tack 'em up with. And we sell tacks." He rose. "It's a deal, then. I'll have the contracts made out tomorrow. Five hundred master charts at five hundred dollars, and for a test printing, five thousand miniature ones at two cents apiece to you. And any time you have any more ideas, Mathews, I'd like to hear them."

"You'll get them," George said. "You'll get them all right." And the new ideas began to take form in his mind, the illustrated charts for spraying and the ones for canning, and perhaps ones for food raised cheaply under glass. "You'll get them fast."

When the men had gone he turned back into the house. He walked slowly around the downstairs and thought, We've pulled through. Mary and I have pulled through. We've kept our home and we've kept ourselves and the kids together. I used to be able to sell cars, and now I've sold this idea, and I can sell clothes, too. And between the clothes and the ideas, we'll get along all right.

Jimmy came scrambling down the stairs. "Dad! Who was that guy with Mr. Rankin? What were they doing here anyway?"

George looked down at him, grinning. "Oh, just making a deal, son."

"What does that mean? What kind of a deal?"

"Not a big one," George said softly, "but big enough." He glanced up at the staircase. "One to make things a little easier for your mother," he said, and his voice was strong and firm, "and to buy your sister at least one dress that'll come down to her knees." He smiled. "And I hope, young man, one that will keep you in first-basemen's mitts until you're old enough to earn 'em yourself."

THE END

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## 20 QUESTIONS

1. What is "V" mail?
2. Headline: "Alcoa Willing to Negotiate." Is Alcoa a movie star, a baseball player, an island in the Pacific—or what?
3. Joseph C. Grew brought home plenty of information about the Japs. Why should his statements be considered authoritative?
4. The name Marshal Timoshenko has received prominent mention in Moscow dispatches for many months. Do you know his first name?
5. The I. R. A. has been outlawed both in Eire and Northern Ireland. What is it?
6. Match the proper word and numeral from these measurements to give the correct distance between the earth and sun: Yards 92,900,000; miles 9,290,000; feet 929,000; inches 92,900.
7. Has any one ever won a Pulitzer Prize for poetry three times?
8. How many national holidays are observed in the United States?
9. The date of Easter may vary over a period of thirty-five days. How did the method of determining it come about?
10. Where is Milne Bay?
11. Why is Marco Polo Bridge of historic importance?
12. Can you name the two Secretaries of State who immediately preceded Cordell Hull?
13. What documents are introduced by these words: (*a*) "When, in the course of human events . . ."; (*b*) "We, the People of the United States . . ."?
14. Name three streets that have been commemorated in song.
15. The "jive, juke, or jeep" coat is out for the duration. How come?
16. Distinguish between cooper, J. Fenimore Cooper, Walker Cooper.
17. Who receives the higher salary—the Vice-President of the U. S. or an associate justice of the Supreme Court?
18. Approximately how many telephones are in use throughout the world—10,000,000, 40,000,000, or 100,000,000?
19. Did Betsy Ross design the Stars and Stripes?
20. Three Presidents used their middle names. Can you name two of them?

*(Answers will be found on page 53)*

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President-elect Roosevelt celebrated his fifty-first birthday, January 30, 1933, by giving a party to patients and employees of the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation —and cutting a sixty-pound birthday cake.

# ROOSEVELT

## AS I SEE HIM

**A series by ten authorities . . Herewith, the story of his gallant fight for health**

*This article is published anonymously because its eminent author is an officer in the U. S. Army. As such, he has been told that regulations do not permit his signing his name to an article about the Commander in Chief.*

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT was a casual decision to stop over for a few days in New York City in August, 1921, that exposed Franklin Roosevelt to infantile paralysis, and his successful fight for life and activity gave him qualities that no other War President has had, qualities that will win this war for the United States, for the United Nations, and for humanity.

It was an argument in a smoking car between two travelers, one of whom is lost to the record of history, that in 1931 moved a writer to find out just how far this man Roosevelt had been successful in his fight. A rush of anger on the part of Roosevelt's closest, most intimate and most acceptable adviser—a friend who knew the whole truth about him and who raged at the wickedness of a whispering campaign which was slandering his physical and mental condition—brought about an exposé of the truth, by the writer who got into the argument in the smoker, at the exact moment when such an exposé could do the most for Roosevelt politically.

Such seemingly trivial incidents as these are the instrumentalities of fate. All of this is fate—the fate of an individual, but so closely bound up with the fate of the world that the story of his illness and his victory over the effects of it and what came to him out of that victory is well worth collecting from all available sources.

This is what Roosevelt himself has told about the beginning of his illness. He was the guest at the time of the publisher of the Baltimore Sun, Van Lear Black, aboard the yacht Sabalo, anchored off Campobello, the Roosevelt summer home. "We took the Sabalo's tender to fish for cod," Roosevelt said.* "I baited hooks, alternating between the fore and aft cockpits of the motor tender, crossing beside the hot engine on a three-inch varnished plank. I slipped overboard.

"I'd never felt anything so cold as that water! I hardly went under, hardly wet my head, because I still had hold of the side of the tender, but the water was so cold it seemed paralyzing. This must have been the icy shock in comparison to the heat of the August sun and the tender's engine.

"The next day we landed on the island. There was a blue haze over it, pungent with burning spruce. All that day we fought a forest fire. Late in the afternoon we brought it under control. Our eyes were bleary with smoke; we were begrimed, smarting with spark burns, exhausted. We plunged into a fresh-water pool on the island to revive ourselves. We ran in our bathing suits along hot, dusty roads to the house.

"I didn't feel the usual reaction, the glow I'd expected. Walking and running couldn't overcome the chill. When I reached the house the mail was in, with several newspapers I hadn't seen. I sat reading for a while, too tired even to dress. I'd never felt quite that way before.

"The next morning when I swung out of bed my left leg lagged, but I managed to move about and to shave. I tried to persuade myself that the trouble with my leg was muscular, that it would disappear as I used it. But presently it refused to work, and then the other—"

That is where his own story stops.

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* The American Way—Franklin Roosevelt in Action, by Earle Looker, with an introduction by Colonel Edward M. House. Published by John Day, 1933.

He has steadfastly refused to add another syllable to it. Within some seventy hours he was paralyzed from the waist down, and his old friend Louis Howe, who was destined through many years to be his closest adviser and, with grim humor, his "leg-man," was rushing to Campobello to find out what had happened and to make the best of it—for Roosevelt.

Louis Howe, the Albany correspondent of the New York Herald and Telegram had attached himself to Roosevelt back in 1911 because—though this is an unfair simplification of Howe's motives—he was determined to make Roosevelt President of the United States. Now, in 1921, Louis Howe was heartbroken. His President-to-be was physically done for and therefore dead politically. Friends of Louis described him as "more stricken by grief than Roosevelt by disease." His grief seemed the more terrible because of his personal appearance; he once described himself as "one of the four ugliest men, if what is left of me can be dignified by the name of man, in the State of New York. My eyes protrude because of so much looking. Children take one look at me on the street and run from 'the man with the wicked kidnaping eyes.' I am accused of being logical, therefore cold. I am supposed to be crafty; it is really the unusualness of plain speaking." He railed against the fate which had struck his man down; his language must have been picturesque, for he habitually referred to New York and Brooklyn as "Sodom and Gomorrah."

IT was not until the middle of September that Roosevelt could be moved from Campobello. He was ferried across to the mainland on a stretcher in a motorboat, brought by train to New York, and taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. Almost a year later, in the summer of 1922, he was splashing around in a small pool at Hyde Park, but he had made no real gain in control of his legs; they simply would not work. The following February found him in Florida aboard a chartered houseboat, fishing, sunbathing, and swimming—dragging his body through the water with powerful strokes of his arms. So gradual was his development of arm, shoulder, chest, and back muscles that it was hardly noticeable at the time. Today he has the arms and the torso of a prizefighter.

Medical opinion of the time (1924) concurred in the idea that whatever improvement could be made after an attack of infantile paralysis must be made within a year. Three years had now passed. It seemed strange to the physicians that Roosevelt would not accept their verdict; he was in no way satisfied, but kept prodding them. There was, however, no further information of assistance; poliomyelitis had not been epidemic in this country until 1916, and medical evidence is slow in collecting.

Roosevelt was to collect it himself and, though unsure of it, to act upon it. It came in a letter to him from George Foster Peabody, banker, of New York, about a piece of property at Warm Springs, Georgia, which Peabody wished to sell. Enclosed with Peabody's letter were two others: the first was a testimonial for the place written by an infantile-paralysis victim, Louis Joseph, who felt that bathing in the warm springs there had helped him greatly; the second was a wrathful letter from Thomas Loyless, the lessee-manager of the disintegrating resort, to the effect that guest-patient Joseph's testimonial was not nearly strong enough. Loyless wrote that Joseph had "appeared to be a helpless if not hopeless cripple. This summer he seems to come and go like every one else. Only the other night I saw him dancing in the Auditorium."

Roosevelt laughed long and heartily, it is suspected, over the Peabody-Loyless-Joseph evidence; nevertheless, he went himself to investigate. He found a hotel resort in the last stages of dissolution, but he also found a warm spring, locally called "medicinal," which flowed out of a rock formation. Its temperature was 90 degrees Fahrenheit, and its flow was some 1,800 gallons a minute. In the President's personal file is the carbon of a letter to Peabody dated October 14, 1924:

"Every morning I spend two hours in the most wonderful pool in the world. It is no exaggeration to say that the muscles in my legs have improved to an extent noticeable in every way. I have had many talks with Mr. Loyless about the development of the property. There is no question that to the average case of infantile paralysis this Warm Springs pool is a great find."

In November, 1924, Roosevelt became senior partner of the law firm of Roosevelt & O'Connor in New York. In a little more than six weeks his muscular condition had improved more than it had previously as the result of all his efforts of three years. In his letter of October 14, he affirmed to Peabody: "Nothing finer, nor more useful to humanity, could be done than to establish a 'cure' where the best of treatment along the lines of the accepted treatment could be given."

He threw himself into this project as ardently as if it had been a political campaign. He wrote to every physician he could locate who was in any way a specialist in poliomyelitis, inviting advice and action. It was a long, uphill job. In the spring of 1926 the American Orthopedic Association, then having its annual meeting in Atlanta, refused to entertain Roosevelt's offer to report to it the effect of underwater treatment upon himself, and his request for technical guidance and help; Roosevelt was not an orthopedist, not even a physician; he knew nothing scientifically. He did, however, secure unofficial approval of an experimental period at Warm Springs during which reports were to be made by a responsible physician.

How the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation was established in 1927, and how Roosevelt, in order to create the foundation and purchase the property, placed two thirds of his own property in jeopardy, is another story. This article is more concerned with Roosevelt's personal fight against paralysis and with the effects of that fight upon him and upon his subsequent career. Louis Howe, in the tone of one who hid his emotions toward his friend by cursing him out, often said that Roosevelt refused to give in, refused to restrict himself to the life

On the bank of the Warm Springs pool—New York's Governor-elect, not yet inaugurated.

of a cripple, "because of his damned Dutch stubbornness."

Friends who knew him best from 1921 to 1928 are unanimous in the opinion that the turning point, the moment when his continued usefulness to society was assured, came in April, 1925, with the entry upon the scene at Warm Springs of a fellow named Fred Botts, who had heard, as had thousands of other paralysis victims, of a possible cure there. According to Botts himself, Roosevelt asked him:

"How did you happen to come down here?"

"It was a surprise," Botts answered. "I'd been singing some. So at my church they asked me to sing at a social. I was singing in a wheel chair. They had me to sing because they'd arranged a benefit for me so I could come down here to get cured. There are doctors and nurses and everything down here, aren't there?"

There was nothing, of course; no facilities whatever—only the warm spring, a dilapidated hotel, a local doctor. Roosevelt was appalled, but he said, "Don't worry. We'll be our own physicians, our own organization, our own nurses, and by heaven we'll have a first-rate cure for you, Fred Botts!"

He started at once to work on this first patient with an enthusiasm and vigor to which only a description in terms of his own condition can do justice. He was himself paralyzed from the waist down; his legs were quite useless—he could not even brace them to balance himself in the pool; he had nothing to work with but handholds; it was not at all impossible that he might be drowned by his own patient, and Botts himself had a quite reasonable fear of drowning. But the two went at it together.

It was heavy work for Roosevelt. He first had to make sure that he could keep his own head up, and that if he slipped there was a spot of safety to which he could swim by strokes of his arms alone. He had also to be sure that he could get Botts out with him if they both went under at the same time. Both were afflicted in about the same way; Botts was the lighter, in fact almost a skeleton, and he did not have Roosevelt's shoulder and arm strength.

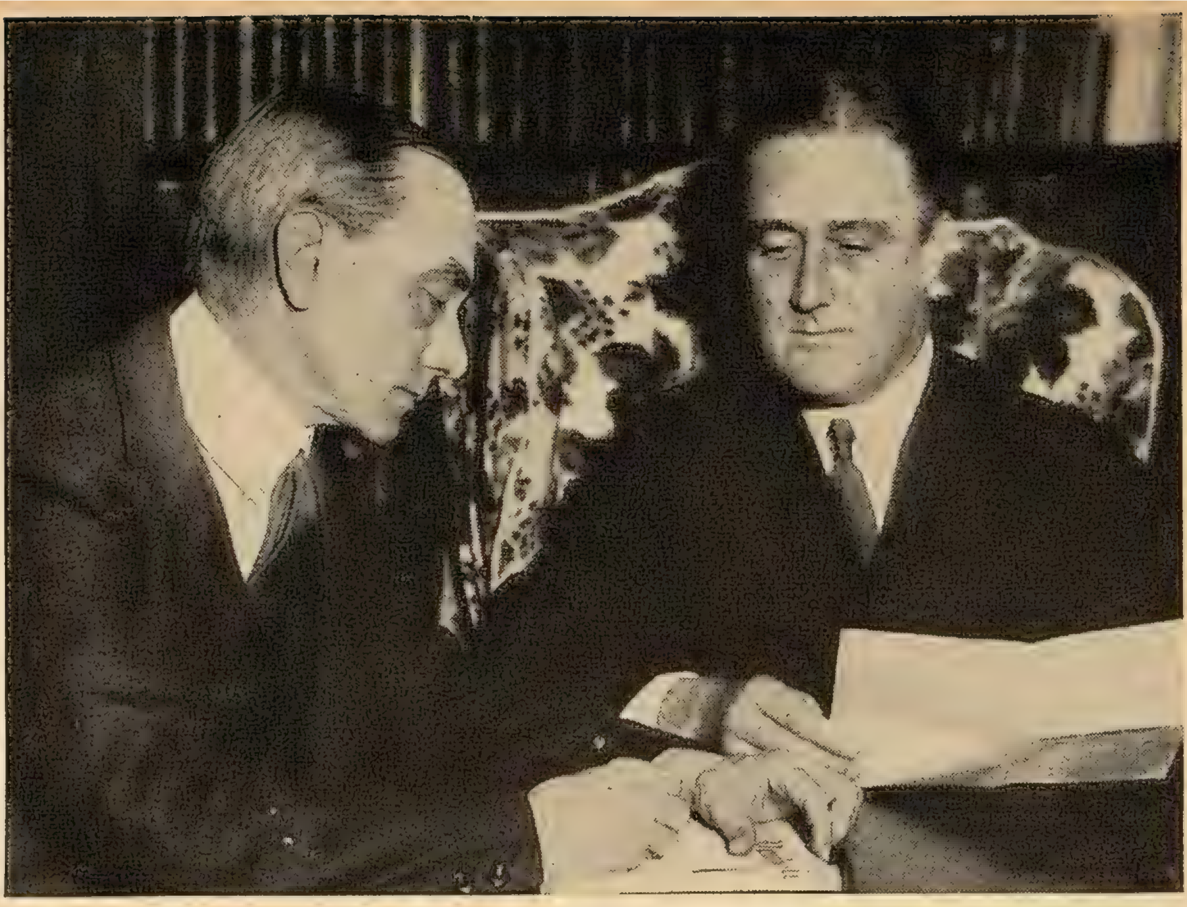
ROOSEVELT'S object was to manipulate and exercise Botts's muscles under water. This is the basis of the treatment now in operation at Warm Springs, where the patients lie on wooden couches under water and are exercised by the attendants. At the beginning there was no such equipment. Botts "recovered" to about the extent of Roosevelt's own recovery; he now walks in braces with the aid of crutches, though Roosevelt walks with canes.

But Roosevelt's work with Botts meant that he was using his precious strength not for himself but for another. All his arrangements for his own comfort and treatment were discarded in favor of Botts. He was more interested in the small day-to-day improvement in Botts's condition than he was in his own. The result was a sudden improvement in his own condition. Soon Botts was encouraging him as he encouraged Botts. Their work together was exhausting, but neither wanted to cry quits.

It was the first example, certainly at Warm Springs, of a phenomenon for which the attending physicians now eagerly watch in these cases: when a patient becomes really concerned about the progress of another patient, he himself begins to improve. It is this community of interest which every observer at Warm Springs remarks upon as the tremendous factor for recovery. Six other cases were soon to arrive, still with no arrangements made for their accommodation; they swam and exercised under Roosevelt's supervision, with Botts as assistant supervisor.

Out of the knockout blow of poliomyelitis, when the victim has stubbornly decided that he has the will to live and that nothing can weaken it, and out of his success in the slow painful effort to re-educate his atrophied muscles, come a confidence, an assurance, a resiliency that are like the effects upon a soldier of the ordeal of being under fire. He is a successful veteran, this recovered victim of infantile paralysis. He is indomitable. He can and does laugh at adversity. There are men who would have achieved little without such a trial to bring out the best of their latent traits. In a man of exceptional quality, those traits are deepened and strengthened.

Thus it was that, to all who knew what Roosevelt had suffered and what he had accomplished, the whispering campaign of 1931-32 against him, to the effect that owing to his illness he was not fit to be President, seemed the most malicious piece of political dirty work that could be imagined. And here is where we come to the second of those seemingly trivial instrumentalities of fate—that argument in a smoking car.



**The Governor with devoted Louis Howe, who used to fume about his "Dutch stubbornness."**

IT was some time in February, 1931, more than a year after the re-election of the cripple as Governor of the State of New York by a plurality of 725,000, and when the politicians and some of the voters were beginning to think of him as a possible Democratic Presidential nominee. In a New York-Albany smoker, that breeding ground of rumor, an unknown did some story-telling to the effect that it was certain that Governor Roosevelt not only was physically unfit but was mentally unbalanced as the result of his physical condition, and that for these reasons he could never be considered as a Presidential nominee.

The story was told with embellishments of detail and circumstance.

All but one of those present had identified themselves as Democratic politicians. All but one, and that one erupted with wrath, using short and searing words. The gist of his comment was that if the story was true the governor should be exposed, but that if it was untrue the lie should be exposed—and as for the liars, if such they were, they were too low a form of life to ride on trains.

What came of that story-telling and that eruption was a "challenge" to Roosevelt himself from R. E. Looker (writing name Earle Looker), who revered the Roosevelt name and the memory of Theodore Roosevelt, had been a close friend of gallant Quentin Roosevelt, killed in the air over France, and had recently published The White House Gang—his story of the Theodore Roosevelt family life and the adventures of the "gang" of boys, friends of Quentin, who had overrun the White House of those days. He is now a lieutenant colonel in the United States Army, detailed to special staff duty in Washington.

The result was an article by him in Liberty's issue of July 25, 1931. It was entitled Is Franklin D. Roosevelt Physically Fit to Be President? and in it Looker told how he had challenged Roosevelt with regard to his physical condition, and how the challenge had been thrown back to him by the governor in a letter giving him permission to make a thorough investigation. The conclusion of the article was the report of a committee of three physicians of Looker's own choosing. They were perhaps the most eminent three who could have been brought together for such a purpose in the United States at the time. Looker had asked Dr. Linsly R. Williams, director of the New York Academy of Medicine, to do the actual selecting of them: Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, physician; Dr. Russell A. Hibbs, orthopedist; Dr. Foster Kennedy, neurologist.

Their findings were expressed in two ways. First, there was the telegraphed report to Looker that appeared in the article in Liberty:

> WE HAVE TODAY CAREFULLY EXAMINED GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT WE BELIEVE THAT HIS HEALTH AND POWERS OF ENDURANCE ARE SUCH AS TO ALLOW HIM TO MEET ANY DEMAND OF PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE
>
> SAMUEL W LAMBERT MD RUSSELL A HIBBS MD FOSTER KENNEDY MD

Second, there was the formal and fuller report:

> April 29, 1931.
>
> We have today examined Franklin D. Roosevelt. We find that his organs and functions are sound in all respects. There is no anemia. The chest is exceptionally well developed, and the spinal column is absolutely normal; all its segments are in perfect alignment and free from disease. He has neither pain nor ache at any time.
>
> Ten years ago Governor Roosevelt suffered an attack of acute infantile paralysis, the entire effect of which was expended on the muscles of his lower extremities. There has been progressive recovery of power in the legs since that date; this restoration continues and will continue.
>
> Governor Roosevelt can walk all necessary distances and can maintain a standing position without fatigue.
>
> We believe his powers of endurance are such as to allow him to meet all demands of private or public life.
>
> Samuel W. Lambert, M. D.
> Foster Kennedy, M. D.
> Russell A. Hibbs, M. D.

PUBLISHED in Liberty, with its national circulation, the effect of the article was immediate and powerful. Newspapers and press associations made the most of it; it was hot political news; it brought into the open a story they had not dared touch before. The public's response left no doubt that the whispering campaign against Roosevelt had gone far, wide, and deep, or that the truth was now arousing a corresponding indignation against those who had spread such a lie about him. Everywhere groups who had never shown interest in Roosevelt now praised him for his determination and courage and began surmising, from his acts and policies as Governor of New York, what he would be likely to do in Washington for the nation.

To be sure, this was not the only factor that helped to bring about his nomination for President, but it was a particularly effective one.

It would be unfair to Roosevelt to say that he got all the breaks from then on. He did not. However, a crisis had been passed. The fact that he was a cripple was no longer held against him; instead, it became in the people's eyes a badge of courage. But always the fact remained, as it always will.

One of the prices that he pays for the Presidency in times like these is that of forgoing a further improvement in his walking. If he had the time for a continuous schedule of exercise, swimming, and massage, it is generally felt by the specialists that he would eventually be able to discard the brace on one leg and that movement with the other would consequently be easier. As it is, his legs are locked tight in their braces when he walks or stands, and he is helpless without them.

THIS helplessness has many times presented problems of which he makes light. His inability to move without his braces—the necessity of being lifted or of using a wheel chair—binds those who are closest to him by a peculiar affection. They will not say so, but it is obvious that they consider it an honor to make their strength available to him. Nothing, however, is quite so startling to those who see it for the first time as the way he will catch a handhold upon a table or chair and, disdaining help, haul himself, with his powerful arms and shoulders and with a nicety of balance and leverage, wherever he wants to go within the limits of his study.

He has been known to get great amusement out of suddenly and silently shifting from one chair to another in a moment when a friend's back was turned. At the look of amazement, disbelief, and confusion, and the attempt to conceal it, he will shout with laughter. He can make also what he calls a "pretty neat turn in front of the judge's stand" in a wheel chair, a sort of figure-eight reminiscent of a horse show; but this form of amusement is, naturally, frowned upon by his household.

Against all advice—with Dutch stubbornness, as Louis Howe would put it—he will discard his braces if he can when they become annoying. Some years ago, when he was Governor of New York, he connived with his valet to have them left at the Executive Mansion in Albany as he drove out some miles to a state park for an afternoon's relaxation and the cooking of a steak by a member of his Albany "Cabinet." When the party arrived at the park and the fireplace in the woods, it was discovered that the governor was braceless, and so, amid good-humored grouching of his friends, who for a while threatened to go away and leave him in the car, he was cat's-cradled some fifty feet from the car to the grass beside the outdoor fireplace.

It was a public park which he had been instrumental in creating, and, being Saturday afternoon, the public was there—not in great numbers, since it was on a wooded mountainside and accessible only to camping parties. Presently people who had recognized the license plate on the car at the roadside began most casually to walk down the path and, in passing, to get a look at him. He didn't mind until the time came to go home. By that time the public had unobtrusively formed a "gallery" to watch the governor.

"Now we'll get you back to the car," some one said.

"No," Roosevelt said. "I've got to get back by myself."

"But you can't."

"But I will. They're not going to see me carried back. Not carried. No. Over on this side there's nobody. They're all on that side, by the ravine. Now, if you'll give me a screen I'll scramble back—"

"*Scramble* back?"

"Look here," he said succinctly. "I'm going to do it this way: you"—a state trooper—"take one end of this big lap robe I'm sitting on, and you"—the "Cabinet" member—"take the other end after I get it pulled out from under me, and you two go through the motions of shaking it out like a good tidy housewife. While you're doing that, I'll crawl on the ground behind the screen you make. Then you almost drop the rug and do it all over again, moving slowly toward the car at the same time, and I'll continue my flopping. Got it?"

Thus, the trooper has reported, it was done, the governor pulling himself along on the ground with his powerful arms, and the screen of the lap robe always hiding him from the gallery in the ravine.

"I GUESS he was right," the trooper said long afterward. "It would have been a heck of a shock for those people to have seen the next President of the United States picked up and carried to his car. And yet it was like a wounded man who wouldn't let his wound stop him; it was like a man swimming against a tide that would have pushed back any one else; it was like—well, it was like the Boss who wouldn't be licked. . . . There's a man for you!"

There *is* a man for you. He cannot be beaten down, for he has risen up under blows which were supposed to have crushed him. He will not be turned aside, for his stubborn determination has put him where he is today. These were fortunate experiences. They made the War President of the United States.

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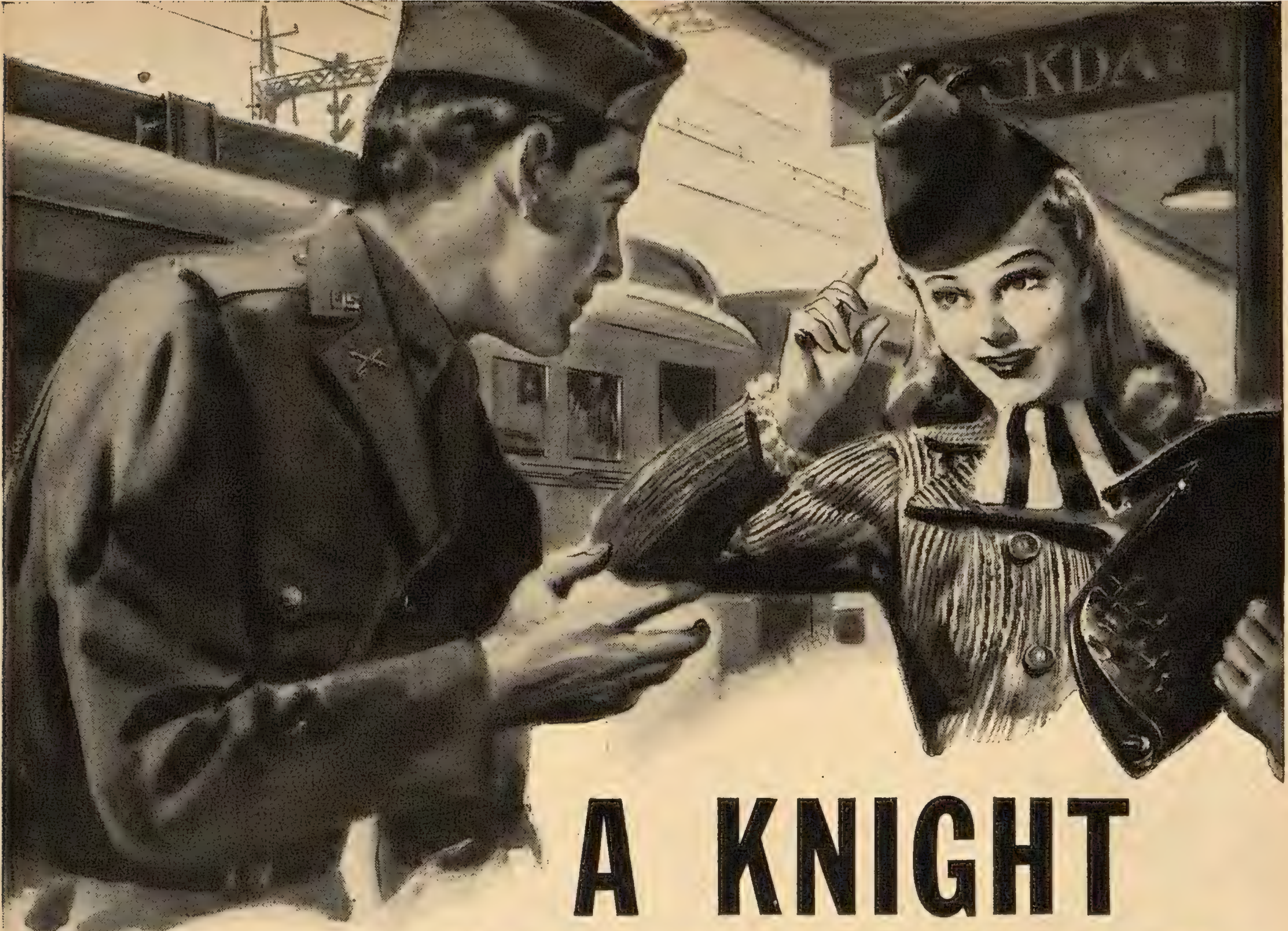
*Raymond Clapper, famous columnist and Washington observer, will offer in Liberty next week his estimate of Roosevelt as a President who has kept a rendezvous with destiny.*



"You aren't anything like I had you pictured in my mind, George."

# A KNIGHT TO REMEMBER

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

**The lively story of a lovely girl, a peck of trouble, and a soldier's strange adventure**

## BY WINFRED VAN ATTA

THE train stopped, and Private Johnny Parker followed the porter down the steps to the platform. He stood there, holding his bag, scowling as he stared at the name on the wall of the station: "Rockdale, Pop. 6,000."

He thought: So this is Rockdale. This is where the letters would have come if I had mailed them. It occurred to him that he could hear Janice's voice in a few minutes. He could go to a phone and dial her number and say, "Hello, Janice. This is Johnny Parker. Remember me?" But he wasn't going to do it. He'd known that ten minutes before he arrived. There was a train going back in two hours and he intended to be on it.

Most of the passengers were getting off the car ahead. He started around the spectators to the station, but stopped and looked quickly behind him as a girl broke out of the crowd and came forward, smiling and holding out her hand. He'd never seen her before in his life.

"I—I guess I met the wrong car," she said. She was nervous and embarrassed, as though forcing herself to do something unpleasant.

He glanced up and down the platform. He was the only soldier in sight.

"You—you aren't anything at all like I had you pictured in my mind, George."

"What did you expect—Clark Gable?"

She colored and dropped her eyes. "I—I don't know what I expected."

"Suppose we just forget you were supposed to meet some one."

She met his eyes, hesitated, then smiled. "I'm sorry, George. I didn't mean to be rude. Shall we go? I have the car, but we'll have to stop in town first."

She looked at her watch, frowning, making it clear that it had not been her idea to meet George—whoever George was. Why not ride to town with her? He had two hours to kill.

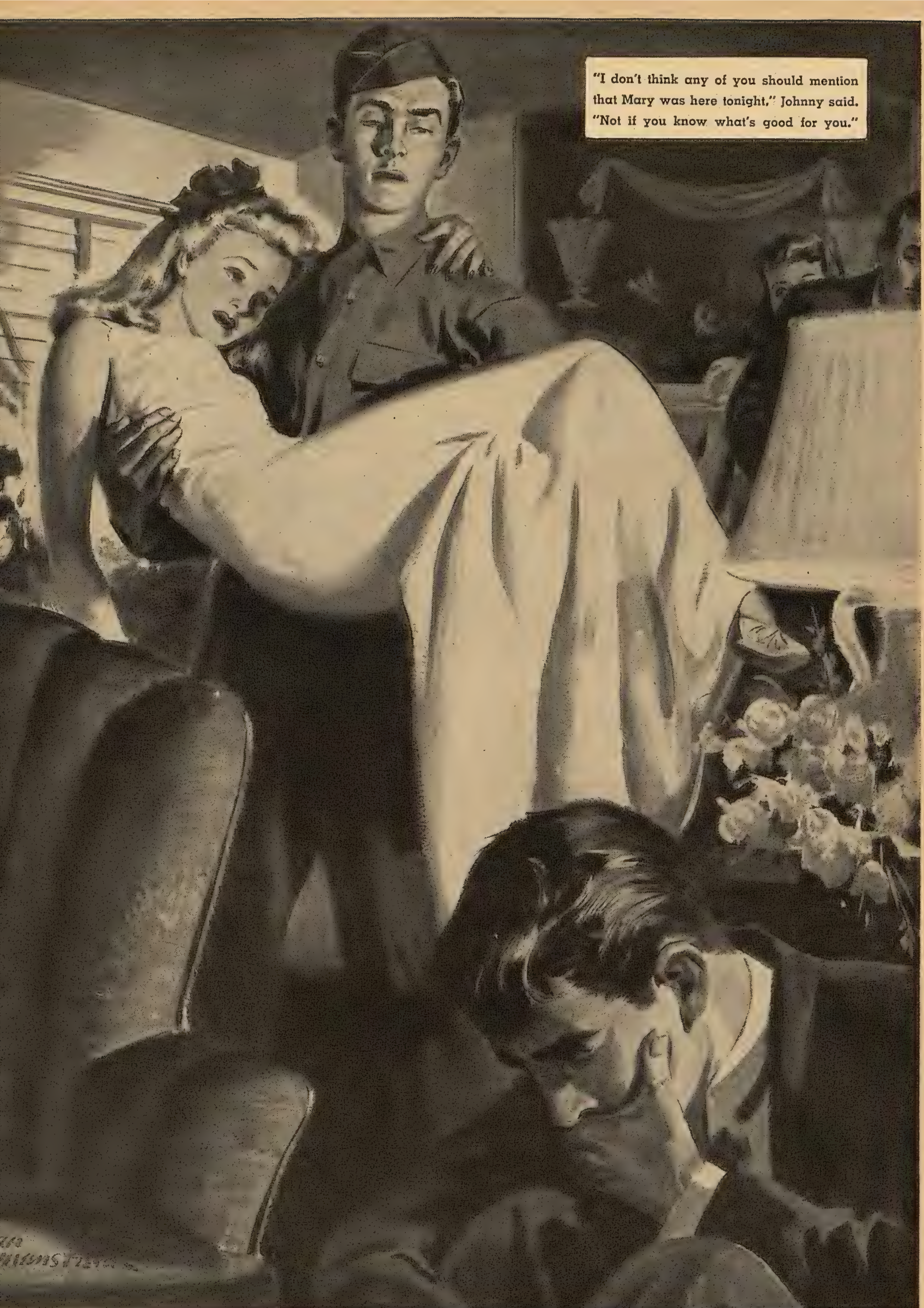
He shrugged, then followed her to a Buick parked at the side of the station. He put his bag in back, and got in front with her.

He watched her out of the corner of his eye as she swung the car around and drove toward town. Nineteen or twenty, typical college girl, and a looker, if you liked the type, but he didn't. He'd blown a horn too many last dances in too many university towns not to be prejudiced. She's selfish, he thought, and not used to much unpleasantness.

She knew he was watching her and touched her blonde hair, which had been worked on plenty to give it that careless wind-blown look. She spoke suddenly, her voice apologetic. "I think we should understand each other now, George. I don't want to be rude, but when I wrote you those letters I had no idea I'd ever see you. When I said you should come and visit us sometime, I—"

"Why did you write at all?"

"Most of the girls in town were writing letters to boys in camp. One of the clubs had a list of names and—



"I don't think any of you should mention that Mary was here tonight," Johnny said. "Not if you know what's good for you."

well, I drew your name and promised to write a letter a month."

His lips curled scornfully. "That was very patriotic of you," he said. "Makes a fellow want to go right out and die for democracy."

Her face turned red again, but she ignored his sarcasm. "I—I had other plans for tonight, but—but I don't want you to feel that you're not welcome. My boy friend here in town hasn't been very broad-minded about your visit. I thought you should understand about Fred."

"Fred will be a little more broad-minded about soldiers after a week in camp," he said. "When does he go?"

"He—he's been deferred. He is an assistant to his father and their plant does defense work."

"That's convenient, having a father with defense contracts." He knew he wouldn't care for Fred.

They reached the business district, which formed a square block around the courthouse. She would stop in a moment. He would get out, pick up his bag, and march off down the street, not explaining or looking back. She really had it coming to her.

She did stop, swinging in to the curb all of a sudden, and Johnny Parker knew he was in hot water.

"There's daddy now," the girl said. "He must have started walking from the office."

THE man who came over to the car was tall and distinguished, one of those old-youngish men, whose closely trimmed mustache was turning gray. He smiled and opened the door.

"George, this is my father."

"Hello, son," the man said, then winked as their hands touched.

Johnny Parker wanted to explain the situation as her father squeezed into the seat beside him. He wanted to say, "Look, mister. There's been a mistake. I was pulling a little gag on your daughter, but I've got to go now." He didn't say anything, because the man winked again and nudged him with his elbow.

They turned down a nice residential street, traveled a few blocks, then swung into a driveway that led up to a fine brick house which stood in the middle of a large green yard.

"Don't kill the motor, Mary," her father said as she stopped at the side of the porch. "We'll run it into the garage."

The girl got out, slammed the door, then ran into the house.

Johnny looked at the girl's father and managed a sickly grin.

"Go on, son; drive it into the garage."

He slid over under the wheel and drove the car into the garage at the back of the house. He turned the motor off and looked at the man again.

"I—I'd better explain—"

"I think I've figured it out already, son. You were probably the only boy in uniform to get off the noon train. I don't imagine Mary was very tactful about hiding her feelings."

"She didn't appear too pleased about meeting some one named George, if that's what you mean, sir. I—I was going to ride to town with her and kid her a little, then explain; but we met you before I had a chance to."

The man removed a telegram from his pocket and smiled. "This came to the office as I was leaving," he said, "and I opened it before I noticed that it was for Mary. George couldn't come. He's broken out with measles. That was how I knew you couldn't be George when I saw you in the car with my daughter. What is your name, son?"

"Johnny Parker, sir."

"Well, how about some lunch, Johnny?"

"I—I've got to get back—"

"Nonsense! My daughter has a lesson in manners coming to her. I need your help, Johnny. Come on."

MARY was not in sight as they entered the house, but her mother, smiling, came forward to greet them. Johnny knew suddenly that he had been wrong about the girl. No child with a mother like that could be entirely spoiled.

"This is Johnny Parker, mother," the man said, then gave her the telegram. "Mary made a slight mistake at the station." He turned to Johnny. "Incidentally, our name is Morgan, son."

Mrs. Morgan read the telegram, then looked at Johnny, her nice eyes dancing with mirth. She shook his hand, then turned to her husband. "Oh, Keith, this is priceless! Can't you see her walking up to this boy and saying, 'Well, come on, now you're here'? I'm glad she did bring you, son, because I have a nice lunch prepared."

They sat down and began talking. He was at ease before he had time to feel like a stranger. Some of the bitterness was fading from his eyes as he joined in their laughter over the joke on Mary. The mother asked suddenly if he had relatives in town, catching him off guard. He started to make up a story explaining his presence, but bogged down in it. He stammered awkwardly, blushed, then told them the truth out of sheer desperation.

"There used to be a girl before I went to the army," he said. "She married a boy from this town. I—I had a three-day leave and thought I wanted to see her again, but I'd changed my mind before I got here. I'm going back to camp on the two-o'clock train."

"I'm sorry, son; that must have been pretty hard for you," said Mrs. Morgan.

"Johnny," Mr. Morgan said, "you don't get many leaves, and you're going to make all of us unhappy if you don't spend those three days with us."

He started to protest, but before he could think up an excuse they both came over to him, each taking an arm and pulling him to his feet.

"Not another word," Mrs. Morgan said. "Suppose we all go up and get ready for lunch now."

The girl came out of her room and met them at the top of the stairway.

"What was all the laughter about down there?" she asked.

Her mother handed her the telegram. "Mary, this is Johnny Parker. Thank you for shanghaiing him at the station. He has a three-day leave. Don't you think he should stay with us?"

Mary looked up from the telegram. "Of course," she replied, laughing nervously. "Why shouldn't he stay?"

He could feel her resentment as he met her eyes. "Somebody has been taking somebody for a ride," she said, trying to pass it off lightly. "I didn't think you could be George. Remember, I said that at the station? George comes from the farm and writes with a lead pencil."

Again he felt an irresistible urge to hurt her. "That probably won't handicap him driving a tank," he said.

Her face turned pale and her lower lip began to tremble.

"You had that one coming to you, Mary," her father said hurriedly. "You really did."

She turned suddenly and, without speaking, ran down the stairs.

Her father smiled, then placed his hand on Johnny Parker's shoulder. "She isn't as heartless as she sounds, son. It—it's just that she's going through something right now. She doesn't understand what being a soldier in wartime means. You'll like her when you really know her. Come on, now; I'll show you your room."

It was a beautiful room overlooking the garden. The bed looked thick and soft. A bouquet of flowers was on the dresser.

"I—I can't really stay, sir," he said. "It was nice of you to ask me, but—but you don't owe me anything."

The man turned about quickly from the window he was opening. His eyes were stern. "Nonsense, Johnny! This family has a great stake in the war you are going to help fight. You should appreciate our sincerity in wanting to do something nice for one of the boys who is sacrificing so much more than we are."

"It—it wasn't my idea to become a hero, sir!"

He could feel the man's eyes boring into him and he felt embarrassed.

"I know the feeling, son," Mr. Morgan said simply. "I was in the last war. A lot of people who don't have to do the dying love to show their patriotism. If you think we belong in that class—"

Johnny felt himself blushing. "I'll stay," he said.

HE could feel the girl's antagonism throughout lunch. Her mother sensed the situation and tried to put him at ease.

"Where do your parents live, son?" she asked.

He was embarrassed. "I don't remember my father and mother," he replied, then added, "I lived with an aunt in Chicago until I was sixteen."

"What did you do before going into the army?"

"I played trombone in a dance band. I was with Jimmy Conway's band."

The girl looked up, a peculiar expression on her face. "Then you—why, you must know Janice Whitman!

She married Jack Whitman and they live here in town. Janice sang with Jimmy Conway's band."

"I know her." His voice sounded harsh and unnatural. "They were married rather suddenly, I understand."

"Yes. Jimmy Conway's band played here at the Pavilion for a week and they were married—"

"Mary, will you get the coffee, please?" her mother interrupted.

The girl rose and went to the kitchen.

"Perhaps you'd like to go down to the courthouse with me this afternoon, Johnny," Mr. Morgan said. "There's an interesting case on now."

"Are you a lawyer, sir?"

He smiled. "In a way; but I happen to be county judge at present."

"Don't go, Johnny," the girl said, smiling as she came in with the coffee. "You'll be bored to death."

He noticed that she had used his first name and that her entire attitude toward him had changed.

"IF I were you," Mrs. Morgan said, "I'd take a nap this afternoon. You'll go dancing at the Pavilion tonight and be out late. You look tired."

"That bed did look pretty good," he said, grinning. "I was on a three-day combat problem just before I left."

The girl looked at her watch. "Heavens!" she cried. "I'm due at the hairdresser's in four minutes." She smiled at Johnny. "Maybe you'd drive me down, Johnny, and bring the car back."

"Sure," he said; "I'd be glad to." She was leading up to something, and he wondered what it could be.

She was smiling as they walked out to the car, and it changed the whole character of her face.

"I—I can't get over your knowing Janice," she said later, as they were driving toward town. "It changes everything."

"I don't get it," said Johnny.

"Jack and Janice are giving a party tonight at their cottage out on Lake Toga. Fred and I were planning to go." She hesitated, searching for words. "I—I might as well tell you the truth. Mother and dad don't approve of the Whitmans and they don't like Fred. Dad asked Fred to stay away from me. We—well, we've been dating secretly. They—they can't understand that I'm not a little girl any more."

"Where do I fit in?" he asked.

"Your knowing Janice simplifies things. I thought you could go with us to the party."

He smiled cynically. "And let your dad and mother think we are at the dance?"

She was embarrassed. "I—I wouldn't hurt them for anything in the world!" she cried, a ring of sincerity in her voice. "It—it's just that I've got to go tonight. If I don't, Fred is through with me. You probably detest me, but—"

"It's none of my business," Johnny Parker said.

She parked in front of the drugstore and tooted the horn. "There's Fred now," she said.

Johnny Parker looked up, and could understand why the girl's parents did not approve of the young man who approached the car. He was tall and broad-shouldered, immaculately dressed, posing as he walked. He swaggered over to the girl's side of the car, stared at her until she dropped her eyes, then thumped her nose lightly with his finger.

"Well, what about tonight?" he asked threateningly. "I'm still waiting for your answer."

"Fred, this is—"

"I'm not interested in the army," he interrupted, forcing her to drop her eyes again. "I'm going out to Jack's cottage early. If you haven't arrived by eight, I'll understand I've been stood up again. It will be the last time, baby." He turned and started to walk away.

"Fred—wait!"

Turning to look back, he said, "I'll wait until eight, Mary," and then walked on.

So it was like that. Johnny Parker looked at the girl. She was gripping the steering wheel until the knuckles on her hand stood out white.

"Now you know, Johnny," she said coldly. "I haven't any pride left."

He felt an overwhelming pity for her. He patted her shoulder. "You'll meet a nice fellow one of these days," he said. "Then you'll know the difference."

She opened the door and got out, then turned and looked at him.

"What about tonight?" she asked. "If you don't want to—"

"Don't worry, Mary," he said. "I'll help you get away with it."

She smiled sweetly, tears in her eyes. "I—I'm sorry I was rude to you when we first met, Johnny. . . . Have a nice nap."

HE sat up in bed suddenly as the knock sounded on the door, wondering for a moment where he was. It came back when he heard Mr. Morgan's voice out in the hall. "Dinner will be ready in half an hour, Johnny."

He got out of bed, stretched, then looked for his uniform. It was not on the chair where he had left it. He went to the door and opened it slightly. His shoes had been polished and were on the hall carpet. His uniform, freshly pressed, hung from the door knob.

He dressed carefully and went downstairs, where all three Morgans were waiting for him.

"Doesn't he look nice?" Mrs. Morgan said.

"You—you shouldn't have pressed my uniform, ma'am," he said.

"But I didn't. Mary pressed it."

He looked at the girl and she dropped her eyes. She was wearing a blue dress which fitted her snugly, bringing out the fine contours of her body. Her hair was radiant and beautiful.

"Thank you, Mary," he said. "But the shoes—"

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"Daddy polished your shoes, Johnny. He brought them down too, when we sent him up to get your uniform."

He wet his lips and turned to her father. "I—I'm not used to having a judge polish my shoes, sir. I—"

"Forget it, Johnny."

"What I was going to say, sir, was that—that the only judge I ever met before sent me to the Reform School when I was sixteen."

The room was deathly silent for a moment; then the father spoke: "All people are allowed mistakes, son, even judges. He'd be ashamed if he could see you now. Shall we eat? I'm hungry!"

Johnny Parker's eyes were still blurring as he sat down.

MARY was nervous and looked at her watch repeatedly. After the coffee had been poured she looked at Johnny and said: "The dance doesn't start until ten. Wouldn't you like to see a show first?"

He met her eyes, smiling peculiarly. "I'd like to see a movie."

They were silent as they drove away from the house. The ugly lie lay between them, and they were both conscious of it and ashamed.

"It was low and cheap, lying to them!" she cried suddenly. "It's the first time I've deliberately lied—really it is, Johnny. Go on, say what you're thinking!"

"It's none of my business," he said coldly.

"Would you like me to get you a date for the party?" she asked.

"Look, Mary. Suppose I drive the car back to town and see a movie, or go out to the dance. I could come out and pick you up around one."

She appeared relieved by his suggestion. "If you are sure you'd rather do that—"

"I would."

"But don't you want to say hello to Janice?"

"Yes, I'd like to see her." His voice was tense and he looked away as he spoke. "I don't want to go in. Couldn't you get her alone and tell her that I'll be out in the car?"

"Yes, I could do that."

They turned onto the highway and drove four or five miles, then swung off on a macadam road that followed the shore line of the lake. She turned in at a private drive and drove slowly toward the large summer home that sat snugly under a pine grove that overlooked the lake.

She parked behind the other cars already there, looking down at her watch. "We made it," she said. "It's only a quarter to eight. I—I'll tell Janice you're here, Johnny."

He could hear boogey-woogey music and loud laughter coming from the house as she hurried toward it.

The screen door opened a few minutes later, and his heart began to beat heavily against his expanding chest. She came slowly across the yard, tiny and dramatic, a slight smile on her lips. She came directly to the car, meeting his eyes challengingly.

"Hello, soldier," she said softly. "Mary told me about the mistake she made at the train. You're a little out of your class, aren't you?"

He tried to speak, but for a moment his throat was too dry to let the words pass. She was pretending that nothing had happened since their last meeting. She leaned in and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"Well, aren't you going to say anything, Johnny?"

"Congratulations, Janice." He was surprised at the calmness of his voice. "Jimmy Conway says he has a lot of dough."

She continued to smile. "I did some thinking after you left, Johnny. We didn't owe each other anything."

"You could have written me a letter," he said. "I didn't know about it until Jimmy told me. It ended some silly dreams—"

Her face became hard and cold. "It takes more than dreams and a lump in your chest to get the things you want out of life. My mother had both, but she ended up in a basement flat with six kids and a husband who liked whisky. Not for me, Johnny! It was a break for both of us that you had to go when you did. Forget it! I have. . . . Are you coming in?"

He couldn't feel anything except that her presence embarrassed him. He remembered the nights he'd lain awake grinding his teeth as he thought of her. He remembered the letters he'd written and never mailed. He was glad she hadn't seen them.

He smiled suddenly. "You were right, Janice. We didn't owe each other anything, and it does take more than a dream and a lump in your chest to get the things you want. It takes something that you could use a lot of. Good-by! I'm going to the dance."

She backed away from the car, still smiling, as he started the motor. He could feel her watching him as he drove away, but he did not look back.

He stopped in town for a while, then inquired his way to the Pavilion. It was a big flat building a mile out from town. He could hear the drums and trumpets leading away as he parked in front of it.

There was a crowd inside, with a lot of jitterbug kids cutting rugs around the older couples. Even some fathers and mothers were present. It wasn't hard to understand why the girl's parents did not object to her coming here. He asked the first unescorted girl he saw for a dance. She chewed her gum a little faster and that dazed look came into her eyes as she took his arm. The band was swinging Tiger Rag.

He couldn't understand it, but he began having fun. He danced every dance, including the circle two-step. He didn't know any one in the band, but he stopped and kidded with them. A couple of local boys were home in uniform, and he traded histories with them over a coke during intermission at eleven thirty.

THE orchestra was going back into the shell when his name came over the loud-speaking system: "Mr. Johnny Parker. . . . Johnny Parker. . . . Will Mr. Parker come to the ticket office? Mr. Parker is wanted on the telephone."

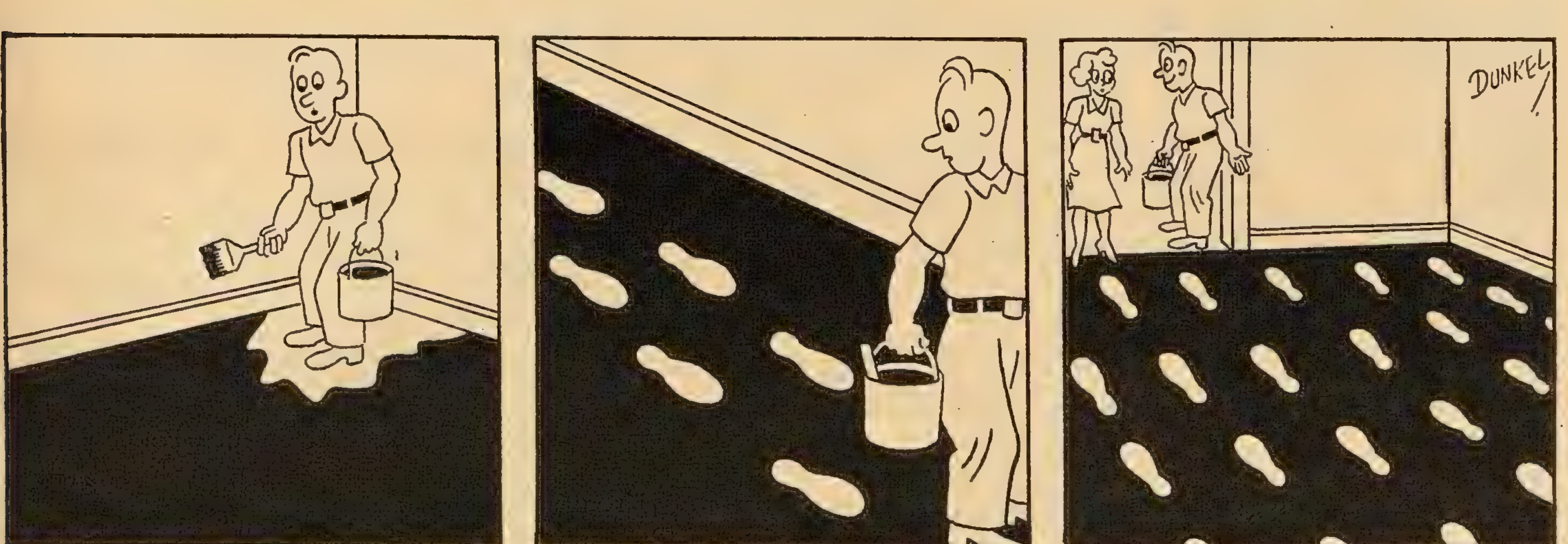
He felt himself tensing and his imagination began working as he started toward the door. Maybe it was the girl's father or mother. Maybe some one was sick and they wanted her home at once. What could he say?

He went inside the ticket office to the phone.

"This is Janice, Johnny. . . . Thank goodness I found you. You—you've got to come out right away. We're in an awful jam!"

"What is it?" he asked.

"I can't tell you over the phone—



but hurry. Mary Morgan has had a little accident."

He dropped the phone and ran out to the car. Anticipation of something calamitous and dreadful was with him as he swung onto the highway and pushed the gas toward the floor board.

JANICE was waiting for him at the edge of the garden. Her face was pale and frightened as she stood there in the path of his headlights. She ran forward to the car.

"Oh, Johnny, something dreadful has happened and you've got to help us."

"What is it?" he asked, his voice tight and sharp.

"That Morgan kid!" she cried. "I don't know why Fred Ellis had to ask her out here. What's her old man going to think?"

"What happened?"

"We didn't know she'd never taken a drink before. She asked for plain ginger ale, but that bum-kick Ellis spiked it with gin. He came out here early and had been hitting the bottle all evening."

"Is—is she drunk?"

"If that was all, we'd be lucky. She began to get cute after a couple of drinks, and Ellis kept making them stronger. We were out in the back garden. . . . Ellis began quarreling with her, and she said something and he went completely nuts and slapped her. She was unsteady on her feet, and fell down the bluff—"

"Is—is she hurt bad?"

"No; but she's half drunk and hysterical. Oh, Johnny, you've got to get her home without her old man finding it out. He's county judge and he doesn't like Jack. I don't know what he'd do."

He got out of the car and removed his blouse, laying it over the back of the seat. His hands were clenched into fists. He started slowly toward the house. He was remembering how Fred Ellis had looked at Mary that afternoon. He was remembering the girl's humiliation and helplessness.

"What are you going to do, Johnny?" Janice asked, running along behind him.

He did not reply, but opened the screen door and stepped into the house. Half a dozen couples, white and bleary-eyed, were sitting around the room. Fred Ellis rose from a chair and came forward slowly, a sickly grin on his face.

"We've had a little accident, soldier," he said. "We were drinking a little, and Mary fell down the bluff. You're a stranger here in town, and —and you look like a guy that could use a couple hundred bucks. It won't matter much to you what her old man thinks of you, and you could—"

Johnny Parker hit him. He didn't say anything or give any warning. His fist came up hard and straight, smashing the smile on Fred Ellis' lips. Ellis went to the floor and lay there, blood running from his nose in two little streams around the folds of his puffing mouth.

"Where is she?" Johnny Parker asked, his chin thrust out threateningly.

"In the bedroom to the right," Janice said, pointing toward the hallway that opened off the room.

He walked past the others and down the hall. He could hear her sobbing as he opened the door and stepped inside, turning on the light.

She turned over, her eyes red and wild with fear, until she recognized him. She took his hand, clinging to it desperately.

"What am I going to do? Oh, what am I going to do?" she cried over and over hysterically.

Her dress was dirty and torn. There were bruises on her face and arms and her stockings were lined with snags and runners.

"Come on, Mary. We're going."

"I—I'd rather die than go home to my mother like this!" she cried, and hiccuped. "What can I tell them?"

He pulled her to her feet, but she was too wobbly to stand. He bent down and picked her up in his arms, then stepped into the hall with her and went back to the others. Fred Ellis was sitting up, his mouth puffed completely out of shape. He was moaning, but did not try to get up.

"I don't think any of you should ever mention that Mary was here tonight," Johnny Parker said. "Not if you know what's good for you."

He carried her out to the car, put her gently into the front seat, then got under the wheel and drove away.

IT was two thirty in the morning, and he'd been walking her up and down the road for the past two hours. The moon was bright enough to read by, and there was a cool, crisp wind. He could feel her shuddering, but it was from the cold now as much as from her thoughts.

"You're all right now, Mary," he said. "I think we should go home."

She stopped, the muscles in her face working spasmodically. "I'll never be all right again as long as I live. I feel cheap and soiled and—and shabby. . . . I thought I loved him. He's vile and base and cruel—and he's always been like that; but I trusted him ahead of my own father and mother."

"Nothing really bad happened to you tonight," he said.

"I've let them down. I've destroyed every bit of faith they could have in me. I lied to them. I—I've never felt so alone before in my whole life!"

"You don't know how lucky you really are," he said, his voice bitter and harsh. "You've got something I couldn't have if I lived forever. I grew up in the slums of Chicago, where you start fighting and hating as soon as you learn to walk. You suspect the worst of every person you meet, and you try to get him before he gets you. . . . Look at you! You've known only honest, decent people until you met Ellis. That was why he could shove you around. You had to learn about life sometime, kid, and you can be glad you aren't really hurt."

"I'm weak," she said. "I knew there

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was liquor in that glass, in all of them. I wanted to show them I could be a good sport. . . . What am I going to say to mother when we get home?"

He looked at her and smiled. "Look, Mary. I think your dad and mother are swell. I didn't know there were people like them living. They invited me into their home and made me feel they were glad to have me—that I was doing them a favor by letting them show me some kindness. What happened tonight was bad only if they find out. I don't think they have it coming to them."

"But—"

"They never saw me before today and they'll probably never see me again after I leave, so it doesn't really matter what they think of me. Look, Mary. I'm going to wreck your dad's car a little. You stay here."

SHE stared at him, a perplexed look on her face. He walked around the car and across the shallow ditch to a telephone pole, then came back feeling for holes. He got into the car, backed up a short distance, then shot forward, crashing against the pole. He started the motor again and backed out upon the road, then got out to inspect the damage.

The pole had caught the right corner of the bumper, tearing through to the fender. The grill and hood were twisted out of shape and the right headlight was gone. The left light was still burning.

The girl came running up, on the verge of hysterics again. "What have you done! Why did you do it?"

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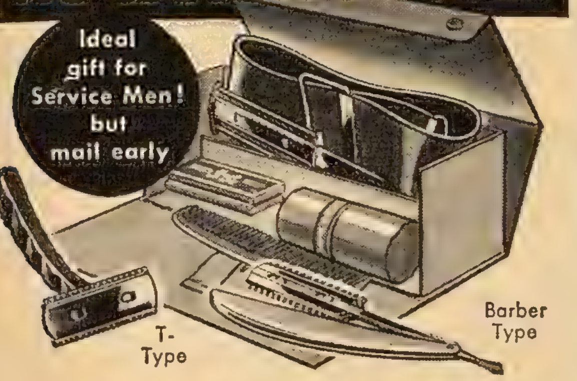

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"It's not wrecked nearly as bad as it looks," he said calmly. "Your father's not going to feel half as bad about fixing up his car as he would if he knew how close you really came to getting hurt tonight."

"But I don't understand!"

"Look. We had a little wreck. I was drinking and wouldn't bring you home. You promised to drink a glass of beer if I would leave. That will explain your breath. The door flew open when we had our wreck and you fell out. That explains the torn dress and bruises on your face."

"I—I can't let you do it," she said. "Why should you want to do that for me?"

"I'm doing it for your father and mother," he said. "It's a funny way to say thank you, but that's how I feel about it. Let's go."

He stopped in at a roadhouse which was still open and had one drink of whisky, then came back to the car and drove toward home. He could hear the girl crying softly at his side, but said nothing.

The lights were on in the lower part of the house as they turned into the driveway. It was three o'clock. Johnny Parker felt a nervous squeamishness in the pit of his stomach as he thought of what lay ahead.

THE front door opened and the porch lights went on. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, both in dressing gowns, came out. Johnny stopped the car quickly, skidding the tires, so that they could get a good look at it. The girl got out, a little shaky, then ran forward into her mother's arms. Johnny Parker had seen too many drunks in his time not to know how to put on a realistic act. He staggered slightly as he got out of the car. The girl and her mother went inside; but Mr. Morgan stood there, looked first at the car, then at Johnny.

"Looks like I wrecked your car, don't it?" Johnny said thickly.

"Come inside, please," Mr. Morgan replied, his voice cold as dry ice.

"Oh, Keith, she's been drinking," Mrs. Morgan said, as they entered.

"She only had one little beer," Johnny Parker said, then hiccuped. "How was I to know she wasn't kidding when she said she'd never tasted it before?"

Mr. Morgan went to Mary, who was in her mother's arms on the davenport, and forced her to look up at him.

"What did he do to you, Mary?" he asked. "Has—has he been abusive?"

The girl shook her head back and forth, unable to speak because of her sobbing. Her father turned suddenly and came to Johnny Parker. His face was white and haggard, his eyes blazing with rage.

"You—you contemptible piece of human garbage!" he said softly. "We accepted you into our home as one of us, and look at how you repay us. Look, I say. Then get your things and go before I hurt you!"

"O. K., mister," Johnny Parker said, staggering as he started toward the stairs. He made a lot of noise as he went to his room.

He threw his things hurriedly into the bag, snapped it shut, then took one last look at the room. He wanted to remember it.

He could hear the girl sobbing hysterically as he came down. Her father and mother were talking to her, trying to calm her. He wanted to stop and say something. He stood in front of the door for a moment, then shrugged and stepped out into the night. He wondered if the girl would remember him a year from now. A feeling of warmth came over him when he thought that she would.

He walked rapidly toward town, wondering why he should feel so shaken and alone. He went to the hotel and took a room, but could not sleep after he was in bed. He felt exhilarated and tense. He had just begun to doze when the knock sounded on his door. He sat up in bed and turned on the light.

"Come in," he said.

Judge Morgan entered the room and came slowly to the bed, holding out his hand. "Put your things on, son. We're going home," he said.

"But—but I—"

"Mary told us everything. I—I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. It was gallant and heroic, what you tried to do for our family tonight. You gave our daughter something she will cherish for the rest of her life. You showed her the difference between a man and a cur. I—I'll wait down in the car for you."

Johnny dressed hurriedly, then went downstairs and out to the car. They drove silently toward the house. Mr. Morgan put his arm around Johnny's shoulder as they were walking from the garage.

Mrs. Morgan was waiting at the door. "Thank you, son," she said. "Your mother would be proud if she knew about tonight. . . . Go on upstairs now. Mary wants to see you before she goes to sleep."

MARY was sitting up in bed as he entered her room. The bed light cast a halo over her hair and shoulders and the fear was gone from her eyes. She held out her hand, smiling shyly.

"Johnny, remember what you said this afternoon?"

"What?"

"You said that some day I would meet a nice boy and then I would know the difference. I met him tonight and I do know. I—I think you're splendid."

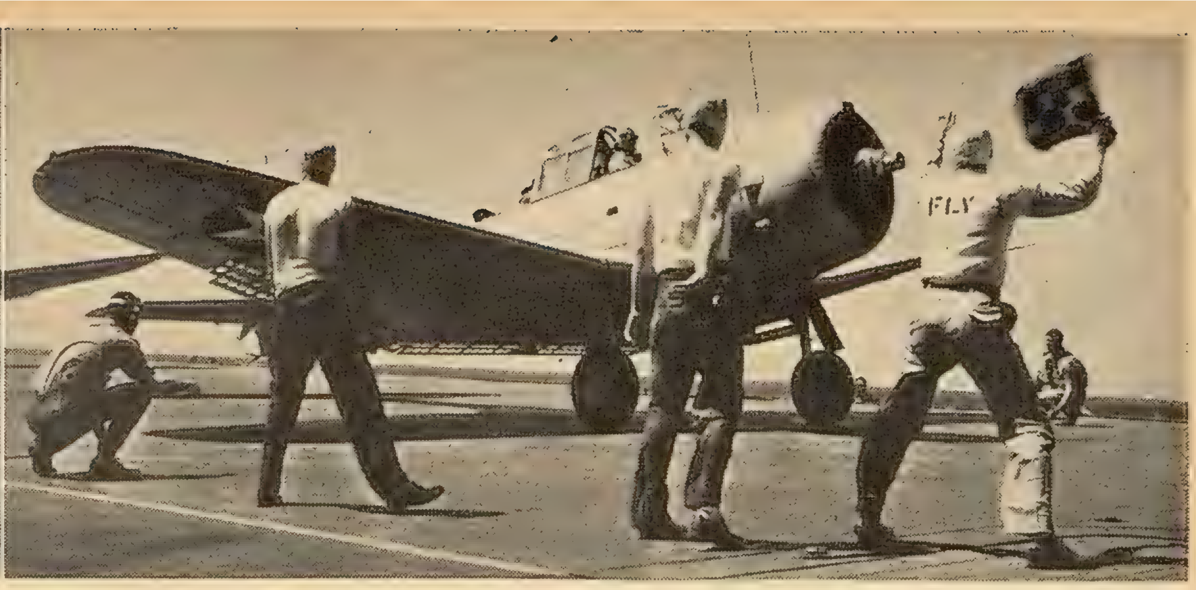
She took his hand and pulled him down to her, then threw her arms about his neck suddenly and kissed him on the mouth.

He blushed and tried to hide the tears in his eyes. He squeezed her hand, then backed out of the room. "Good night, Mary," he said gently, closing the door.

It occurred to him suddenly that a person no longer afraid of the future could be bigger than his past.

THE END

# THIS MAN'S WAR



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## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

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BACK in May 2 Liberty I printed a letter from Corporal A. E. A. telling of conditions in Greenland. Some two months later a copy found its way to New Caledonia in the Southwest Pacific, and into the hands of Private Charles S. Marston, who promptly wrote a lengthy reply which has just reached the Liberty offices. Here are excerpts proving that although East is East and West is West sometimes the twain *do* meet—on this page in Liberty:

"We came here months ago via Australia. Most of us live in grass or mud huts which were left uninhabited when the Japs were interned by the Free French. These huts keep out the rain and some of the heat, so, as far as living conditions go, we aren't too badly off. The worst thing is having to move our bunks three or four times every night to keep under the protecting wing of the hut, which literally walks away from us.

"So you have gales in Greenland. I'm not underestimating your blows, but the things we have down here, and quite frequently too, aren't run-of-the-mill squalls. The natives call them tornadoes or cyclones, but we manage to outlive them by outwitting them. There's plenty of rain and mud, but when we're working in the sun it's 110° in the shade.

"We have captured cockroaches six inches long—and, buddy, that's no bull. What few dogs we have here have a tough time keeping out of the clutches of the rats.

"You've got us beat in Greenland as far as isolation goes, natives being very prevalent here. But what's in that, when we can't talk French and they can't talk English and we're not very adept in sign language?

"Friend, your recreation facilities have got us beat. We have cards and dice, and dice and cards, and a radio which works two hours a day, with luck; then it babbles French unless the gods smile on us and we get a minuet.

"It takes from thirty-six days to three months for mail to reach us, and it takes guts and plenty of them to deliver it down under—just ask a reliable source about the losses of ships in the Coral Sea area.

"By this time perhaps you have caught the idea that you up there in Greenland are not as badly off as you thought you were. Remember, there are always some poor devils a little worse off than you are. We realize that, and we grin and bear it. Chum, if anything you or I can do will put a crimp in Mister Hitler and his pack of wolves, let's do it and smile. You know we'll have the last laugh, anyway."

* * *

As a former "fingerprint technician" before volunteering for the Army, I'd like to suggest that the "dog tags" of all Army personnel bear their thumbprints in addition to names, serial numbers, etc. I understand that the Navy uses this system successfully. My point is that a fingerprint is the one positive identification, since, as you know, there are no two alike.

*Pfc. R. E. M., Fort Bragg, N. C.*

**Seems like a good idea in theory if it can be put into practical execution. Of course all men are fingerprinted when they go into the Army, and the prints are permanently filed. Perhaps that serves the purpose. Any one any views on the question?**

* * *

Although they are not essential, fourragères certainly add that certain something to a soldier's uniform, and we are authorized to wear them. Now can you tell me whether the scarlet or green and red fourragère is correct for this outfit?

*Pvt. G. W.,*
*198th Coast Artillery (A. A.)*

**The scarlet fourragère indicates the Legion of Honor, red and green the Croix de Guerre. An individual or unit must be authorized by the War Department to wear a fourragère as decoration, and I can locate no record that the 198th C. A. (A. A.) was ever awarded it as a unit. What's your authority?**

* * *

I'm pretty sure there is a reason why the flag is folded to form a triangle. Will you tell me (and a lot of other curious people) what it is?

*Pvt. A. C., Drane Field, Fla.*

**Regulations say only that before being completely detached from the halyards the flag should be folded into the shape of a cocked hat. No reason why is given, but it's logical to assume that it's because the triangular folding brings the blue field outermost with the grommets on top and ready to attach to the halyards at the first note of reveille in the morning.**

* * *

**In all justice to the good old State of Maine, there's more to the sad story of the soldier who was fined for fishing without a license than was told by a letter in August 22 Liberty. According to official sources, it seems that he was in civilian clothes, had no identification of any kind, and was quite insulting to the warden. The judge found the man guilty but suspended the fine and charged only costs, no part of which went to the warden. Obviously the sergeant broke both federal and state laws and, all in all, got off lightly. Maine justice has my apologies.**

### ADDENDA

Through the courtesy of the Adjutant General's Department I am able to amplify a recent item on this page concerning the pay of captured soldiers.

"Under Public Law 490, 77th Congress, any person who is in active service and who is officially reported as missing, missing in action, interned in a neutral country or captured by an enemy is entitled to receive or to have credited to his account the same pay and allowances to which he was entitled at the beginning of his absence or may become entitled to thereafter, provided that such person is not officially reported as having been absent from his post of duty without authority. In the case of a missing person who had previously made an allotment of pay for support of dependents or for the payment of insurance premiums, such previously authorized allotment may be continued for a period of twelve months, and if it is established that the missing person was captured by an enemy and is alive, the allotment may be continued indefinitely. In the absence of a previously executed allotment or where the allotment made is not sufficient for reasonable support of a dependent or for the payment of insurance premiums, the War Department is authorized to direct an allotment from the pay of the missing or captured person, not to exceed his base pay plus longevity. Generally these allotments may be continued or made to a wife, unmarried child under 21 years of age, dependent mother or to such other person as may have been designated in official War Department records and who is dependent upon the person in service.

"If no allotment was made by the person in service, the dependent should file an application if an allotment is necessary for her support. Information and application forms may be obtained from any local chapter of the American Red Cross where assistance will be rendered the dependent in the proper preparation and submission of the application to the War Department, Allowance and Allotment Branch, Building 'Y', 20th and B Streets, N. E., Washington, D. C."

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

# Vox Pop

*"Voice of the People"*

## WE'LL THINK UP AN ALIBI SOON

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Widow's Might (August 22 Liberty) is a story about the navy, but you have the mother in the story working on olive-drab knitting. Naughty, naughty! she should be working on navy blue. Olive drab is for the army.—*Mrs. H. E. Marquette.*

## TAKE A COLD SHOWER, BROTHER—IT HELPS

BENTONVILLE, ARK.—Irving Wallace's The Loves of Lana Turner (September 5 Liberty) was definitely O. K. In Lana Turner you really have an angel. She is the kind of woman that makes a man want to shoot his wife and raise a whole brand-new family. She is a blood transfusion in a petticoat. She is the only brand of American sugar that the War Board can't ration. Now there's a gal that has got honey in her soul. Why was I born a man and not a honeybee? Before I saw Miss Turner's last picture I was so weak I could hardly pick up a pin, but after seeing her I picked up three schoolteachers and two old maids. Lana is rich in natural resources.

I've seen every picture Lana Turner has made since she came to Hollywood, and if I go stone-blind this very minute I've seen enough angel in her to last me until I get to heaven and get my eyesight restored.

She has busted up by home, caused me to get dog-drunk last Christmas, increased my alimony payments, and boiled the water on my knee so dry that there is nothing left but a mirage. Lana Turner is in my soup, my shaving lather, my blood stream.—*J. Rivers Duncan.*

## LIBERTY'S LONELY HEARTS DEPARTMENT

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Say, listen! All the boys write in and ask for the names, addresses, and phone numbers of your cover girls. How about giving me all the data concerning that good-looking soldier on Liberty's September 5 cover? I think he's just about as nice as they come. Is he really a soldier or is he a model? If he's a soldier, I'd sure like to keep up his morale.—*Marion Miller.*

Too bad, Marion. It's a military secret. However, the Vox Pop Editor's morale needs boosting from time to time.—VOX POP EDITOR.

## A WORD FROM OUR AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT

KISUMU, KENYA COLONY, B. E. A.—I am a Canuck buried out in the Kenya bush, and your magazine is my one solid mental contact with America—and by that I mean Canada as well.

In my own blundering way I have been trying to get the American point of view over to the average Englishman out here; sort of one-man embassy for better understanding. American censure of England's tough breaks have handicapped me considerably in my arguments.

That is, until I read the editorial in April 18 Liberty, which I got about two months later. The forthright, conscience-pricking common sense contained in Let's Stop Passing the Buck was the finest thing you could print, as far as consumption here is concerned.—*Robert S. Chapman.*

## LARRY DOESN'T LIVE THERE ANY MORE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In a recent issue of Liberty an article entitled Americans We Can Do Without mentioned the name of Lawrence Dennis and quoted a letter which said in part:

"Mr. Dennis is economic adviser of the gigantic firm of E. A. Pierce & Co., 40 Wall Street, which is probably the largest brokerage house in the United States. . . ."

Because of this it might be inferred that Mr. Dennis is now associated with our firm, and in order to correct any such impression we wish to advise you that his association with us was severed in August of 1939.—*Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane.*

The letter referred to was written in 1938.—VOX POP EDITOR.

## SAYS HAL HAS RUBBER ARMS

MORRIS, ILL.—Have been reading I Told You So! by Harold Ickes, and if I don't miss my guess this gentleman should make a reservation at some hospital for himself. If he doesn't break at least one arm patting himself on the back there will be only one reason why he doesn't. They'll have to be made of New Deal rubber.—*Clarence Erwin.*

## YOU CERTAINLY GET AROUND

HINESVILLE, GA.—
I live in Georgia in July,
Alaska in December.
Mine not to reason why.
I'm an army wife—remember?
—*Glenn R. Tupper.*

## GOOD—GLAD YOU TOLD US ABOUT IT

BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO—An odd coincidence happened to us yesterday when we brought in Liberty and noticed the front cover having a soldier boy writing a letter home of his new rating in the army. In the same mail came a letter from our son in the Army Air Corps at Las Vegas, Nevada, telling us he was made corporal. I wonder if any other mother had that experience.—*Mrs. M. J. Whitlatch.*

## MY, WALTER—AREN'T YOU THE RASCAL!

San Francisco, Calif.—Having read Liberty for several years, I always wondered why you never had a cover girl. And after looking at Elaine I sure would like to bring home the *bacon.—Pvt. Walter Marshall, Fort Mason.*

## HOPE YOU READ THE WHOLE SERIES

St. Louis, Mo.—May I not suggest to every minister, Sunday-school teacher, college professor, and schoolteacher to read Pierre van Paassen's beautiful story about our splendid President to congregation and class? (August 29 Liberty.) The Roosevelt as I See Him series in Liberty is glorious reading in these troublesome, almost barbarous times. Pierre van Paassen's article should be missed by none—young or old.—*Dorothy Lanigan.*

New York, N. Y.—Van Paassen's article on Roosevelt was swell. Keep it up.—*E. Smith.*

## THAT THAR COW COUNTRY IS SORE

Great Lakes, Ill.—I believe Brother Lambright (August 8 Vox Pop) is under the intoxicating influence of Florida propaganda. Were he to study something else besides Chamber of Commerce pamphlets, he would learn that every winter more than one major-league club calls the Rio Grande Valley of Texas home—where grapefruit is as plentiful as in Florida.—*Private John Cross, U. S. M. C.*

**We don't know offhand what major-league ball clubs train in the Lone Star State, but we *can* testify that Texas "pinks" are more than O. K. on the breakfast table.—Vox Pop Editor.**

## MR. J. B. MUST BE QUITE A CHARACTER

Seattle, Wash.—I don't know who is responsible for the rationing that limits a man to one wife (September 5 Vox Pop), but I sure would feel sorry for women if they had to put up with more than one husband!—*Mrs. J. G. B.*

Menlo Park, Calif.—Robert Vorn wants to know who is responsible for rationing one wife to each man.

What I want to know is, who is responsible for limiting a woman to one husband?—*D. V. S.*

Fitchburg, Mass.—Who does Robert Vorn think he is—Bluebeard?—*Marie Lena L.*

## THE MORE THE MERRIER

Sioux City, Ia.—Maybe I'll write something *good* some day and send it in. How's that?—*Marilynne Willey.*

## THIS SEEMS TO BE AUTHORITATIVE

San Antonio, Tex.—As there seems to be some doubt as to the location of Camp Blanding, I can say positively that it is in Florida, between thirty and forty miles south of Jacksonville.

I visited the camp while it was under construction—an immense city of tents and buildings, with lakes along one side and the highway on the other.

I also visited it later, when soldiers were coming in by the thousands from different states, especially from the North.—*Jane V. Nesbit.*

## WHAT! NO DODGERS?

St. Louis, Mo.—Hello, Vox Poppers. When you read this letter the Cardinals will be pushing those Yanks right out of the Bronx in the World Series.—*Redbird.*

INHALING
needn't worry
*YOUR* throat!

THERE'S a lot of *difference* in cigarettes!

And here's how the five most popular brands stack up—as *compared by eminent doctors:**

**The *other* four brands averaged *more than three times* as *irritant* as PHILIP MORRIS.**

**And this irritation—from the other four—*lasted more than five times as long!***

Sure, you inhale. *All smokers do.* So—*be sure* about *your* cigarette!

(**Reported in authoritative medical journals.*)

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REAL PROTECTION ADDED TO FINER PLEASURE!

CALL FOR
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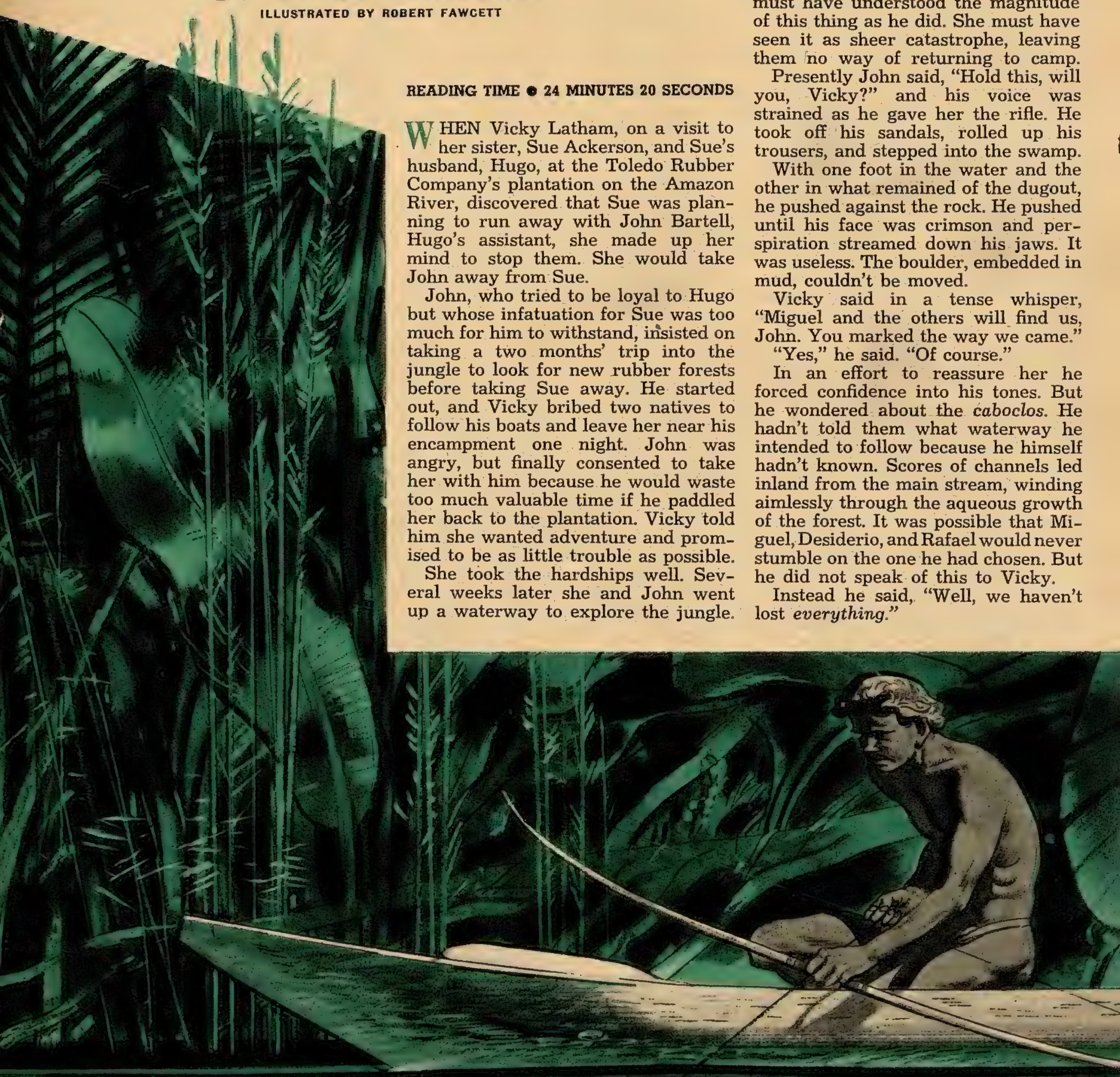
AMERICA'S *Finest* CIGARETTE

# JUNGLE GOLD

**Two face peril in the wilderness—and a strange turmoil begins in a man's heart**

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT



READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN Vicky Latham, on a visit to her sister, Sue Ackerson, and Sue's husband, Hugo, at the Toledo Rubber Company's plantation on the Amazon River, discovered that Sue was planning to run away with John Bartell, Hugo's assistant, she made up her mind to stop them. She would take John away from Sue.

John, who tried to be loyal to Hugo but whose infatuation for Sue was too much for him to withstand, insisted on taking a two months' trip into the jungle to look for new rubber forests before taking Sue away. He started out, and Vicky bribed two natives to follow his boats and leave her near his encampment one night. John was angry, but finally consented to take her with him because he would waste too much valuable time if he paddled her back to the plantation. Vicky told him she wanted adventure and promised to be as little trouble as possible.

She took the hardships well. Several weeks later she and John went up a waterway to explore the jungle. The three natives in the party went up another stream several miles away. While Vicky and John were at the top of a bluff, a sudden landslide smashed their dugout, fifteen feet below.

## PART SIX—VICKY CONFESSES

IF John and Vicky didn't immediately speak, it was because no words seemed adequate to such a moment. John Bartell went down the slippery bank slowly, too dazed to realize what he did. A gray patina lay over the bronze of his face, and there was unbelief in his eyes. From the dugout, destroyed beyond all hope of repair, he looked across the slimy green water of the swamp. He felt, suddenly, something malicious in its stillness; a mockery and a challenge. . . .

The sound of Vicky at his side made him glance at her. She was too stunned to show real terror. Yet she must have understood the magnitude of this thing as he did. She must have seen it as sheer catastrophe, leaving them no way of returning to camp.

Presently John said, "Hold this, will you, Vicky?" and his voice was strained as he gave her the rifle. He took off his sandals, rolled up his trousers, and stepped into the swamp.

With one foot in the water and the other in what remained of the dugout, he pushed against the rock. He pushed until his face was crimson and perspiration streamed down his jaws. It was useless. The boulder, embedded in mud, couldn't be moved.

Vicky said in a tense whisper, "Miguel and the others will find us, John. You marked the way we came."

"Yes," he said. "Of course."

In an effort to reassure her he forced confidence into his tones. But he wondered about the *caboclos*. He hadn't told them what waterway he intended to follow because he himself hadn't known. Scores of channels led inland from the main stream, winding aimlessly through the aqueous growth of the forest. It was possible that Miguel, Desiderio, and Rafael would never stumble on the one he had chosen. But he did not speak of this to Vicky.

Instead he said, "Well, we haven't lost *everything.*"

At overnight camps they had seldom emptied the dugouts, and in the stern of this one were still a few serviceable items. He tossed them to the shore.

A rolled-up mosquito net. A half-gallon aluminum pot with a handle from which it might be hung. Two metal matchboxes. The waterproof sack that held most of the expedition's supply of quinine and other medicines.

"They'd *better* find us," he said. "They have only a few days' rations of drugs."

There was no need to amplify the dangers that faced the *caboclos.* He bent again to take out another box, full of fishhooks; and the machete. Finally there was a carton of cartridges for his rifle. And that was all. No food. No water.

Vicky was colorless as she took some of the salvaged equipment and climbed the bank. Watching her, John suspected she must be fighting a sense of panic; she didn't quite dare to trust her voice.

When he joined her under the trees, he said in a tone he tried to keep matter-of-fact, "Of course we can't expect that they'll start searching for us till tomorrow."

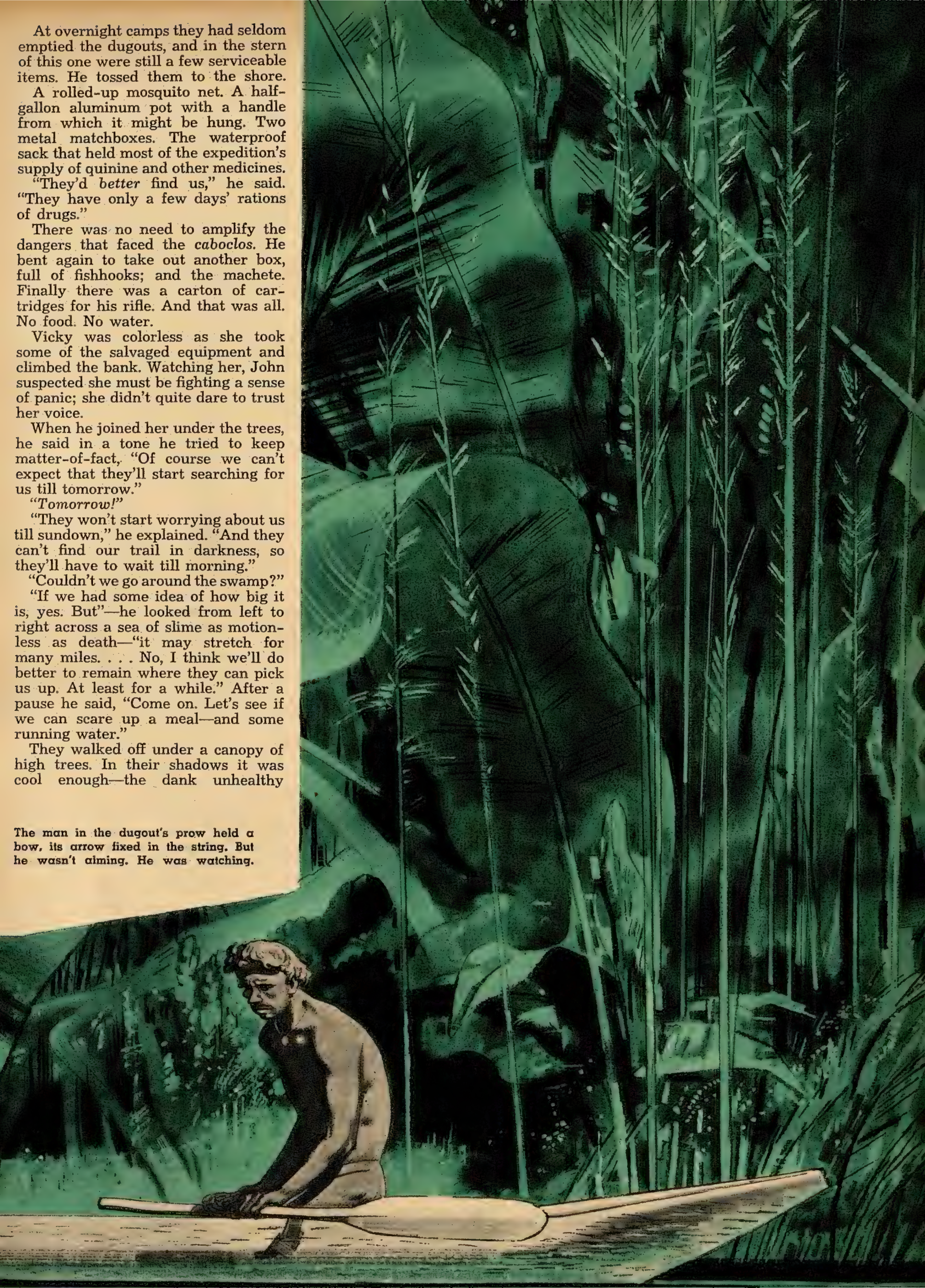
*"Tomorrow!"*

"They won't start worrying about us till sundown," he explained. "And they can't find our trail in darkness, so they'll have to wait till morning."

"Couldn't we go around the swamp?"

"If we had some idea of how big it is, yes. But"—he looked from left to right across a sea of slime as motionless as death—"it may stretch for many miles. . . . No, I think we'll do better to remain where they can pick us up. At least for a while." After a pause he said, "Come on. Let's see if we can scare up a meal—and some running water."

They walked off under a canopy of high trees. In their shadows it was cool enough—the dank unhealthy



**The man in the dugout's prow held a bow, its arrow fixed in the string. But he wasn't aiming. He was watching.**

coolness of a damp cellar, foul with the smell of the swamp. John nicked the trunks so they'd find their way back.

When they had gone a quarter of a mile he saw a crowlike bird dart from one wild cacao tree to another. He lifted the rifle, aimed carefully. The black bird fell with a thud.

"Our meal for today," John said. "Now we can go back."

"What—what about water?"

"We'll get plenty when the rains come." He knew Vicky's throat must be as parched as his own, but it was wiser not to talk about thirst where there was no sign of running water.

Late in the afternoon the rains fell in thunderous sheets. He had no trouble in filling the pot. He had already gathered firewood, and when the storm was over, he built a fire. It took the boiled rain water a long time to cool; in truth, it never became better than tepid. But before dark they had satisfied their thirst and they had eaten the bird; and by the time they had each swallowed a dose of quinine they felt considerably heartened.

"They'll be sure to find us tomorrow," Vicky repeated with confidence.

"You bet."

"Some day—" Seated against a tree, she hugged her knees and even managed a smile. "Some day we'll probably talk about this and laugh—the time we were castaways . . ."

". . . in the land of the evil smell," he finished. "Quite an item to add to your jungle adventure."

She gave him a quick harried glance, as if he had touched a wound that hurt. He didn't see it because he went off to hack a pole from a nearby tree. With this he made a sort of wigwam of the mosquito netting, and they sat in its shelter when darkness brought its swarms of mosquitoes.

Vicky, lying back on an elbow, was silent that evening. It was one of the blackest nights they had yet known, even the fireflies refusing to visit this miasmic spot. While John tossed an occasional stick into the flames, she watched the fire, until at last she settled back to seek whatever comfort the ground could offer.

HE studied her face with the red glow flickering over it, and it gave him a poignant sense of responsibility. Somehow he'd have to get her out of this. . . . He saw her eyes close, saw her fall asleep. A few strands of chestnut hair wandered across her cheek. With fingertips that scarcely touched her he brushed them back.

Listening to her rhythmic breaths, John gazed uneasily at her smooth young face. Soon, he mused, he would have to lie down, too. He'd have to stretch out beside her, only inches from her, in this small net tent. When he looked at the easy rise and fall of her breast, at the way her hand held his, he could feel his nerves tighten, and an insistent thumping came into his temples. Turning away, he put off going to sleep.

His mind groped back across a thousand miles of jungle to her sister Sue. But tonight Sue seemed vague and out of focus, not altogether real. Only this darkness was real, and the girl sleeping beside him.

Though he lay down at last with infinite caution, the movement disturbed Vicky. She opened her eyes. When she saw him she smiled, accepting his presence as the most natural thing in life.

"Good night, John," she murmured.

"Good night," he said huskily.

She lay still a moment, perhaps struck by his tone. She studied his lean brown face. And then she whispered, "I've been having lovely dreams about Sue. . . ."

It occurred to him with a shock that she was deliberately lifting Sue as a barrier between them. The realization made him raise his head to stare at Vicky. But her eyes were already closed and her smile was a thing of utter innocence.

THE next day brought no sign of the *caboclos*. Nor did three days and nights of waiting. In the end the strain of uncertainty had to snap.

"John, let's get away from here!" For the first time there was panic in Vicky's voice. "We can't just—just waste away here day after day! Let's *try* to walk around the swamp!"

John Bartell, staring across the morass, rubbed a hand through the brown beard that was sprouting over his jaws.

"All right," he said. "We'll go."

He rolled their sparse collection of equipment into the mosquito netting, and this he slung over his back. On the shore he left only the fishhook box—emptied of hooks but filled with quinine. "In case they do trail us here," he said.

Then they set off.

And within a few hours they were hopelessly lost. An impassable tangle of jungle forced them to abandon the banks of the swamp. They turned inland. And by the time the afternoon rains roared on the foliage overhead, John no longer had any clear idea of where the morass might be. He saw a tiny clearance among trees—and that was of more immediate importance. It was there he caught their daily supply of rain.

"We've got to find running water," he said at twilight over the fire at which they roasted a macaw.

Though she was nervous, Vicky tried to be reassuring: "As long as we can count on the rains—"

"I don't want it to drink. I want it as a guide. Running water leads to rivers, and every river leads to the Amazon."

So in the morning they went on to seek a stream.

When he remembered why he was here—because of a dream of finding rubber—John knew a mordant sense of frustration. He couldn't help recalling the words of the fever-racked explorer who had come to the plantation: "The jungle must be very jealous of its wealth, senhor, since it kills those who seek it." . . . Well, this was no time to worry about rubber. They first had to find ways of staying alive.

In those first maddening days it was conceivable that he and Vicky often walked in circles. Under a ceiling of foliage that hid the sun they could seldom be sure of direction.

And John lost track of time. As days slipped into days, he strode on with growing hopelessness; yet he dared not let Vicky suspect the depths of his discouragement. For her sake he kept repeating with outward confidence, "We'll strike water. We've *got* to. The jungle is full of streams."

She said with a little smile, "I once read somewhere that the Amazon has ten million children. It shouldn't be too hard to find one tiny tot."

He looked down at her in admiration. But suddenly he knew an ache of despair. Vicky was in tatters. Thorns had ripped her clothes to shreds. They hung about her uselessly, revealing more of her body than they covered. Her legs and her arms and even her breast were insect-bitten, lacerated by brambles. Her hair hung in tangled disarray.

Not that his own condition was any better. He, too, was almost naked and covered with sores. His beard had grown thick and shapeless. But he felt he could endure it. It was seeing the bruises on Vicky's body that hurt. . . .

He didn't know how many days or weeks they'd been wandering by the morning he noticed the startling change in the trees around him. It was so striking a transition that he stopped, stared about in amazement.

"WHAT'S the matter?" Vicky asked quickly.

"Rubber," he said in awe. "These trees are rubber." He hesitated. "It's probably just a patch—"

It wasn't a patch. All that day they walked on in the shade of rubber trees—dull gray boles rising out of black loam. Mile after mile of unchanging rubber.

"Vicky." John's voice became husky with tension. "Vicky, this may be it. This *must* be it!"

The next day it was the same. And the third and fourth days. His heart hammered with excitement. Nowhere on the Amazon had he seen anything comparable to this concentration of rubber. He hadn't even dreamed in terms so vast. It seemed to him they must have pushed through fifty or sixty miles of the forest, with no end of it in sight.

"The fields of plenty," he whispered hoarsely. "God knows how many millions of trees. . . . If we can ever get back to civilization, Vicky—why, it would be worth sending a whole army to break a path from the river to this! It's like a—a promise of salvation!"

He looked at Vicky with the eyes of a prophet who has seen a transcendental vision. And then he was jolted back to earth. For Vicky's head was lowered and tears dribbled down her cheeks.

"Vicky!"

"D-don't mind me, John."

"What's wrong?"

"J-just the thought of your finding

everything you wanted when—when it seems so useless, so impossible . . . like heaven taunting you with a glimpse of what you can't have. . . ."

"For heaven's sake, Vicky, don't talk like that!"

Late that evening, when the fire crackled and they sat together under the net, she apologized. "I'm sorry, John. I didn't mean to crack up this afternoon."

His hand patted hers. "I know how you felt. I guess I had the same feeling myself."

"It seemed so—unfair."

"Maybe. But I've found it. I've seen it. That's something, anyhow."

She was in a thoughtful mood, her brows arched. "John," she murmured presently, "please put your arm around me."

He wasn't surprised. She had begged him to hold her like this on many nights, especially when lightning made the trees leap out of the blackness like fantastic monsters. There was comfort in being close to him. He drew her against himself now, his arm snugly embracing the warmth of her body.

With her cheek against his shoulder, she watched the fire. John began to feel the terrible tension he always knew when her firm young figure pressed against his own. Tonight her closeness brought more than strain; it brought an indefinable premonition. She was troubled by something that had kept her unusually silent. He had seen it in her eyes. Sitting there, surrounded by the intense blackness, he waited for her to speak of it. . . .

"John," she whispered at last, "I've got to make a confession. I—I've never told you the truth about why I came on this trip."

"I've sometimes suspected that."

"It wasn't just for—thrills." Vicky's voice dropped low. She frowned at the flames. "I came with the hope of taking you away from Sue. I didn't want you to break up her life with Hugo."

His whole body stiffened. But he kept looking into the fire. There was no need to ask questions; no need for evasions.

"And there's another thing," Vicky said. "At the beginning I used to hate you. At least, I felt I *ought* to hate you. But—I don't, John. That's all passed."

He still didn't speak. His jaws became hard under the shaggy beard, and his nerves were taut. Presently Vicky's hand sought his, clasped it.

"I had to get it off my chest, John. Please don't be angry."

"I'm not angry," he said slowly. "I'm not angry at all."

"It seems so remote now, so unreal—"

Yes, it was distant and vague. Yet he knew, too, that if they ever returned to civilization, to Hugo and Sue and the *fazenda,* this was the part of life that would become unreal—sitting together in an island of firelight, with the vast black sea of the jungle everywhere about them.

Physically they remained as close as ever, his arm tight about her, his shoulder cushioning her cheek. Yet emotionally Vicky's candor had driven a wedge between them. It was as if Sue herself had come to stand here, alert to every word they uttered. John experienced a sense of constraint he hadn't known in all the weeks of wandering with Vicky. He knew he ought not to have any feeling of guilt—he had faced the problem of Sue honestly—and yet he couldn't shake off a new uneasiness that gnawed at him.

Later, when Vicky went to sleep, he looked at her and swallowed. The firelight quivered on the fine length of her legs, revealed by the tatters of what had once been trousers; on the loveliness of her breasts, on the serenity of her smooth young face.

He thought of the agony of lying beside her night after night, yearning to take her into his arms. He remembered the times he had awakened to find her head on his shoulder, her hand limp on his chest. It had been heaven and it had been hell. It had fired him with a kind of fever. And always he had told himself in despair, She's Sue's sister. I love Sue. I can't do it, I can't! . . . .

Vicky must have known how he felt. She couldn't have been insensate to all this. Sometimes, seeing her eyes when she opened them, he had known that she was aware of the turmoil in him. She, too, must have remembered Sue in those moments. Sue, a thousand miles away, had always been there.

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He looked at her now in an anguish of helplessness, and he thought, It's insane. I can't love you both. . . .

IN the morning they found the stream.

They came upon it without warning. It ran silently, some eight yards in width, with bushes on its banks to conceal it until they all but stepped into it.

They halted and stared as at a miracle. At the beginning it was a shock that robbed them of breath. They hadn't been prepared. They hadn't heard any splash. But suddenly, when the truth of its presence rushed over them, Vicky seized his arm. He could feel her trembling. She gasped something he was too excited to hear. He stared along the stream—a silver swath through the rubber forest—and he saw it as a great arrow pointing the way to home and safety. . . .

"John, I'm going in!" Vicky's cry was a paean of joy. With complete abandonment of self-consciousness she began stripping off the remnants of her shirt. "Just to feel that water run over me—over these scratches and bites—to feel it wash the weariness out of me—"

John caught her wrist. "No, Vicky."

She stared at him. "Why not? John, I—"

"Because you won't come out alive. The stream's full of piranhas. Watch."

He dipped his own lacerated leg, streaked with dried blood, into the water knee-high. He held it there for just a second, then snatched it out. Vicky gaped at the result. She could see small fish, no larger than bass, come racing from everywhere. Within a few moments they swarmed near the surface, ugly mouths hungry for blood.

"They'll tear you to pieces if you go in with those sores. Blood brings them. . . . Just lie down. I'll fetch you all the water you want."

He filled the aluminum pot a dozen times; and as she lay in soft grass he spilled the cool water over her bruises. He spilled it gently, in a way that bathed and cooled. She rolled over to lie face down, utterly relaxed, and he poured it over her back and legs.

"Oh, John, it's wonderful—"

"And we're through with eating birds for a while," he announced in triumph.

Later he unrolled the netting. Some of the strings at its edges had begun to unravel, and he tore off enough of them to fashion a fishing line. For bait he caught a few bugs. He took a fishhook from the quinine sack, and within a few minutes they had two piranhas thrashing about on the grass.

He was pulling the hook out of a vicious mouth when he heard Vicky catch her breath. She grasped his shoulder.

"Look!" she whispered. *"Look!"*

There was terror in her voice. He jerked up his head. When he followed her stare along the stream, he saw something that jolted him like a blow.

A dugout floated a hundred yards away. Two long-haired brown men sat in it, naked, watching him. The one in the prow held a bow, its arrow fixed in the string. But he wasn't aiming. He was watching.

JOHN BARTELL felt a chill trickle through him as he rose. His muscles seemed stiff. He lifted an arm and called, "Hi!"

The instant he shouted the Indian in the prow put down his bow, seized a paddle, and the dugout plunged downstream to vanish around a bend. John exhaled a long unsteady breath.

"You frightened them off!" said Vicky. "They've probably gone to get others." And she groaned, "If we've come this far only to be shot down by arrows—"

"Steady, Vicky. There's a good chance they'll turn out to be friendly."

"They didn't act it!"

"Oh, yes, they did. That fellow could have got us with his arrows before we looked up—if he'd wanted to kill us."

"What—what do we do?" She sounded utterly confused. There was pallor in her face.

"The important thing is not to let them see you're afraid. We won't stop to eat. We'll go right on. Chances are we'll find an Indian village down the stream."

RUSS PRIESTLEY

"You look like you're going to croak!"

While he talked he gathered the equipment. As soon as it was on his back, he caught Vicky's arm. He was nervous as they went along the banks—desperately nervous—but he couldn't let it infect her.

"Wouldn't it be wiser to wait?" she urged. "To see what *they* do?"

"I'd rather act first. Set them an example by advancing like friends."

"We—we may walk into a shower of arrows."

"If they've decided to shoot, sitting still won't help much, Vicky. I think this way is best."

He carried the loaded rifle under his arm. Vicky had picked up the machete. She held it so tightly that her knuckles were white.

"They had a dugout," John said with a new timbre in his voice. "If we can trade them something for a dugout, we needn't worry about getting out of here. They wouldn't have boats if this stream didn't lead to a river. And it must be the Juruá."

"But—what have we to trade?" she asked.

"A couple of metal matchboxes and fishhooks."

They walked some fifty yards before Vicky stopped. He could feel the strain in her body. He could see it in her face.

"John—" She looked up at him, and though she couldn't go on, he knew she was thinking this might be the end. In a few seconds there might be a flight of arrows. . . .

His arm slowly tightened about her waist. It started as a reassuring gesture, drawing her close against himself. But his own face became a little haggard. Maybe this *was* farewell.

He lowered his head and kissed Vicky.

It was a long, quiet kiss. It seemed a wholly natural kiss. When he dropped his arm at last, they looked at each other and neither spoke. Vicky, flushed, was breathing too quickly.

He said in a low voice, "You—you've been perfect, Vicky."

"You've been pretty grand yourself, John."

He smiled. On impulse he kissed her again, and this time her arm went about his shoulders, held him tight. . . .

Then he took her elbow and they went on.

THEY didn't have far to go. After walking half a mile they emerged from the shadows of the rubber forest into a waterside clearance ablaze with sunshine. There they halted as if they faced spears—a tall bearded man and a slim girl, both in rags.

Half a dozen Indian dwellings filled the place. The homes were simple canopies of *attelea* palm leaves built across poles. And the inhabitants of the *aldeia,* all of them naked, confronted the strangers in grave silence. They were small people. The children hovered uneasily behind the mothers.

The men, eight of them, held neither bows nor spears. Behind them John saw a few banana trees, gourds growing on the ground, a patch of maize. Brilliant macaws and parakeets perched on the canopies, and a couple of monkeys mingled with the children.

He raised his hand and smiled. A smile, he decided, was the universal language of good will. Watching him, Vicky imitated every gesture. But her nerves quivered.

"I guess they're waiting to see what *we'll* do," John said. "We'd better start."

He unslung the netting pack and opened it on the ground. As he groped among its contents, he studied the Indians' faces. They seemed timid now, even shy, and puzzled. . . . He found the metal matchbox which was almost empty and took out the matches. The box glinted in the sunshine.

Still smiling, he gave it to the oldest of the Indians.

THE man turned it over and over in perplexity. Though the others gathered around him, it was obvious that the box was too strange a thing to win a quick response. They didn't understand its use.

"That didn't help much," John muttered. "We'd better try the fishhooks."

He got the fishing line he had contrived and wandered about until he caught a few bugs for bait. The Indians stared at him in bewilderment. But when he pulled a piranha out of the stream, their bewilderment became amazement. He tossed in the hook and got another. And a third. This was something the aborigines could appreciate—a tiny implement that trapped food.

They began to chatter eagerly. They came to study the hook. With the whole settlement around him, including a parrot on a woman's shoulder, John exhibited his prize willingly enough; showed them how to bait it.

"Bring me a handful, will you, Vicky?" he called. "Be sure to leave enough for us."

When she brought them, her face was flushed with hope but her eyes still held uncertainty.

John distributed hooks to excited hands. Every man received a few. They were as agitated as children. John could see friendship had been established. It was reasserted when the women came running with gifts of bananas.

His eyes darted to the half dozen dugouts drawn up on the banks. But he didn't approach them now.

"We'll spend the night here," he said to Vicky. "In the morning, when we're old friends, I'll talk to them about a boat."

That evening they feasted. The Indians gave them fish caught with the new hooks, and maize, and fruits. The brown women grinned constantly. When darkness came, they held a festive dance for the guests. Watching it in firelight, seeing the naked figures bounce around the flames, John let his thoughts go to more pressing considerations. He bent toward Vicky to whisper:

"We can't be far from the Juruá. If we get a dugout, I'll blaze trees as we go. *One of these days we'll come back for this rubber!*"

As he straightened, she gave him a curious look. "You, John?"

But he was watching the dance again, and he didn't hear her. . . .

IN the morning he went to the dugouts with the men, pointed to one, then pointed to Vicky and himself. He repeated the gesture several times; amplified it by waving downstream. The oldest Indian, the one who appeared to be the cacique, understood readily enough. He grinned without surprise. After a consultation with the other men, he turned to John and vigorously nodded. He pointed to the white visitors, pointed to the dugout, and waved them homeward.

John tried to maintain his gravity when he glanced at Vicky, but it was difficult while his whole being sang with a new hope.

"We've got it!" he said. "With luck, Vicky, we'll be *home* in a few weeks!"

And then he thought of Sue again; of Sue whom he had promised to take to the States as soon as he returned.

---

*What will happen now? Loving Vicky, will John still carry out his bargain with Sue? Next week, civilization brings new problems, more difficult than those they faced in the jungle.*

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 33

1. Mail sent overseas to men in the services. It is micro-photographed, then enlarged to readable size on reaching its destination.

2. The Aluminum Company of America.

3. He was Ambassador to Japan for ten years.

4. Semyon.

5. The Irish Republican Army, an extremist organization.

6. 92,900,000 miles.

7. Yes. Edwin Arlington Robinson in 1922, 1925, and 1928; Robert Frost in 1924, 1931, and 1937.

8. None. Each state has jurisdiction over the holidays to be observed.

9. In 325 A. D. the Council of Christian Churches at Nicea decided that Easter shall be on the first Sunday following the Paschal full moon. One of the main reasons for this decision was that pilgrims needed moonlight to travel to the festival.

10. Off the southeastern tip of New Guinea.

11. A clash at the bridge between Jap and Chinese soldiers on July 7, 1937, touched off the undeclared war between China and Japan.

12. Henry L. Stimson and Frank B. Kellogg.

13. (*a*) The Declaration of Independence; (*b*) the Constitution.

14. Basin Street, Twelfth Street, Broadway, and many others.

15. The WPB found it was too long and advised the cloak-and-suit industry to lop off five inches.

16. One who makes or repairs barrels; American author; catcher for the St. Louis Cardinals.

17. An associate justice, whose salary is $20,000; the Vice-President's, $15,000.

18. 40,000,000.

19. No; she *made* the flags. The designer is generally believed to have been Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

20. Stephen Grover Cleveland, Thomas Woodrow Wilson, and John Calvin Coolidge.

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TWO DROPS

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## FLYING FREIGHT CARS

Continued from Page 8

require. If used as a cargo ship, its makers state that twenty-one C-46s, making three trips a day from India, could replace the 4,650 trucks that used to carry supplies to China over the Burma Road.

The extent to which figures like these might be increased if it were found practical to use in transoceanic flying the locomotive planes hauling trains of gliders is not known. Such procedure, however, is quite within the bounds of possibility. In fact, the Nazis are already operating this system over the Mediterranean.

The regulation transport plane, the only one with a motor in it, acts as the locomotive, hauling from three to six gliders in single file like the cars of a land train. The gliders the Germans use carry two tons of supplies or fifteen men with full military equipment. It may be a long time before similar aerial trains bearing United States insignia cross the oceans, but probably before these words are printed they will be crossing the continent from coast to coast.

That the army is counting on gliders to transport troops not only into enemy countries but into battle is apparent in the training of pilots for this specialized job. Whole regiments of troops are being trained accordingly. Gliders can transport wounded on their return trips, and can be picked up and dropped by planes that need not touch the ground.

Whether the new big troop and cargo planes travel solo or in trains, they have still another immeasurable advantage over ships. Transport ships must be convoyed by both warships and air patrols. Transport planes, requiring no naval protection, release large numbers of combat ships for active duty. And if there had been enough warships free from Atlantic and Pacific convoy duty to protect an army crossing the English Channel, there might well have been a second front in France some time ago.

The aviation industry has long realized what would be expected of it. If the airplane does away with the war's greatest bottleneck, it will be because farsighted and patriotic American airplane builders spent their own time and money to be on the alert when the alarm sounded.

By the same token, the executive staffs and the flying and mechanical personnel of the great commercial air lines are certain to be the principal factor in assuring the successful operation of these aerial life lines. For the army transport job is not primarily a military one. Without question, the men who have had actual experience in commercial flying will form the nucleus of the new transport service, both as flyers and trainers of flyers. In fact, the government may decide to dump the operation of the whole venture onto the broad shoulders of the air-line organizations.

In the case of the ferry and transport service to Africa inaugurated a year ago, Washington very wisely entrusted its installation and operation to Pan American Airways, whose lines already stretched three quarters of the way around the globe. The ferry, under Pan Am management, has been a huge success—and no wonder, for in three years the company's own Atlantic Clippers had carried more than 18,000 passengers and flown more than 3,000,000 miles wholly without incident.

In the Pacific, also, army and navy officials have been using Pan Am planes and crews rather than install supply lines of their own. Even before Pearl Harbor, Clippers operating out of San Francisco to Honolulu, Midway, Wake, Guam, Manila, and Singapore carried some 12,000 ton-miles of vital freight every week, and since Pearl Harbor the big airships have been continually used on long-distance special missions.

There is something exhilarating about all this co-operation between peacetime and wartime organizations enlisted in a common cause. There is a kick to be gotten, too, out of the fact that this huge world-wide communications system will be with us long after the war is ended. It may be the most important single factor in our postwar life.

But the important thing right now is that we are overcoming that bottleneck!

THE END

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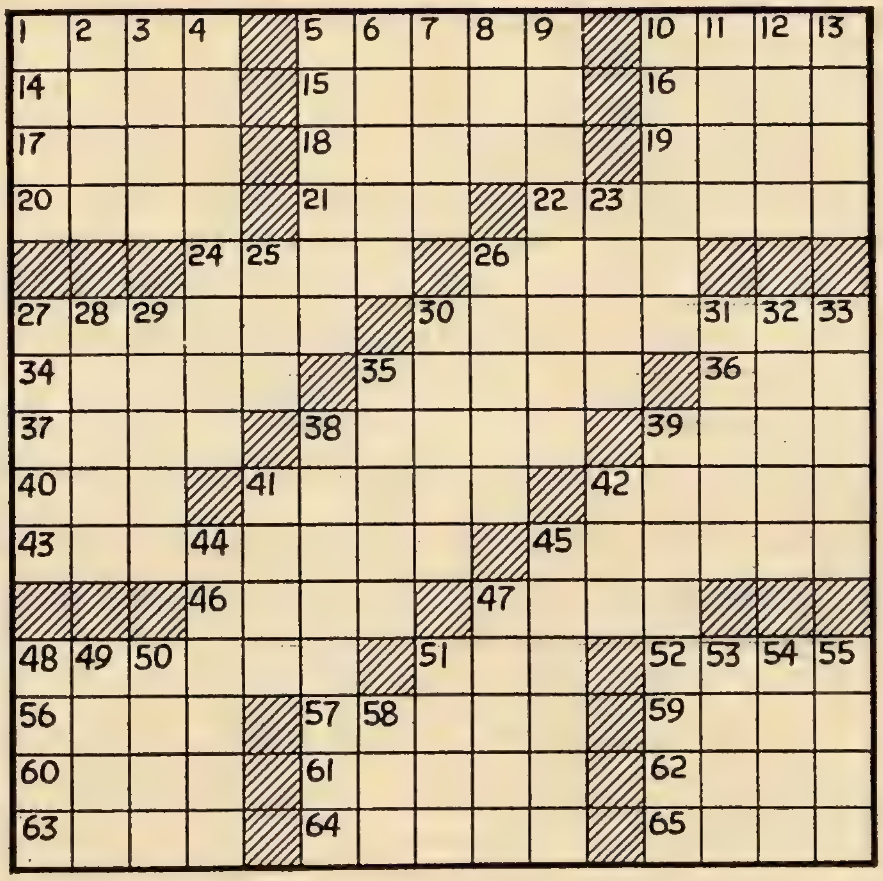
# CROSSWORDS by Lee Pasquin



### HORIZONTAL

1 Mimicked
5 Stinking
10 Confines
14 Linden tree
15 Egg-shaped
16 Wicked
17 Indigo plant
18 More unusual
19 Long, straight rod
20 Withered
21 Commotion
22 Smoothed
24 Kind of plum
26 Egyptian goddess
27 Ferocious
30 Original
34 Angry
35 Animal
36 Reverential fear
37 Clown
38 Bird
39 A European race
40 Snake
41 Elegance of action
42 Steeple
43 Determined
45 Insect
46 Not so much
47 Accouterments
48 Heavenly halo
51 Social gathering
52 Image
56 Spirit
57 Ventured
59 Volume
60 East Indian palm
61 Expunge
62 Level
63 Throw
64 Ranted
65 Dinge

### VERTICAL

1 Exclamation of sorrow
2 Tree
3 Mohammedan prince
4 Turn over to
5 Food for cattle
6 Elude
7 Tropical plant
8 Suffix: party member
9 Contemptuous
10 Remove
11 Connecticut town
12 Unit of measurement
13 Conveyance
23 Hoarfrost
25 Era
26 Greek goddess
27 Chemise
28 Get up
29 Part of shoe (pl.)
30 Tranquillity
31 Having legal force
32 Cognizant of
33 Metal bar
35 Child: used contemptuously (pl.)
38 Zealot
39 Fiery
41 Narrow valley
42 Watering place
44 Bark fiber (pl.)
45 Sowed
47 Domesticated bird (pl.)
48 Coin
49 Medley
50 Strikes smartly
51 Boast
53 Gentle person
54 Portent
55 Religious season
58 Macaw

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| W | A | A | C | ■ | S | P | O | T | W | E | L | D | E | R |
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| R | I | O | M | ■ | H | A | S | T | E | ■ | D | I | R | T |
| P | A | N | A | M | I | N | T | ■ | K | A | Y | P | E | E |
| ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | A | N | T | ■ | J | E | R | K | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| P | R | E | F | I | X | ■ | ■ | A | N | T | I | Q | U | E |
| L | I | V | I | D | ■ | L | E | N | D | ■ | L | U | N | T |
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| W | A | L | L | F | L | O | W | E | R | ■ | S | E | N | S |

**Last week's answer**

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

John Payne, Sonja Henie, Jack Oakie in Iceland.

# PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

## BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

**★★★ ICELAND (for skating, fun, and songs)**

SONJA HENIE skates like sixty again in her new picture. And that should amply satisfy the customers. Her straight make-believe is just where it started. For all her great technical skill on a rink, she is no more than an indifferent actress.

Her studio has wisely accepted the latter fact. Instead of calling on the ice queen for serious or subtle performing, it lets her coast through a pleasantly inconsequential role when she is not engaged in nimble pirouettes, twirls, and fancy convolutions. The acting in Iceland is contributed by John Payne, Jack Oakie, Felix Bressart, and Sterling Holloway. Since they are all expert, the film comes off as an engaging comedy as well as a spectacle.

As a matter of fact there's a bit of everything in the photoplay. From what I've heard, Iceland is not a very gay stamping ground, even since the marines have landed. Hollywood has used dramatic license, however, to have Sammy Kaye and his orchestra playing a series of fetching tunes in the course of the proceedings, while Joan Merrill offers some sultry vocal numbers with the boys.

It is something to note that Sonja has not slipped a notch in the skating pyrotechnics that catapulted her into fame and fortune. Her new routines are graceful and breath-taking. As a skating showman, Miss Henie is still at the top of the heap.

The story of the picture is slight but agreeable. A love-'em-and-leave-'em marine puts on the old home-loving act with a pretty young Icelander, only to find himself really hooked in matrimony. His attempts to wriggle out of the predicament constitute a good springboard for comic antics. With Payne giving a resourceful performance of the baffled leatherneck, the show is generally amusing.

The supporting roles are well cast. The rotund Oakie gives a boisterous performance as the hero's side-kick who tries to help him escape from a love affair until he realizes that it is serious. Bressart and Holloway are splendid as a couple of Iceland residents who are a bit confused by American customs, at least as exemplified by the Marine Corps.

Tricky staging was required to hold ice spectacle, story, and musical interludes together in Iceland. It has had tricky direction from Bruce Humberstone, who knows how to handle one of these Sonja Henie specials. The action is remarkably fluent. The production numbers are handsome without being pretentious. Incidentally, You Can't Say No to a Soldier, There'll Never Be Another You, and the martial Let's Bring New Glory to Old Glory are catchy tunes.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

**★★★ BETWEEN US GIRLS (for new Barrymore acting)**

DIANA BARRYMORE continues to uphold a proud theatrical tradition in her second Hollywood assignment. The daughter of the late John Barrymore is starred in this romantic comedy. And it tests her talents in no uncertain manner. Before the show is over she plays a thirteen-year-old tomboy, a girl of her own age, Queen Victoria, Sadie Thompson, and Joan of Arc. It's a big order for a newly come ingénue.

If she doesn't fill the order all the

(*Continued on page 56*)

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
**THE LION'S ROAR**

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Our Department of Curious Statistics informs us that "Mrs. Miniver" has hung up the Lost Kerchief record.

★ ★ ★ ★

It seems that more handkerchiefs were left in the seats than in the case of any previous duct-draining cinema.

★ ★ ★ ★

A more solid statistic about this M-G-M masterpiece is that from all indications "Mrs. Miniver" will play to more people than any other single film ever released.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver" is more than a movie. It's a message of moment!

★ ★ ★ ★

For a waggish lion we are sounding too terribly in earnest. If you'll promise to go and see "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"—another "Mrs."—and another motion picture that's timely, topical and top-notch, we'll get on to lighter aspects of shadow life!

★ ★ ★ ★

As for instance "Seven Sweethearts" the charmer which brings out so many talented new faces, led by Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Red Skelton's new comic confection called "Whistling in Dixie", the ultimate in gaiety since "Whistling in the Dark".

★ ★ ★ ★

Red's maternal parent might be called The Whistler's Mother.

★ ★ ★ ★

Perhaps the best music since such things began will be Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal". Watch as well Gene Kelly of "Pal Joey" fame.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the most effective looking morsel ever to be shot by a photographer is Hedy Lamarr as Tondelayo in "White Cargo".

We're pretty effective too—*Tonde-Leo*

*(Continued from page 55)*

time, it is no serious criticism of her acting skill. Far more experienced players than she would have stumbled over some of the five contrasting characterizations in Between Us Girls. The point is that the youngster justifies the promise she showed in Eagle Squadron. She has a lot to learn, but she has the sincerity and the fire that one would expect from a member of the Royal Family of stage and screen.

She is more fortunate in her direction than her material in Between Us Girls. The astute Henry Koster, who did so much to mold Deanna Durbin's career, has staged the picture with verve and amusement. Even when the star is a bit baffled by her portrayal, the action is swift and entertaining. Since Robert Cummings gives a restrained performance of the hero, and Andy Devine and Walter Catlett get in some delightful mugging on occasion, the film is well worth your attention.

The plot, as I've suggested, is none too substantial. Like The Major and the Minor, it gets its chief comic twist out of having the heroine pretend that she's a kid. In this instance she does it to facilitate her mother's marriage. The hero naturally makes a fool of himself. Only after he has dunked the masquerading young lady in a lake in revenge does true love run its course. The frame of the plot is pretty shaky. What makes it stand up is the wealth of antic incident to its unfolding.

There is an uproarious scene in a station house, where a police doctor discovers the heroine's secret. There are some exciting chases and not a little outright slapstick. Moreover, the posturing of Miss Barrymore, as Queen Victoria, a fallen woman, or a kid who claims that she has never had a chance to eat ice cream, is generally highly entertaining.

In addition to Cummings, the cast includes Kay Francis in the part of the heroine's mother, John Boles as her suitor, and Ethel Griffies as a sharp-tongued Irish maid. Koster has kept them well in character. By concentrating on amusing details, he has turned out a merry farce for the heir apparent to the Barrymore throne.

(Universal.)

### FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—The Major and the Minor, Wake Island, Bambi, The Pride of the Yankees, Mrs. Miniver.

★★★—Now, Voyager, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing, Somewhere I'll Find You, The War Against Mrs. Hadley, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway.

## THE PEOPLE IN THE STREET

**Continued from Page 11**

were something he needed courage for and so must plunge into at once, "Darling, I want you to release me from my promise. My job is just a made job, for a penniless son-in-law. I thought I could stick it, but— Darling, having a son makes a difference. Please try to understand. I want to go. I have to go."

"You promised. You said that if I'd have a baby—I've kept my part of the bargain." Suddenly Mrs. Vincent was crying. "I can't be left all alone—a baby needs a father. The army doesn't need you. There are millions of others. You promised!"

"I know." From the way he said it, Velzora knew he would keep his promise. "I—I only hoped you'd give me back my promise. Don't cry, darling. We won't talk about it any more."

In a minute Mr. Vincent went by the foot of Velzora's bed. After Mr. Harris had gone, too, and the curtains were pushed back, making it one large room again, Velzora wondered for a confused instant if she hadn't had Mrs. Harris' and Mrs. Vincent's voices mixed up. Mrs. Harris didn't look as though she had been laughing and planning a trip a few minutes before. She lay back on her pillows with her eyes closed. Her face was ghastly. And Mrs. Vincent didn't look as though she'd been crying because her husband wanted to go to war. She was smiling to herself and humming.

Mrs. Harris said suddenly, in a low and bitter voice, "Maryland! I just can't stand any more house parties!"

Mrs. Vincent stopped humming. "That's a quaint attitude. Now if you had a husband who could think of nothing but joining the army—"

"I wish I had. It would at least indicate an adult attitude and a sense of responsibility."

"You don't know what you're talking about." For a minute Mrs. Vincent's pretty features looked pinched and haggard. "All this war, war, war! I just won't think about it. What's the sense of getting upset about something you can't help?" Her face cleared, as though by refusing to consider war she had miraculously abolished it. "Look. Let's make an agreement. Let's not talk about the war, or anything unpleasant. Let's not allow any one else to talk about it either."

That was exactly what Velzora wanted to do, and she was glad Mrs. Vincent had put it into words. She hoped Mrs. Harris would agree.

Mrs. Harris laughed mirthlessly. "Let's crawl into a vacuum and seal ourselves in with wax of sentimentality." Velzora wondered what she meant. It didn't make sense. "All right. It's a swell trick—if you can do it."

They could do it. There was enough to fill the time. There were baths in bed, and back-rubs, and the babies to be brought in and fed and admired and taken away again. Everything could be stretched out a little so that there was no time to think of Hank. There was sleeping to be done, and Mrs. Harris' radio to listen to—never the news broadcasts, though—and in between times Velzora listened to Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Vincent talk.

At first it was interesting, but after a while she began to wish they'd talk about something that would include her. It was then that she noticed that she was watching the clock and listening for the rattle of the little baby wagon. She brought herself up sharply. This would never do. She couldn't afford to start loving the baby. She wouldn't. All it meant, really, she told herself, was that she was lonesome and the baby was company. Being in a room with people who ignored you most of the time was more lonesome than being all alone.

Wednesday evening Mrs. Thompson came to see her. Velzora had just been wondering what ailed Mr. Vincent. Every time he came, he looked worse and worse. He didn't even talk very much any more—just came in and sat on the other side of the curtain and answered in tired monosyllables Mrs. Vincent's plans for what they would do when she got out. She'd have been worried sick if it had been her husband. If Hank had acted like that— But Hank never had. When anything was the matter with Hank, he certainly told the world about it.

For a moment she was sick with longing to hear his voice again. She straightened her legs angrily and thumped her pillow into shape. He'd had his choice, and he'd preferred the army to her. All right, let him have the army, and see if she cared. When she got out of here she'd never think of him again. It was getting tiresome, this lying in bed doing nothing. There was nothing the matter with her now.

She looked up and saw Mrs. Thompson in the doorway.

Mrs. Thompson had a lot to tell her. The girl who was taking Velzora's place was impossible. She'd broken two of the Canton cups, and couldn't cook, and the state of the refrigerator—well! It made Velzora's fingers itch to hear about it.

"I don't need to spend ten days here," she said eagerly. "I feel fine. I'll ask the doctor—"

Mrs. Thompson looked at her thoughtfully. "Velzora, I don't want to interfere with your business. I know you've made up your mind about the baby. But—well, I've two children of my own, and I know— What I'm getting at is this: It will be all right if you change your mind. My friends will understand. We could get the crib down out of the attic and put it in your room. I just thought I'd tell you. Don't answer me now. Think it over."

THE next day was the seventh day, and Velzora was allowed out of bed. Neither Mrs. Harris nor Mrs. Vincent got up, Mrs. Harris because she couldn't—she still looked frightfully ill—and Mrs. Vincent because, Velzora suspected, she didn't want to. But Velzora got up. The nurse said she could sit in a chair for a while and helped her walk, on feet that were full of pins and needles, to the armchair by the window. Then she left her.

Velzora could see the people walking around in the street, and she was impressed with how busy and purposeful they seemed. They were all going somewhere, attending to some business of their own. Not one of them looked up at the hospital windows. They hadn't a thought to spare for the people lying in these rooms. Velzora had a queer feeling, as if, should she open the window and call and wave, none of those people down below would be able to see or hear her. It terrified her for a moment. She felt like a prisoner, shut away from the world, forgotten. But that was foolish. She'd be leaving here in three days. She struggled to her feet and walked slowly across the room, hanging on to the furniture. If she could get her strength back, maybe they would let her go a day early.

THERE was no reason, the doctor told her on his rounds the next morning, why she shouldn't go the ninth day. He'd see that Mrs. Thompson was called to come and get her.

"Why, you really want to get out of here!" Mrs. Harris said. "Why?"

"Well—I guess because it seems so foolish just to stay here doing nothing. I want to get back into things."

"You're lucky to have something to get back into."

That was a funny thing for a woman like Mrs. Harris to say. "Of course I have. Mrs. Thompson—she's the woman I work for—will be wanting to start the spring cleaning, and—"

"Supposing you didn't have anything to do after you got out? Anything that mattered, I mean. Supposing all you had to look forward to was day after day of killing time—"

Velzora couldn't suppose that. "I'd find something," she said with assurance. "There's always plenty to do."

"That's an idea." Mrs. Harris looked at the ceiling. "Now that is indeed an idea."

The day passed somehow and the evening visiting hours came along. Mr. Harris didn't come because, as Velzora had heard him explain the night before, he had to go to the dog races. Mrs. Harris hadn't seemed to mind.

But Mr. Vincent came. Velzora was shocked at his appearance. He hadn't shaved and his eyes were inflamed. His suit was wrinkled and dusty. As he passed by, he caught at the iron foot of her bed to steady himself; and after he disappeared behind the curtain, she heard Mrs. Vincent say with horror and loathing, "Freddie Vincent, you're drunk! How dare you come here—"

"Jush a little drunk," Mr. Vincent said carefully. "Not too drunk. Wonnerful thing, drink. Clears the head. I can she you an' me jush as plain! You know what we are? Two ghosts. History's going on all around us, an' what do we do? Shut our eyes. Jush wander around in intershtellar space with our eyes shut. Don' make any difference. Nobody pays 'tention to ghosts. Ghosts don' help make history!"

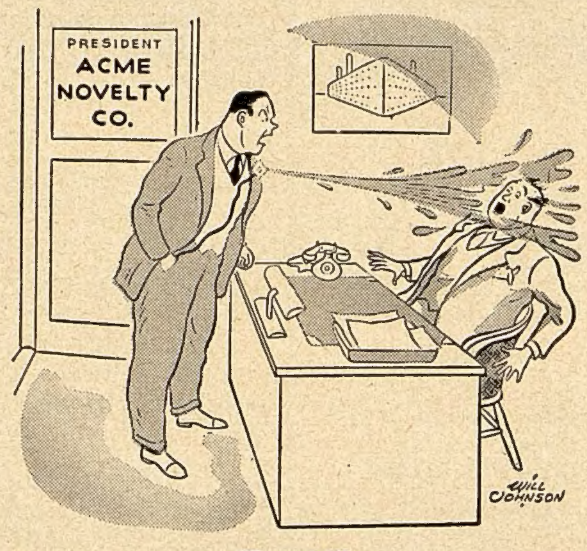
"You're disgusting!"

"Yep." Mr. Vincent was agreeable. "Now if you'd lemme join the army—"

"Now I suppose I've driven you to drink, just because— Oh, get out of here! Get out or I'll ring for some one to throw you out."

"Yes, *ma'am!*" Mr. Vincent was still agreeable. "Good ol' Freddie Vincent. Always jumps when his wife cracks the whip. Lets history go by and miss him, jush because his wife says so—"

He appeared from behind the curtain, and paused, wavering slightly, at the foot of Velzora's bed. "Sorry if I 'shturbed you. Won't happen again. Freddie'll be good boy from now on. But a man jush doesn't like to be missed of history." His words were blurred, but there was nothing blurred about the pain and despair in his eyes. He bowed elaborately and left.



**"I quit!"**

Missed of history. What a queer expression. Velzora wasn't sure she knew what it meant, but whatever it was, it was something a man couldn't bear. Mr. Vincent wasn't the kind who got drunk, that was plain. He must be feeling— It came to her suddenly.

He was feeling exactly as she had felt when she looked down out of the window and saw the people hurrying by; only it was worse for Mr. Vincent, because there was no escape for him as there was for her. What was going by him was more than a few people in a street. It was the whole world, going on into a future in the making of which he would have no part and to the benefits of which he and his child after him would have no right. All the rest of his life he would feel as she had felt looking out of the window—cut off, lost and unimportant.

She pitied him, but the pity was mixed with scorn. He shouldn't have let his wife do that to him. He should have stood up to her, as Hank—

She gasped. As Hank had stood up to her, Velzora, when she had tried to do the same thing to him. If only Hank had explained to her— But Hank wasn't good at explaining. He didn't know any fancy expressions like "missed of history," and even if he had, she wouldn't have understood, then, that he couldn't stand seeing a million other ordinary guys, guys like himself, go marching down history while he stood on the side lines. Probably he didn't know himself that the army didn't need him half as much as he needed the army. He just knew he had to go. He wasn't like Mr. Harris, who didn't care; or Mr. Vincent, who cared, but not enough.

She was glad he wasn't. Perhaps she'd never see him again. Perhaps it was too late, and he'd already been sent to the other side of the world; or perhaps he hated her, as Mr. Vincent would come to hate Mrs. Vincent, for what she had tried to do to him. It didn't make any difference, except to her heart. Now at last she had grown up, and she could thank him because he had refused to let her relinquish her place among the proud women who gave to the future.

The nurse came in with the babies. "Mrs. Thompson will be here at about eleven tomorrow," she told Velzora.

"Will you call her again and ask her to bring some clothes for Henrietta to go home in?" She must have known all the time that she was going to keep the baby, and to name her after Hank, because she wasn't making any decision now; she was just saying what was natural to say.

It was before eleven when they told her next morning, "Your husband's downstairs." At first her heart flopped over, but then she realized that probably Mrs. Thompson was busy, so she'd sent Mr. Thompson.

She said good-by politely to Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Vincent, who had begun to fade a little already. They had already stopped being real, now that she was going and they were staying. Mrs. Vincent murmured something, but Mrs. Harris said, "Thank you," so Velzora added that she hoped she'd have a lovely time in Maryland.

"I'm not going," Mrs. Harris said. "That's what I was thanking you for." The remark didn't make much sense, but Velzora couldn't stop to figure it out now. Mr. Thompson was waiting.

BUT it was Hank who stood in the bare marble lobby when she stepped out of the elevator. It really and truly was Hank. He took a long step forward and folded her in his arms, with the baby between them.

"Gee!" he said. It wasn't much of a speech, but it told Velzora all she wanted to know. "Gee, why didn't you tell me? I wouldn't have gone—"

"Yes, you would have." Velzora was glad it was true. "Hank, who told you? The Thompsons promised—"

"Nobody told me. We got forty-eight hours' leave, so I thought I'd come home and see if you still felt— You see, we're going away. I don't know where, but we've been issued tropical outfits. I just thought there might be a chance you'd— Gee, I thought I'd go nuts when I got out to Thompsons' and you weren't there and they told me. I feel like a heel."

She couldn't have him feeling like that, not even for a moment. "Here, you carry Henrietta," she said briskly, and led the way out of the hospital.

She never thought to glance up at the window behind which Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Vincent lay. There was no time for backward glances, once you joined the people in the street.

THE END

# TELETYPE TIPS

***Advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives***

GOVERNMENT NOW FEELS THAT CLOSE TO TWENTY MILLION ADDITIONAL MEN AND WOMEN WILL BE NEEDED IN THE SERVICES AND WAR INDUSTRIES WITHIN NEXT EIGHTEEN MONTHS. BIG MILITARY OFFENSIVE BY UNITED STATES WILL HIT AXIS HARDEST NEXT SPRING. ALL PLANS NOW GEARED IN THAT DIRECTION. MANY BLOWS WILL FALL ON ENEMY BEFORE CHRISTMAS HOWEVER.

AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT IS PLANNING TO ASK ARMY FOR POSSIBLE LIMITED USE OF SOLDIERS FROM TRAINING CENTERS IN FARM AREAS TO AID IN NEXT YEAR'S HARVESTING. USE OF MEXICAN LABOR TO HELP WESTERN HARVESTING HAS BEEN BAD FLOP.

GOVERNMENT WARNS THAT UNLESS YOU STEP UP FAT CONSERVATION AT HOME YOU WILL BE FACED WITH SOAP SHORTAGE WITHIN A YEAR.

YOUR GROCER, BUTCHER, BAKER, AND LAUNDRYMAN WILL BE ORDERED TO POOL THEIR DELIVERY FACILITIES VERY SOON.

GOVERNMENT NOW PLANS TO STIMULATE INCREASED PRODUCTION IN LAGGING WAR INDUSTRIES BY PERMITTING CERTAIN PRICE RISES. LEON HENDERSON BELIEVED TO HAVE SET THE PATTERN BY PERMITTING SUBSTANTIAL RISE IN WHOLESALE LUMBER PRICE CEILINGS.

MANY OF YOUR DEHYDRATED FOODS, HOUSEHOLD CLEANSERS, AND OTHER SIMILAR PRODUCTS WILL REACH YOUR HOME IN FIBER CANS SHORTLY. PLYWOOD BEER BARRELS ARE ALSO LISTED FOR FALL MANUFACTURE. PLYWOOD AND PLASTIC INDUSTRY MAY BE PERMITTED EXPANSION SHORTLY TO PRODUCE MATERIALS FOR LARGE ORDERS OF ARMY AND NAVY TRAINING PLANES WHICH WILL USE ABOUT 70 PER CENT LESS METAL THAN CURRENT TYPES.

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN WORKING IN WAR INDUSTRY, YOUR WORK CLOTHES WILL BE SUBJECTED TO NEW FABRIC RESTRICTIONS TO CUT OUT FRILLS AND CONSERVE CLOTH SHORTLY. EXTRA POCKETS AND CUFFS ARE OUT ON ALL CLOTHING FOR DURATION.

# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

**HERE ARE SOME OF THE THINGS** which led up to the experiences recorded on pages 16-20 this week, as Mr. Wenzell Brown tells them:

"On August 5, 1940, a friend called me on the phone in New York and asked me if I'd like to go to China. 'Of course I would,' I answered. 'Is there any one who wouldn't go to China if he had the chance?'

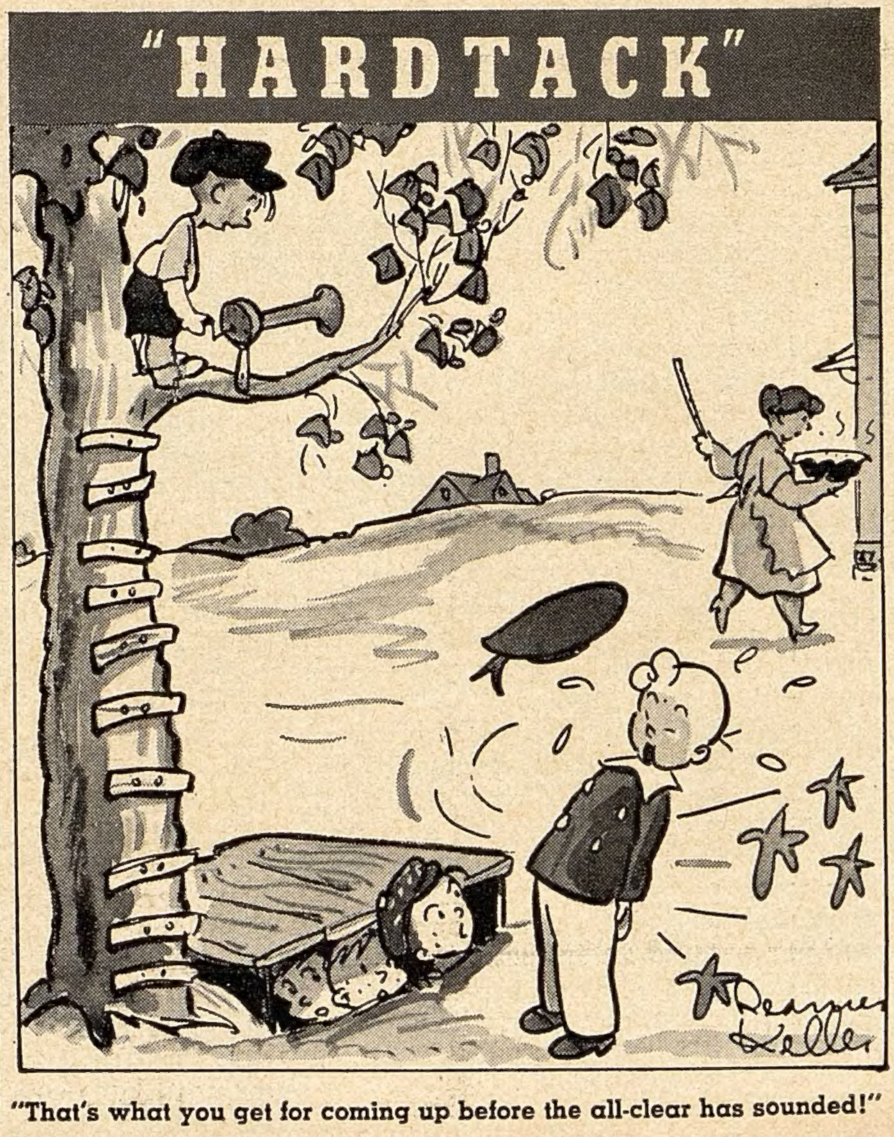
"He told me to see Mr. Olin D. Wannamaker, the American director of Lingnan University, which was located in Canton, China. Mr. Wannamaker invited me to luncheon with Dr. James M. Henry, the provost of Lingnan. Dr. Henry laid before me the picture of a war-ravaged Chinese university forced to move from its spacious campus in Canton and to accept the hospitality of the University of Hong Kong, whose buildings it was using in the late afternoon and evening. He asked if I would be interested in taking a post under these conditions. I certainly was. So with only five days of warning I started off for the Orient. . . .

**"IN SHANGHAI WE SAW THE STREETS** blocked with Japanese soldiers, who stopped our passage out of the International Settlement. War and brutality hung over the city. Half-starved and maimed Chinese walked in the streets. Even the hectic night life seemed laden with fear.

"But when we reached Hong Kong all was serene. It seemed a smug paradise of peace and quiet. It was an unreal city of mystery and pleasure and tantalizing beauty. . . . I was lying in bed early on the morning of December 8. Strangely enough, I was reading Tom Wolfe's book, You Can't Go Home Again. The sudden tremulous wail of the alert filled the air. Almost simultaneously there was a dull boom, then another and another. The building shuddered. . . ."

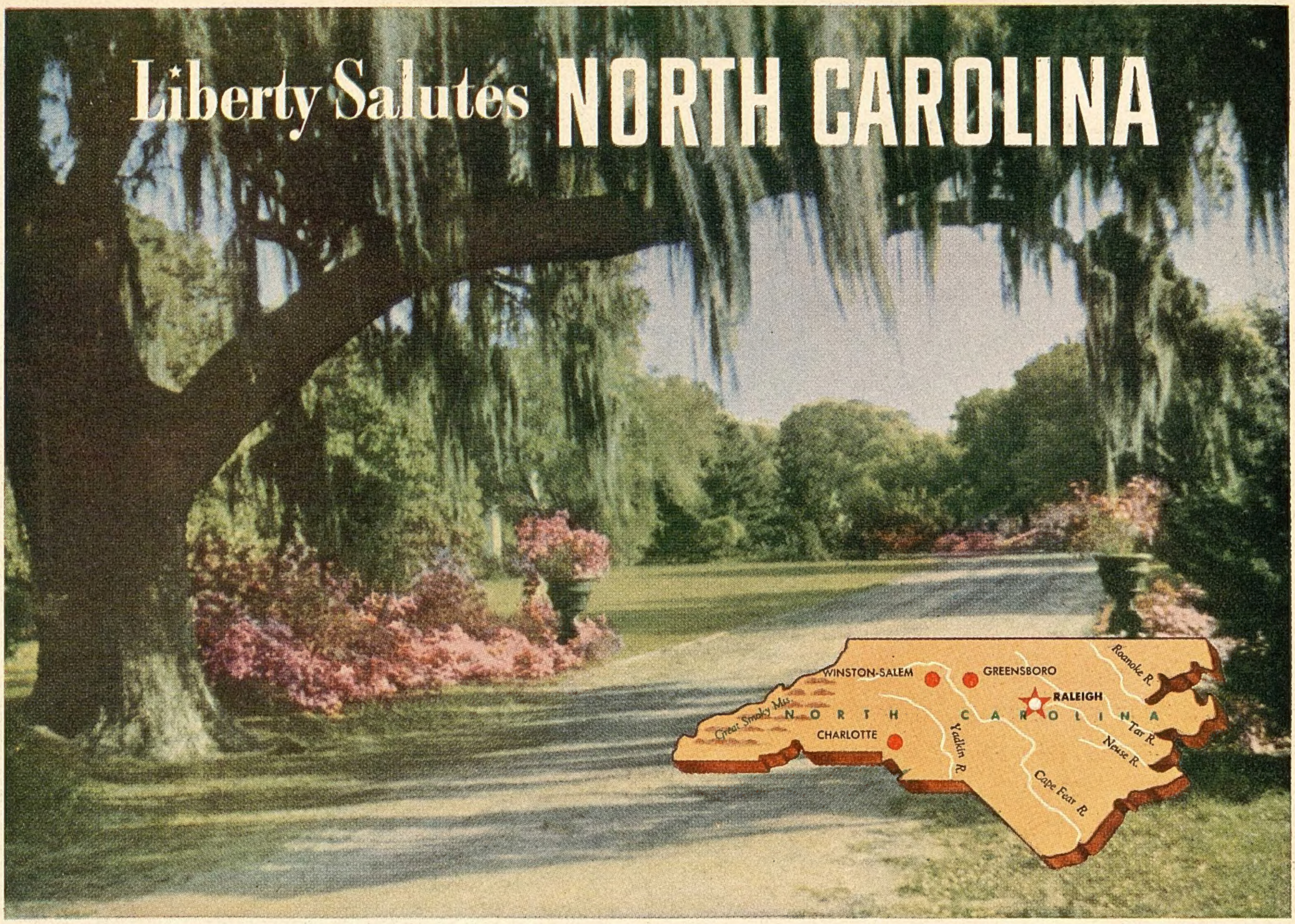
So war came to an American professor. Page 16 carries on his story from there.

The Editors

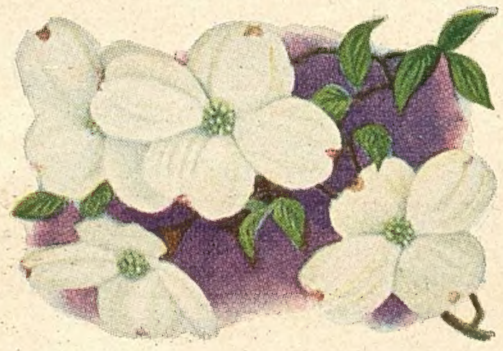


"That's what you get for coming up before the all-clear has sounded!"

# Liberty Salutes NORTH CAROLINA



*Typically North Carolina... live oak, Spanish moss, azaleas*

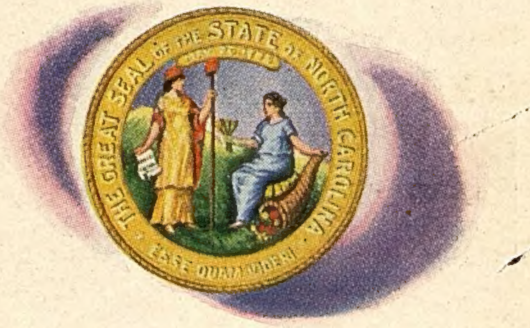


**TO CAROLINIANS** *the dogwood is almost synonymous with spring. As much a sign as the first robin, the tree bears pink or white blossoms as beautiful individually as in the clusters.*

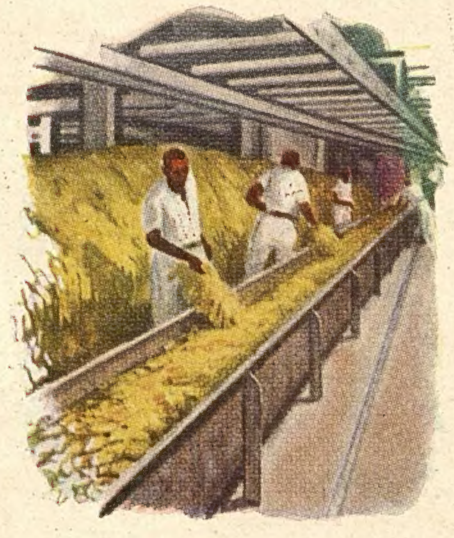
NORTH CAROLINA, state of beautiful plantations, Spanish moss, and flowers, has changed its dress, and bristles with shining steel, hums with the sound of riveting.

North Carolina was the last of the states to join the Union, waiting until the amendment promising religious freedom was added to the Constitution. In this state the first American Declaration of Independence was signed more than a year before the national declaration... the first white child was born... the first recorded Christian baptism took place... the first American mechanical airplane flight was made by the Wright brothers in 1903.

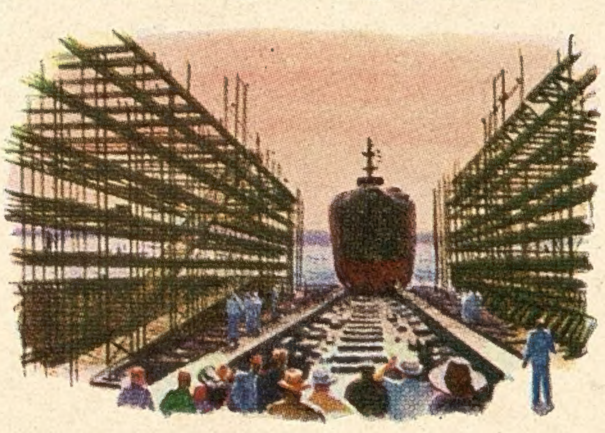
Today North Carolina is peppered with war industry, with shipbuilding in five cities, aluminum manufacturing, with army, navy, marine, and coast guard camps and bases.



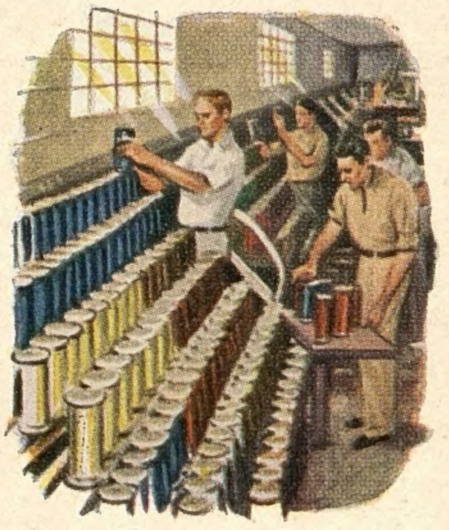
**"TO BE RATHER THAN TO SEEM,"** *reads North Carolina's motto—a pledge of sincerity that has been fulfilled by the past and present of the Tarheel State.*



**ACRE AFTER ACRE,** *drying shed after drying shed, tobacco auction after tobacco auction, North Carolina leads the country in its fine tobacco, graining 70 per cent of all the bright-leaf crop.*

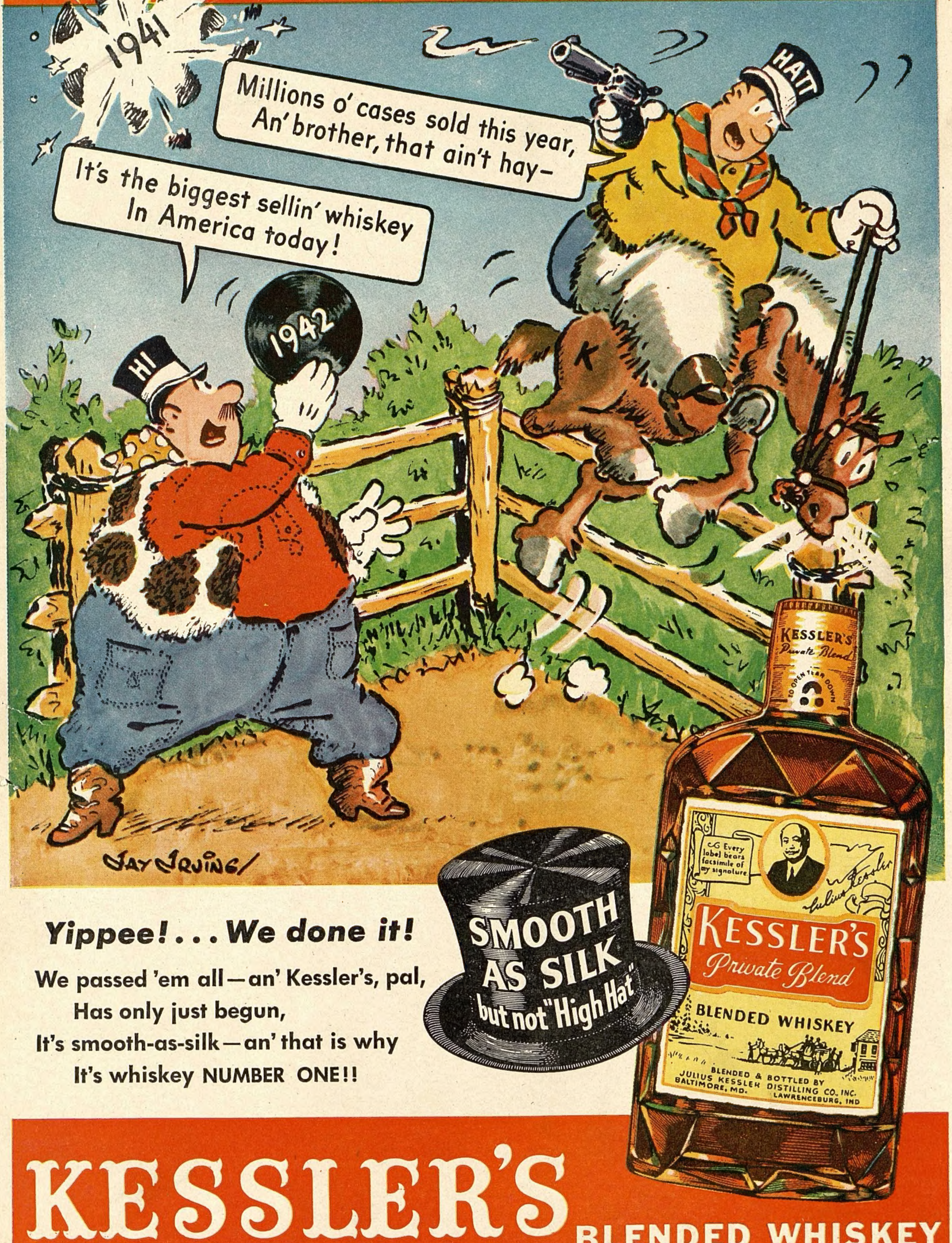


**WITH NEW RECORDS** *being hung up every day, no one can say whether the shipbuilding plants of North Carolina are foremost. They have been and they will be again.*



**STILL GROWING** *a $39,000,000 cotton crop, this state has now turned to the manufacture of fabric... needed yards to be dyed khaki, bleached white, and dyed blue.*

# Mr. HI and Mr. HATT Bust all Records


1941
Millions o' cases sold this year,
An' brother, that ain't hay—
It's the biggest sellin' whiskey
In America today!
HATT
HI
1942
K
JAY IRVING
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S Private Blend
10 OPEN TEAR DOWN
Every label bears facsimile of my signature.
Julius Kessler
KESSLER'S Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO. INC. BALTIMORE, MD. LAWRENCEBURG, IND

**Yippee! . . . We done it!**

We passed 'em all—an' Kessler's, pal,
Has only just begun,
It's smooth-as-silk—an' that is why
It's whiskey NUMBER ONE!!

# KESSLER'S
## BLENDED WHISKEY

75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Baltimore, Md.; Lawrenceburg, Indiana.